



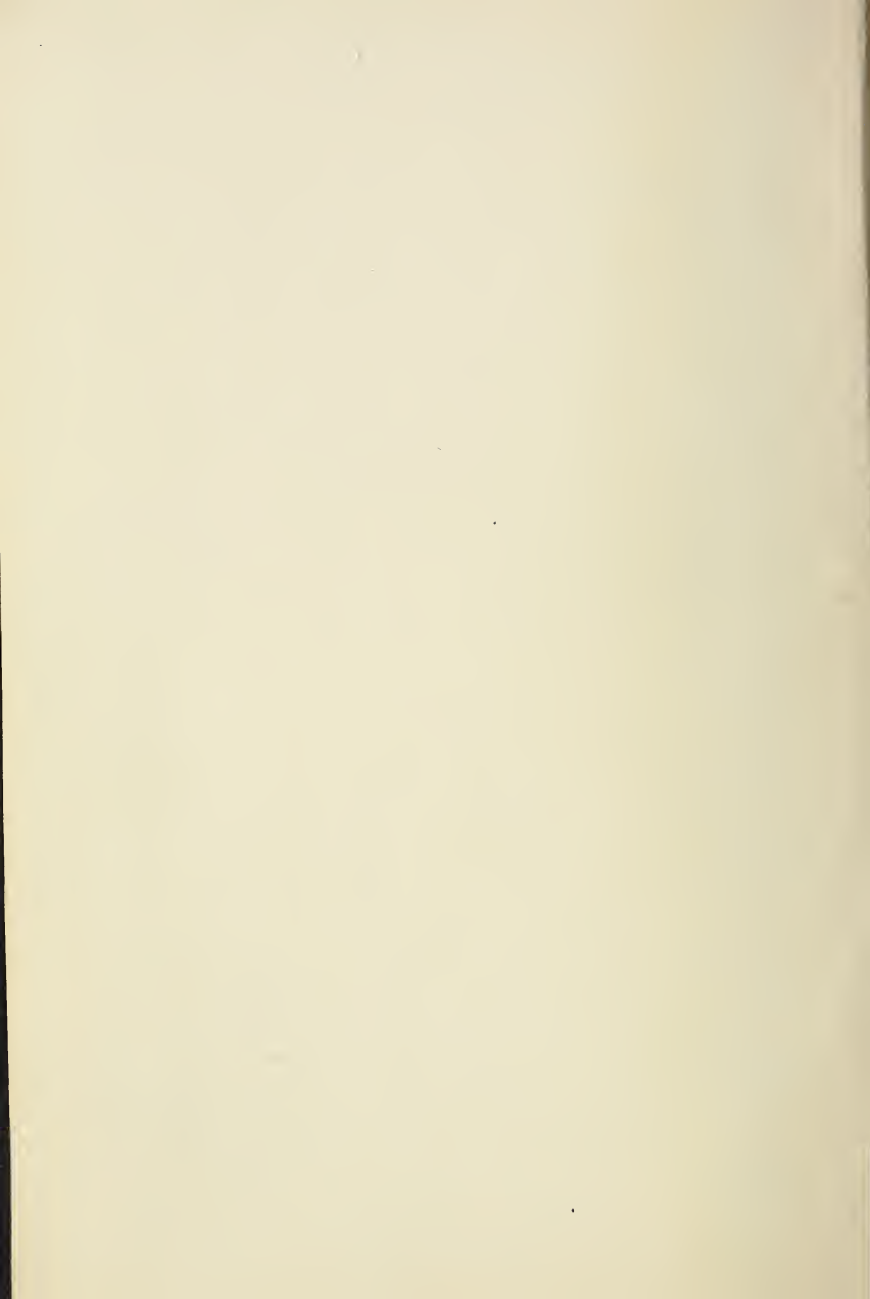


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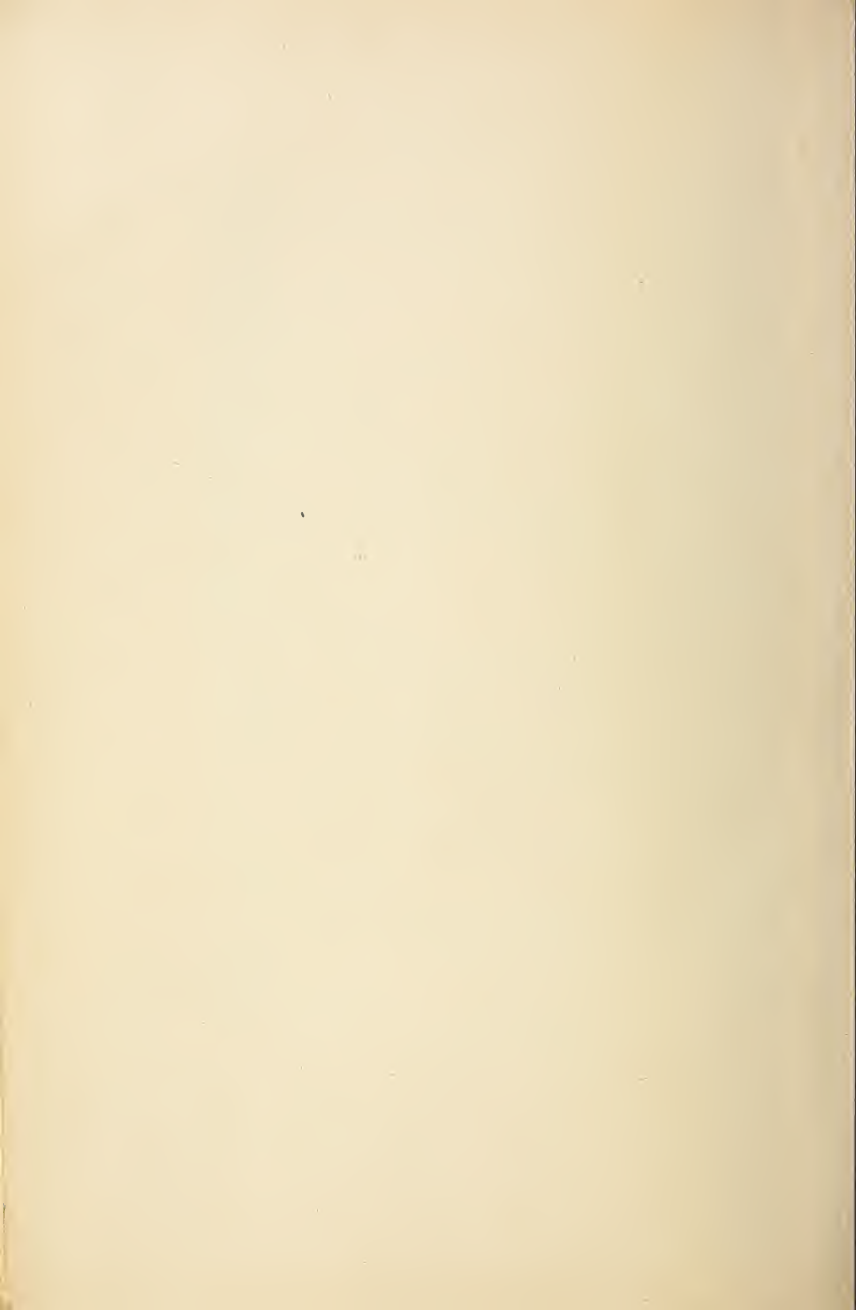
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## PREFACE.

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The Hon. Silas Betton, a distinguished son of Windham, N. H., afterward a worthy resident of Salem, and honored citizen of the State, who died Jan. 22, 1822, placed the citizens of his native town, of the past, the present, and the future, under an obligation which but few seldom realize; and placed every member of the Dinsmoor family, and blood of whatever name, for all time, under a load of debt which they can never repay, by performing a literary and historical work of which, he probably, had only a faint idea of the significance, importance, and historical value. Having a classical education, literary ability, love for literary work, and a warm personal regard for Dea. Robert Dinsmoor\*, he carefully inspected the political and other writings of the latter and substantially prepared them for the press. He urged their publication and made possible to Robert Dinsmoor what he accom-

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\* Robert Dinsmoor<sup>6</sup>, the Bard, the sixth generation from his first known ancestor in Scotland, was born in Windham, New Hampshire, Oct. 7, 1757, died March 16, 1836. He was son of William Dinsmoor<sup>5</sup>, and his wife, Jane Cochran, of that place; the grandson of Robert Dinsmoor<sup>4</sup>, and his wife, Margaret Orr, of Windham, but natives of the North of Ireland, and the great-

plished six years after Mr. Betton's death, namely, the publications of his poems. By this book, crude though it was, a vast fund of family and local history of inestimable value, which would have been utterly lost, was preserved for the then present, and for all the thankful and appreciative generations of the future. These two public-spirited sons of Windham were benefactors and educators of the people. Thankful am I that the writings of the "Rustic Bard" were published. These two persons, already mentioned, have placed me under obligations which I most gratefully acknowledge. Pleasure has been derived from perusal of the book, and the richest kind of joy from searching out from between its covers many hidden gems of historical value which were culled from some of its teeming pages. These facts have been utilized, woven into other books and become the common property of all. Criticism comes easy; but long experience of one in a similar field of labor is wonderfully conducive to a spirit of charity. Excellencies will be more observable than defects; the upright and elevated motives of an author, the good he has done, the beautiful

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grandson of John Dinsmoor<sup>3</sup>, (and his wife, Hannah —), the first of the name in New Hampshire, who was here in 1723, and who came from Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, and died in Londonderry, N. H., in 1736. The latter was son of John Dinsmoor<sup>2</sup>, born in Scotland about 1650, who was the son of *Laird* Dinsmoor<sup>1</sup>, who lived at Achenmead, on the bank of the River Tweed in Scotland.

things he has preserved, will stand forth to right minds and hearts in more dazzling light than can any defects caused by lack of experience, or lack of knowledge in that department of labor. One's charity becomes as broad as the bending heavens; deep sympathy and appreciation takes the place of sentiments of an opposite character.

The first edition of the writings of the "Rustic Bard" were published in 1828 and its copies are exhausted.

#### THE SECOND EDITION.

The labor of compiling and editing the Second Edition has been arduous but pleasant. It was prompted by a desire that others had expressed, that the task should be done now, with the uttered fear, lest it might never be done at all. In this desire and fear I fully shared. Knowing that the appearance and contents of the copies of the First Edition were not satisfactory to the author, his friends, or the subscribers, it was my wish that the Second Edition should be issued, and that its copies should contain more nearly what the "Bard" desired, that its mechanical execution should be good, well printed on excellent paper, nicely bound, and its general appearance such as to do credit to the author, to its contents, to his relatives, the subscribers, and the general public who favored the undertaking by its patronage.



Another motive influenced me — the “Bard” was a brother to my father’s mother and my great-uncle ; a life-long citizen and historic personage of my native town ; a member, and one of the noted characters too, of one of the oldest, most numerous, most respectable and brainy, of the many brainy, numerous, and most respectable Scotch-Irish families of this famous early colony. Upon many of his family name and many of the people of the Scotch-blooded settlement in which he lived, nature had been lavish in bestowing a versatility of rich, mental and intellectual gifts. They were cut from no stinted pattern. They were of the best type, physically, intellectually, and morally. The strong, resolute, religious characters, which “endured hardness” in the Lowlands of Scotland, baptized with a fresh baptism of suffering and sorrow, as well as crowned with a new heroism and added strength in Ireland, came to this hard-soiled locality and developed still more striking powers of strength and vigor.

Seventy years had gone since the first edition was printed, and no one came forward to assume the mental labor and financial risk which an undertaking like this involved. Ordinarily, it could not be done without pecuniary loss.

Only a long familiarity of a score of years with similar work, a thorough knowledge of every detail of its business and financial management, a long list of many hundred names of Scotch-Irish people, with those of Dinsmoors, and those related of dif-

ferent patronymies, and those of other appellation in this country, and some abroad, with virtually every library in New Hampshire, and many others in all parts of the United States, making some twenty-three hundred names in all, to whom announcement of the work by circular was sent, enabled me successfully to prosecute the work to completion.

This book is not a reprint. It is much more. It is an entire new compilation and new arrangement of the writings of Robert Dinsmoor. Many pages of the excellent writing of other writers in the early edition have been omitted, for there was no propriety in their being there. I have been through several times all the writings of Mr. Dinsmoor, whether in print or in manuscript, and as far as possible have arranged all his writings of merit in chronological order. The pruning knife has been used. Parts of the printed poems have been omitted when needful. Many new ones, with Revolutionary letters, have been inserted.

They who once knew Robert Dinsmoor, who died sixty-one years ago, are now few, for the most have passed on. I was very fortunate in securing a nephew of the poet, one who knew him well, and who loved him, Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Ill., to write the Introduction. His knowledge of the poet, his remarkable memory, his facile pen, and his literary ability made him easily the best prepared person living for this interesting and im-

portant work. He has placed me (and has my thanks) and all who read this book, under great obligations for this most valuable "labor of love," which he has gladly rendered to the memory of his kinsman. It will live in the present and future with other literary memorials of honor which he has erected to his kindred, and to his native town and native state.

In this book readers must not expect too much. Its interest is largely to those of a class and to localities. It is of value to those of Scotch, or Scotch-Irish stock. Many of its pages, written in the Lowland Scotch dialect, once spoken by all in this settlement, now entirely vanished, but which he has locally preserved in literature, will always be of interest, and much of a curiosity, to all of that stock.

But in these pages they need not look for the refinement, polish, culture, and intellectual force of Tennyson or Wordsworth, Bryant or Longfellow, whose verses flow as smoothly as the waters of a deep, strong, silent river. Nor need they expect the tender sweetness of our own loved songster of the verdure-clothed valleys, the rolling waters, and the wooded hills of New England; he whom the people loved, to whom God gave a beautiful soul, the saintly Whittier, for the writings of such as these they will not see. They will behold only those of

“The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,  
Learning his tuneful trade-from every bough,  
The chanting linnet or the mellow thrush,  
Hailing the setting sun in the green thorn bush.”

Old age came on apace, and in Windham, on his native heath, there lived

“Beneath a craigy steep, the Bard,  
Laden with years and meikle pain.”

He was in “life’s sere and yellow leaf,” and could almost say,

“I’ve seen sae mony changefu’ years,  
On earth I am a stranger grown.”

On March 16, 1836, he was gathered to his fathers.

He and John G. Whittier were personal friends, and the latter in his prose works, pays a “tribute of love” to the name of the Windham poet. “He flies now on Whittier’s wings.”

On a high hill in Windham, in a cemetery overlooking the blue waters of Cobbet’s pond, Robert Dinsmoor, the “Rustic Bard,” rests with his family, friends, neighbors, and kindred.

So Good bye, Old Bard, and Farewell, till the hour of meeting and greeting.

LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON.

CANOBIE LAKE, WINDHAM, N. H., May, 1898.



# INTRODUCTION

## TO THE SECOND EDITION OF

### "THE RUSTIC BARD."

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Few persons ever read an author's writing with interest without feeling an intense desire to know something of the local habitation of the mind that thus afforded pleasure to an unknown reader.

The human mind can no more conceive of mind without location, than matter can change its form and structural use, without the aid of mind.

It is fit and proper that every man, woman, and child should be introduced to those who do not know them by some one who does. This is one of the indispensable amenities of civilized life. The usher who holds that position to Royalty, considers it the post of honor, and himself the favorite of his Sovereign. The door-keeper to a legislative body, who determines on the propriety of time and person, to admit to presence of the body whose custodian he is, holds the post of duty. The person who is selected to preside over a deliberative body is clothed with a double duty, to preserve order and the proprieties of the purpose for which the body is assembled, and is presumed to be capable of faithfully and impartially passing on the public rights of those present — to hear and to be heard. And one of the minor things that a presiding officer is bound to know, is, that when any subject

is brought before that body, deemed of sufficient importance to be referred to a Committee of his appointment, that he should select as Chairman one who is favorably disposed to the subject to be passed upon, following the well-known law of nature that the child is not put to an unwilling nurse. On this latter principle, it is to be presumed that the Editor as presiding officer has selected the writer, one of the few remaining nephews who knew, loved, and honored the Rustic Bard in his lifetime.

The only copies of the Rustic Bard now in print were printed and bound at the Author's expense, at the instigation and on the importunity of the printer in Haverhill, Mass., for the pecuniary profit to be by him derived from the work. It was printed on poor paper, with old type, and bound with boards, leaves left untrimmed, perfectly destitute of artistic taste, as cheap as cheap could be and still be called a book, and thereby enable the printer and binder to get from the author his hard earned dollars for their every-way discreditable work. The Bard had been coaxed and importuned by the printer for the work, with the promise that he would sell the book for sufficient to pay the printing and binding, and leave as many copies as the author desired, to sell or give away as he chose. He had had no personal experience in the book publishing business and was deluded into the venture, without any written contract that would have protected him from such shabby conduct. The book, in its mechanism he considered an imposition on his good nature, which under the circumstances he could not cure and must endure. His personal friends, of whom he had many, in fact all who ever had the pleasure of his acquaintance, for he had no enemies, have



nearly all passed over to the majority. Of his immediate descendants none of them have engaged in the book business, and while their good taste has called loudly upon them for a reprint, fitting in workmanship to the intrinsic value of the literary work, and the refined literary taste of the day, no one has been quite ready to assume the work as a pecuniary enterprise or as a meed of affection to the Bard's memory.

But time is a great restorer, and the law of compensation may be slow, but is sure. The editor, a kinsman and townsman of the Bard, who by his untiring diligence and facile pen has reduced Town History to a science, and family Genealogy to a composite work of art, and in the printed page not only embalmed the living and the dead, but thereby built to his own memory monuments more enduring than granite, which are cherished by the present generation as legacies of untold worth, and will be treasured by the unborn generation, has undertaken to dress in fitting costume for the public gaze, a second edition of the Rustic Bard.

Now with this prelude, I take pleasure in introducing to the reader Robert Dinsmoor, New Hampshire's Rustic Bard.

Robert Dinsmoor was the eldest son of William and Elizabeth Cochran Dinsmoor, and was born in Windham, N. H., Oct. 7, 1757. He was the great-grandson of the John Dinsmoor who came to America from the County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1723, landed near the Georges\*, so called, on the coast of

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\* Williamson's Maine, pp. 42, 97, says: "St. George's Fort was built in 1719-20. Here was erected a capacious and defensible building on an elevation near the easterly

Maine, where there was an English fort, and while engaged in building a house for himself was taken captive by a band of Indians and carried away a prisoner. I have not been able to find any historic account of his settlement, or attempt to settle at that place, save that given by the Rustic Bard in the first edition of his poems, and I give it as the family tradition thus authenticated by his own pen :

“The Indians had appeared quite friendly to him while so engaged in preparing himself a house, often visited him, and called him and themselves in their broken English ‘all one brother,’ till one day they surrounded his unfinished cabin, with a war-whoop said, ‘no longer one brother, you go Canada,’ and he went with them, and was kept with them three months. The chief’s name was John, and his prisoner was made his body servant. One day when the chief was called away to a council of war, the prisoner was accused by two squaws of having been seen on a point of land near the shore in conference with some Englishmen, and although the

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edge of the St. George’s River, at the elbow, and a blockhouse at a short distance, having a large area between, enclosed by palisades and capable of receiving 250 men.”

In Eaton’s *Annals of Warren, Me.*, published years ago, is the following: “In 1719–20 two strong block-houses were erected, and the old trade house, which was situated directly in front of the spot, where the residence of the late General Knox now stands, was remodelled, being made a sort of fort.” The site of General Knox’s mansion was occupied in 1898 by the station of the Knox and Lincoln railway, at Thomaston, Me.

It was at Thomaston, Me., that Fort St. George stood. It was there that John Dinsmoor<sup>1</sup> landed when he came to America. It was there he built his house, and while shingling it was captured by the Indians.

chief was still absent, he was condemned to be burned. He was bound to a tree, the fatal pile of wood made around him and that instant to be fired, when providentially the chief returned and commanded the execution delayed till he could enquire into the truth of the charge, alleging, if true, their tracks could be seen, as the ground there was sandy. The charge was soon proved to be false, and he was reprieved. The last three days he was with them they traveled almost night and day, a great part of the time on 'a dog trot,' carrying their canoes with them. When they had a river to cross, as soon as the chief was in the boat it was the prisoner's duty to push off and jump in after, and having just performed that duty at a certain river, the chief who had resolved to set him at liberty forbade him. He pleaded for liberty to step in, but the chief said, 'you much honest man John, you walk Boston.' He replied, 'the Indians will kill me.' The chief then told him how and where he could find a cave in a rock where he must lie three days and in that time the Indians would all be past. He gave him some bears' grease and nuts, saying, 'Indians and French have all this land, you walk Boston John, then take English canoe, walk your own country. You much honest man John.' He then took his solitary way and found the rock as he had been told. When he had lain there three days and nights, and seen the Indians, tribe after tribe, pass, till they had all gone, he arose from his cave and thought he must die of hunger, but by chance, or rather by Providence, he found some cranberries which supported him till he arrived at Fort George. From thence he got a passage to Boston, and from there he visited his old friends and countrymen in Nutfield.

They had all been acquainted with him in Ireland. For the respect they had for the man, and perhaps moved by the narration of his perils and sufferings, the proprietors of Londonderry made him a gift of one hundred acres of land, and confirmed it by deed to him and his heirs forever. He was a mason by trade and built himself a stone house."

This appears to have been in 1723. After that he sent to Ireland for his wife and children, but they did not reach him in his new home till 1730. Neither tradition nor family records had handed down to the Rustic Bard, the Christian or sir-name of his maternal great-grandmother, and so far as my enquiry in the family extends, which comprehended every family of lineal descent up to 1883, I was not able to find the name, till during the current year the untiring research of Hon. Leonard Allison Morrison found that honest John had verified the appellation given him by the Indian chief, by his last will and testament, made Oct. 6, 1736, proven Jan. 4, 1736-7, now in the Probate Records Office of Rockingham County at Exeter, N. H., (as every honest man should, by providing for his widow) had answered our enquiry by calling her Hannah. John and Hannah had two children who came to this country, a son and daughter. The son Robert had married in Ireland Margaret Orr, and his sister Elizabeth married John Hopkins, and the wife and daughter with her family went to live in the stone house built by the husband and father on the land given him by the proprietors, and it is well authenticated that they continued to live as one family till the death of John the father, and that thereafter his widow, Hannah, lived till her death with the daughter Elizabeth, which facts go to show that the Bard was not warranted in his conclusion

that the wife of John who came to this country was a second one, that had blessed him, for, genealogy rarely shows daughters falling in love with step-mothers.

Robert Dinsmoor, the grandfather of the Rustic Bard, was evidently no ordinary man. We find him reaching the Londonderry Colonists in 1730, from whom he obtained title to a large tract of valuable land in the original town of Londonderry, which was near the tract deeded by the Colonists to his father, on which he built himself a residence, and which has been owned and occupied as a homestead by his descendants till the present day. His eldest son, John, married the daughter of James McKeen, who, as chief man among the Colonists, came from Ireland in 1718, selected the Londonderry tract of land for settlement, then called Nutfield, and his daughter Elizabeth married James McKeen, Jr. Upon the organization of the town of Windham, under grant of charter from the provincial government of New Hampshire, this Robert Dinsmoor was named as Chairman of the three commissioners therein appointed to organize the town in 1742. His son William, born May 9, 1731, was the father of Robert, the Rustic Bard. He married Elizabeth Cochran, granddaughter of the same Justice McKeen, and settled on a part of his paternal acres which, then a primeval forest of oak and pine trees, awaited the axe of the pioneer man, whose strong arm should level the forest and compel a hard reluctant soil to yield the fruits necessary to support a christianized civilization. By lot, the father, Robert, divided his lands between his three sons, who lived to manhood. John, the eldest, drew that part which extended northerly toward Londonderry. Robert, Jr., drew

the homestead, which occupied a commanding view of the country east and south, and in later years has been honored by a view of the once-renowned Boston and Concord Turnpike, and in still later years by the Lawrence and Manchester Railroad, and has had that rare attraction which has held spellbound to it the family name from generation to generation, known and honored for the intelligence and christian virtues of its occupants that has made the spot a beacon light to the passing ages. The younger son, William, the father of the Rustic Bard, drew by the same cast that portion of the domain which embraced "Jenny's hill," a mound of sixty acres or more from which can be seen the Monadnock in New Hampshire and the Wachusett in Massachusetts. The land extended and embraced, in part, that charming lake, now surrounded by its beautiful farms and wood-capped hills, two and one-half miles long by one-half mile wide, and called "Cobbet's pond" from the fact that the colonial government in Massachusetts, which never owned a foot of land near it, granted it with five hundred acres of land to a minister by that name, Rev. Thomas Cobbet, in Ipswich, Essex County in Massachusetts, and thereby shows how unfortunate it is to get a bad name when young. But the very air of that place seems to have been poetic, as I find in the History of Windham a beautiful and touching tribute of affection to the memory of his deceased brother by the Bard's father, found in a letter to his sister, that has escaped the ravages of the tooth of time by the thoughtful care of the historian and is given a place here as a meed of honor:



“When I reflect on days of yore  
When Sammy, my dear brither,  
Amang my feet did pile a store  
O’ learning up the gither;  
When ah! poor me might had my share  
Had I na been o’er stout,  
It seemed sae far beneath my care  
I for it would na lout;  
Had I improved that precious time  
As he did aft invite,  
I wad na need to shame this rhyme  
Wi’ ugly scribbled write.  
Whist muse! be silent, haud your tongue!  
Past time will ne’er come back—  
The time that’s present or to come  
Let us the best o’t mak.”

When we reflect on the condition of that part of New Hampshire then, a few poor settlers in a thickly wooded country with the land all to be cleared before it could be cultivated, with houses, roads, mills, churches, and indeed almost every element of civilization to be constructed, and that, too, on a sterile soil and in a hard climate, with the Indians and French hanging on their flank at all times, one would think that the common mind would have forgotten books and learning in the grand battle for personal existence. But here we find a man born amid this privation and grown to manhood, having reared a large family, all the time fighting the battle of life with really fearful odds against him, upbraiding himself for his neglect of learning in strains that speak at once pure affection



for his brother, a keen sense of his own mental defects, and evince a genius for composition worthy of cultivation.

And here I must say that I would be committing an unpardonable sin to the reader were I to omit inserting a letter written by the Bard's father to his brother-in-law, James Nesmith, the husband of his sister Mary, and which letter was preserved in its original manuscript by the affectionate care of Mr. Nesmith and his descendants, and was first seen dressed in printer's ink in that hitherto matchless history of his native town, published in 1883, from the pages of which I am permitted to transcribe it\* :

TO MR. JAMES NESMITH, IN LONDONDERRY.

“ Now, faithful bearer, do as you're directed,  
And on your way be fra ilk ill protected ;  
My service gie to Jamie my guid brither,  
And Moll his wife, the daughter o' my mither ;  
Tell them y'are sent as fast as y'e could rin,  
And bidden ask if a' be weel within ;  
If they say weel, and how's a' with yoursel',  
Gie them this paper, and say that will tell.

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\* By the kindness of the grandson of the recipient of that letter, the late Hon. Geo. W. Nesmith of Franklin, N. H., the original letter was copied by his own hand and transmitted to the writer of this while he was engaged in getting material for that work, and I cannot let pass this opportunity without paying a slight tribute to the memory of one so especially deserving. Mr. Nesmith graduated at Dartmouth College in that distinguished class of 1820, the last class under President Brown, and was a member of College during the trial

Wi' ploughman's fare we best can clud a board.  
Baith meat and meal we seldom ever want ;  
For kail and barley we are never scant.  
Baith Irishmen and turnips we ha'e scouth,  
Set them down sep'rately yet ha'e dishes routh.  
An if to see our stranger ye will come,  
Ye'll stand a chance to get a glass of rum.  
If ony Rebrochs to fore till then  
Wi' it and syder, we the lave will spend ;  
And one thing more that a' the lave surpasses,  
We'll spin the time in cheerful merry clashes.  
When at my house ye twa at once I see,  
I'll take it greatest favor done to me.  
But, if I cannot see ye baith thegither,  
I'll conclude ye'll mak me a step-brither.  
Of ilka guid things may ye ha'e a store,  
Sa'e I remain your brither, Will Dinsmoor."

WINDHAM, Feb. 16, 1764.

With the above well authenticated excerpt from the pen of the father, it appears the Scotch dialect and poetic skill were the inherited rights of the Rustic Bard.

If the reader please, the letter to Mr. Nesmith shows the condition of that country in 1764. The only means of transportation from Londonderry to Windham for husband and wife was Bousey, the horse, the husband in saddle, wife on pillion behind with her right arm around him. No roads, no wheeled vehicles for conveyance, with no markets save the incoming emigrants, it is an unsolved

“ Then first of a’ the wife’s laid on the strae ;  
Tho’ that seems hard, we are glad to see it sae.  
But, stranger yet, the first day of this week  
A chiel came in, that ne’er could speak  
Nor tell his name, nor yet what brought him here ;  
And yet to look at, he’s baith fat and fair ;  
He often greets, yet cannot shed a tear,  
Nor can we think he guid or ill doth fear.  
Now what I want o’ you, I’m gauen to tell,  
That you’d come here and see this sight yoursel’.  
’Tis no excuse to say the road is dreigh,  
To answer that, I’ll say that Bousey’s† high.  
Nor dinna say ye baith can ill leave hame ;  
In saying that ye wo’d your bairns shame.  
Nor let me hear, ye ha’ na’ time,—  
That and true friendship’s laws will never chime.  
Then tauk nae mair, but mount and come alang,  
Though hills be high, Bousey will up them sprang.  
I this will say, and yet deny ’tis vaunting,  
The best within the house shall no’ be wanting.  
Our house but seldom rarities affords ;

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of that famous Dartmouth College case, the decision of which by the Supreme Court of the United States preserved the College for posterity as well as settled a great legal principle, which has hitherto withstood all shocks in legal combat, and the warm interest in the affairs of the College engendered by that contest remained with him through life. He was for many years a leading member in its Board of Trustees, and by his learning and urbane manners he graced the Judicial Ermine of his native state and left with the bar a pleasant memory.

† The name of the horse.

marvel to this age how they successfully fought the battle of life.

Such was the birthright condition of the Rustic Bard. His father and mother were both born amid similar or still greater privations in the same town, and here it is fitting to introduce the mother, who makes the boy if not the man. John Cochran was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1704, and came to the Londonderry, N. H. settlements soon after the first emigrants came. His aunt, Janet Cochran, had been the first wife of Justice McKeen, the leader of that renowned flock of sixteen heads of families who planted Londonderry, N. H. His aunt had died in Ireland, but as was natural enough, when John Cochran came to this country and to Londonderry he visited his uncle McKeen, and by that means was wisely induced to locate in Windham on that tract of land then owned by Justice McKeen, but since by John Cochran and his lineal descendants by that name. He went upon his land single handed and alone and built his house and cleared up his land for four years, but during that time he returned to Ireland twice to visit his mother. On the second visit, as we have authentic account, the following dialogue between himself and mother occurred.: He told his mother that he must return to America; she replied, "Ye maun stay at hame Joan, and not brake my heart by ganging awa." "But I must go; I have promised to marry the daughter of Justice McKeen and must go." "Weel! Weel! Joan, if ye ha' promised to marry Justice McKeen's daughter ye may gang"; and so he did, and married Jenny McKeen in June, 1734, and thereafterwards their daughter Elizabeth married William Dinsmoor and became the mother of the Rustic Bard and a numerous family.

Means for his obtaining an education aside from what his parents could teach him were very limited. He and the rest of his father's family learned to write on birch bark, and the after-life of each gave indubitable proof that paper was not a prime necessity to enable a lad to become a man of letters. It is a well-known fact that where the Scotch Irish came and settled in America there was planted a school-house and the Presbyterian church. When the Rustic Bard was nine years old, one of the most unique characters any country has ever produced was ordained as minister over the Presbyterian church in Windham. He was the son of wealthy parents, born in Trim, in county of Meath, in the province of Leicester, Ireland, Feb. 19, 1729. He became attached to a young lady before he was sixteen years of age, and the girl's parents forbade her marriage; the couple fled to England and sought protection from the Crown. The king became interested in their story, and, attracted by their address, sent them to school, where they became highly educated, and then thereafterwards married them in the city of London. He sent them to St. Thomas, one of the West India islands, where Mr. Williams taught school several years, removed to Philadelphia, Penn.; was so far connected with Princeton College as to graduate there in 1763. He afterwards read divinity and was ordained over the church at Windham, to which he ministered thirty-three years. Immediately after his ordination he opened a school at his house for the higher education of young men, and called around him the bright ambitious boys of that and the neighboring towns. That was two years or more before Dartmouth College was chartered, and preceded all the other since famous schools and academies in New Hampshire. This

school blazed a new road to an education that was availed of by the Rustic Bard, so far as it was possible for his father to spare him time to leave his work in the great struggle for life, and he often spoke of Mr. Williams with affection. But let me call the Rustic Bard to testify; he says:

“My father’s great-grandfather was an emigrant from a place in Scotland called Achenmead, near the river Tweed, and settled near Ballywattick in the county of Antrim. My father’s grandfather was the eldest son of that Scotchman and came to this country about the time the first settlers of Londonderry came. He is yet remembered by many of the old people, and very respectfully called ‘Daddy Dinsmoor.’ My father at the age of twenty-four married John Cochran’s oldest child, Elizabeth, in her twentieth year, by whom he had six sons and four daughters. Their names were Janet, Robert, Margaret, John, Samuel, Mary, William, Isaac, and Elizabeth. Between Margaret and John one child died in infancy, which was the only child they ever buried. He was a wonderful mechanical genius, and made all the wooden utensils both for house and farm. He often served the town as Selectman, etc.; was many years a military officer. His highest commission, which is now in good liking, was Lieutenant-Colonel of alarm list. He died in November, 1801, in his 71st year. Unfortunately for me, I had no opportunity of being a day at school till after I was nine years old. My parents, however, had been careful to learn me many little lessons. At that time the Rev. Simon Williams was ordained pastor of the town, and for the improvement of singing Mr. James Aiken was hired to teach a singing-school every evening for a month. And a few of the neighbors hired him



to teach their children to read by the day for the same length of time. I went to school every day, and my father carried me to the singing-school every evening. Through the help of my father, a lover of music but no singer, I learned to find my *mi* and call the notes in any tune. I believe I could sing every tune in the little Bailey book, and several in Williams' collection. Soon after this, Master Sauce, an old British soldier, being discharged at the end of the old French war, was hired to teach a school in our neighborhood for four years. At the age of eleven years I could repeat the shorter and larger catechism verbatim. Those, with the scripture proofs annexed to them, confirmed me in the orthodoxy of my forefathers, and I hope I shall ever remain a lasting evidence of the truth of what the wise man has said: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Some years after Master Sauce left us, Master McKeen was employed to teach in the same school-house. He was a man of profound erudition, but very dilatory in attending. If he took in hand to catch a squirrel, by the way, he would do it if it took half of the forenoon. My father sent me to school always when he could spare me, until the Revolutionary war came on. I could then read, write, and cipher tolerably." And he might have added in his epitome, as did Pope when speaking of himself,

"While still a youth as yet unknown to fame,  
I wrote in numbers, for the numbers came."

In person the Rustic Bard was of massive build, broad shouldered, heavy limbed, about five feet ten inches in height, and of about two hundred pounds.



in weight. The Scotch-Irish in Windham of that generation were large and powerful men. Their feats of strength and agility were in their every-day labors as common and useful as the foot-ball trials by young men of the present day are debasing and disgraceful to civilization. No particular act of strength of his has come to the knowledge of the writer, but the amount of physical labor he must have performed to clear his land of its monstrous growth of timber, and the huge pile of stones used by him in fencing it, attest the inuscular strength of the man. Evidence of his power of enduring labor can be seen in his letter to the Hon. Silas Betton, Dec. 22, 1812, when he encloses to him the Post-boy's address, of one hundred and forty-two lines, written, as he then said, almost all in the evening after his return from Haverhill with his ox team, a distance of twelve miles, which he had traveled twice that day, being then fifty-six years old. The tact and genius of the man cannot be appreciated by the reader without knowing and considering the surroundings which affected him mentally and physically. With no public library to be consulted for mental food, with but few books that could be gathered into a private library for his use, with a farm of small dimensions, and a reluctant soil to yield sustenance for himself and family, it seems marvelous that he could have found time and inclination to perform any literary work that could escape the ravages of time and come down to the present day. But he did more; he was a deacon in the Presbyterian church before he was thirty years old, was clerk of the session almost always after that till his death. Was always one of its most active members, and as clerk must of necessity be present at every meeting of the session.

He was genial and affable in his manners, was well informed of the affairs of the state and nation, had a good command of language and a ready wit. His correspondence was extensive for the times, and embraced people of culture and refinement, numbering among them Col. Silas Dinsmoor, who had been selected personally by President Washington as the first agent sent to the Cherokee Indians by the government to teach them civilized life, and whose after life furnished another example of the wonderful tact of General Washington to read character by a personal interview. He kept up a brilliant correspondence with the Rustic Bard during the lifetime of the latter, which needed only a scholar's taste to have preserved it from the flames and afforded a rare fund of wit and humor as the priceless legacy of both to an appreciative posterity. But it was all lost. Many of the brilliant students of Parson Williams, who in after life adorned the higher walks of life, by correspondence with the Rustic Bard, kept alive the spark of love and affection which had been kindled in their bosoms for the place and the people by that eccentric and much loved teacher.

The interchangeable letters of Col. Silas Betton, a graduate of Dartmouth College, who had honored that district by representing it in Congress, — and many others whose names appear in his correspondence — is proof of the high appreciation in which the life and character of the Rustic Bard was held by competent judges who knew him thoroughly.

#### CIVIL AND MILITARY.

In his town he held positions of trust and confidence, and in all places which sought his care and

attention the duties incident thereto were discharged with scrupulous fidelity, which facts, while they militate against the well-known characteristics of the poets in general, show what good blood and Scotch education can accomplish even when encumbered by a poetic genius. In 1775, when the patriots of Boston had inaugurated a rebellion against the mother country, which they had not the means in military supplies to carry on without the help of their Scotch-Irish neighbors in New Hampshire and their more distant friends in Connecticut, and when rebellion was at the price of every man's head caught in arms against the British government, and when no government of any sort or kind stood behind the rebel on which he could call for pay for services or protection in case of failure of success, he volunteered to go to Boston to help repel the *Regulars* from the homes and fire-sides of the Massachusetts' rebel patriots. And again in the same year, when on the expiration of the term of volunteer service of the Connecticut men, Gen. John Sullivan of New Hampshire undertook and succeeded in raising 2000 men in New Hampshire in ten days, volunteers to supply the place of the Connecticut men who had gone home, he again made one of the 2000 that sprang to arms at the call of that New Hampshire man (who was the compeer of Washington in arms, of Adams in patriotic devotion to this country, then dimly seen with prophetic eye, and whose genius adorned every walk of life in which he trod) and there remained till the 2000 from New Hampshire were not longer needed.

Again in 1777, when the province of New Hampshire, unaided by the Continental Congress, raised and equipped the seeming necessary contingent of

men to aid in repelling the army of Burgoyne, which was sweeping down from Canada by way of the Hudson to be under the command of that matchless Scotch-Irish hero, Gen. John Stark, the Rustic Bard—still a minor—took his foot in his hand and marched 175 miles to Saratoga, and with his thrilling fife helped swell the notes of music in that victorious rebel host which made prisoners of Burgoyne and his supposed invincible army, and marched them securely to Boston\*.

The settlers of Londonderry were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians as taught by the sainted John Knox, and the Rustic Bard kept that faith as originally delivered to his ancestors. An anecdote related of him in the history of Windham, page 274, verifies this: For many years after the settlement of the town every tax-payer was obliged to contribute to the support of an Orthodox minister of the Gospel, and there was but one church, a Presbyterian. During the ministry of Rev. Samuel Harris, a shoe-

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\* "An amusing incident occurred on the march of the prisoners from Saratoga to Boston which better illustrates the character of the New Hampshire troops of that day for daring bravery, as well as the method of conducting war in this country, than any facts or figures of the historian however artfully compiled. Lieutenant Badger (late General Badger, of Gilmanton, N. H.) was attached to the troops who acted as escort to the Burgoyne army. While the American army, under General Sullivan, on its retreat from Canada in 1776 lay at Crown Point, the British forces being at St. Johns, the American General being desirous of obtaining information relative to their anticipated movements, the Lieutenant had volunteered for that purpose; having selected three men who had been rangers in the French war and who knew that country well, embarked in a boat and landed at St. Johns at dark, and having seized a Canadian they

maker, who was a Methodist, moved into the town. He often asked Mr. Harris if he would exchange some Sunday with a Methodist minister from another place. Not meeting with success in obtaining his request, he one day told Mr. Harris that if he would exchange with his favorite Methodist minister, Mr. Peasley, he would make him a nice pair of calf-skin boots. The good man had a large and somewhat expensive family, and his salary was only four hundred dollars a year. The earnest importunity of the shoemaker, coupled with the promise of a pair of boots, broke down for him the barrier of sect that stood between the Methodist and the Presbyterian, but he dare not make the promise for the exchange without consulting his elders. When the matter was laid before the session, Deacon Dinsmoor at once exclaimed, "Mr. Harris! Mr. Harris! would ye sell y'r soul to the devil for a pair of boots?" It is sufficient to add that the exclamation of the clerk of the session ended the matter without debate.

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learned from him that the British officers were to attend a ball there that night. Leaving his prisoner at the boat in charge of two of his men, Badger proceeded into town with his other man, intending to take an officer a prisoner. His attendant was well acquainted with the locality, and while in the dark watching near the house occupied for officers' quarters, they observed a young officer come out in full ball dress. They sprang upon him ere he was aware of their presence, and with presented pistols compelled him to go with them *in silence*. When they reached the boat a bolder idea was conceived by Badger; being of the same size as his prisoner, he ordered the latter to change dress with him, and determined, under the mask of a British uniform, to attend the ball and gather what information he could from conversation with those present. The circumstance

One of the leading traits in his character was his self-abnegation. He would dash off a poem as natural and easy flowing as the springs from his native hills, and send it to some friend with a prose apology asking him to correct any blunder he might find in it, when, in fact, many of the effusions of a poet laureate of England when placed beside it would grate on the ear of the tasteful reader like the filing of a saw.

He was a man of good address and commanding presence, and while genial and affable, and ready in conversation, no one would assume to address him with disrespect. He was the man for an emergency, when a cool head applies general principles to the logic of events and reaches a safe conclusion.

The Rustic Bard was as certain to be found at the Presbyterian meeting as the day came. If by accident there was no minister in attendance, he

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that many of the officers present had newly arrived, and were strangers to each other, favored his plan. He obtained from their conversation such intelligence as he desired, the most important item of which was, that Sir Guy Carlton did not intend to advance toward Crown Point the present season, but to return into winter quarters in Canada. Lieutenant Badger danced as long as he pleased, and then retired to his boat, released the Canadian, and with his military prisoner returned to camp. The officer thus captured would give no information of course, but Badger had learned all his General desired, and consequently he dismissed several regiments to reinforce General Washington and contribute their aid at Trenton and Princeton. On the second day's march from Saratoga to Boston Badger accidentally came in the vicinity of his former prisoner, the young British officer, who was so overjoyed at the sight among his captors of any face he had before seen, that he embraced Badger with the affection of a brother." (See Life of Gen. John Stark.)



would open the service with an appropriate reading of Scripture and an extemporaneous prayer. He read a hymn with great good taste, and if for any reason the chorister was not present, he was equal to the occasion, and would act as leader in the service of song, and would follow by reading a sermon by some eminent divine which had been considered worth preserving in print. He uniformly rode to meeting in the "one hoss shay," and as invariably had "ma'm" (as he always called Mary, his second wife) with him; she was, like himself, large and portly. He rode up to the west end door of the meeting-house, that being nearest his pew in the old church, stopped the horse, that was uniformly a good-sized gentle bay, and sat in the chaise for "ma'm" to back out, which she as uniformly did, as do courtiers in the old world retire from the presence of royalty. Once I remember the good woman caught her foot or dress on the footstep of the chaise and, losing her centre of gravity, thereby fell over backwards on the ground. The fall confused her brain and she did not rise immediately; her husband did not dare to drop the lines for fear the horse might injure his wife, and he called for aid.

It was a common occurrence for him to have a religious meeting appointed by the minister on Sunday to be held that evening at the schoolhouse in his school district, at which he would attend and conduct the service. A hymn written by a born poet would be read by him, and a choice tune selected to give expression to the words, struck at once by himself, in which the voices of the singers present would blend in fitting harmony like the music of the spheres, and the young and the old would at the close of the service join in exclaim "that it was good to be there."



## DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

Moses, in his hitherto matchless account of the creation, tells us that when the Creator had made man, and divers other, the work of His power, he said: "It is not good that man should be alone, I will make a helpmeet for him." The universal acclaim of mankind has been that the Creator in that regard made no mistake.

No Biographer of Socrates has considered his work finished without telling us of Xanthippe, and if by precedent the story of a philosopher's life who had a virago for a wife would be incomplete with that character left out, assuredly it would be inexcusable in the writer if he failed to mention the two most loving and amiable women that blessed the poet's life.

He married Mary Park, the daughter of Deacon Robert and Jane (Weare) Park, whom he had known from infancy, for his first wife. Both her parents were Scotch-Irish. Her father had come to this country when 12 years of age with his father, Alexander Park, who, after some years spent in searching for a home in this new country, settled in the then, as now, beautiful Range in Windham, where the farms extend from Cobbit's pond to the Policy (now Canobie lake),—and the son Robert settled on the next farm east of his father, which has been owned and occupied by his lineal descendants of the same name from 1739 to the present day (1897). Her father was a marked man in the church and in the town. Her mother was a daughter of one of those families of Scotch-Irish who settled in Londonderry, N. H., and made the reputation for intelligence, integrity, and the thrift that follows economy and industry, which has made the namesake and its people worthy of the

heroic renown of its original in Ireland, and is sufficient warrant that the Bard exercised good taste and judgment in his selection. She was the mother of all his children, and departed this life, leaving him two sons and nine daughters. In all his after life he spoke of her with the affection of a loving and affectionate husband.

With this large family, the eldest but 16 years of age, the demand on him to supply a step-mother was imperative, but the task that would stare a woman in the face would seem to be appalling. But the Rustic Bard had met emergencies before and had always found his resources equal to the task assigned. His wide acquaintance and well-known character made his "stock in trade" on that occasion, and with poetic tact he induced Mary (Davidson) Anderson, then recently the widow of Samuel Anderson, to assume the trying position of second wife to the leading man in the church, with a wide social acquaintance to be maintained, the cares of a farmer's life to be provided for, and a family of eleven children, in age ranging from seventeen years, the eldest, to less than two years, the youngest.

The slight mention of her made by the Bard in the first edition of his poems is the modest, unassuming characteristic of the man. But the writer, having had the pleasure of a boy's unannounced inspection in his family for years, well remembers that his relations with her were most cordial and endearing, and that by her sweet influence she made to him all that is implied in that *beloved* word—home.

In his children he was blessed, as he deserved to be, by being loved and honored by each, and what was better to him, by the knowledge that each, in the

place assigned, had reflected credit on their ancestors and set an example worthy of imitation by their posterity.

#### SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The Rustic Bard had been uniformly in good health for many years previous to his last sickness in March, 1836. He has given in his poems, in his own inimitable manner, an account of the sickness that befell him prior thereto, and he retained his mental vigor unabated till his last sickness which lasted but a few days. He was then seized with a violent attack of pneumonia, which refused to yield to the mild persuasion of all the means at the command of his family, friends, neighbors, and the doctor, and it was soon apparent to him that the inevitable had come, and with a calm, unfaltering trust in that God he had so long loved and served, he passed away March 16, 1836, like one

“Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him  
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

And now gentle reader, begging your pardon for having fallen into the habit of the *temporary Chairman*, who detains an impatient audience by a somewhat rambling introduction of the speaker that is to follow him, in order that by contrast they may the more keenly relish the good things that will follow — I bow my adieu.

JAMES DINSMOOR.

STERLING, ILL.

POEMS OF  
ROBERT DINSMOOR,  
THE "RUSTIC BARD."

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JAMIE COCHRAN: THE INDIAN CAPTIVE\*.

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Give ear, my friends, and let me here relate  
A tale which now appears of ancient date.  
The hero of my tale is Indian Jamie,  
His history I'll give lest you should blame me.  
In Ulster Province, Erin's northern strand,  
Five shiploads joined to leave that far off land.  
They had their ministers to pray and preach,  
These twenty families embarked in each.  
Here I would note and have it understood,  
Those emigrants were not Hibernian blood,  
But sturdy Scotsmen true, whose fathers fled  
From Argyleshire, where protestants had bled  
In days of Stuart Charles and James second,  
Where persecution was a virtue reckoned.  
They found a shelter on the Irish shore  
In Ulster, not a century before.  
Four of those ships at Boston harbor landed;  
The fifth, by chance, at Casco bay was stranded.

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\* A tale of 1728; occurrences of 170 years ago, and narrated by the "Rustic Bard" Feb. 28, 1833, 105 years after they took place.

But there those stout old Scotsmen knelt and sang  
 Jehovah's praise till sea and desert rang.  
 There they gave up, in one united prayer,  
 Themselves and children to th' Almighty's care.  
 In seventeen hundred eighteen, August fourth,  
 Our ancestors received their freedom's birth.  
 Some came to Nutfield, since called Londonderry,  
 The others chose just where they were to tarry.  
 And one of them was of the Cochran name,  
 Of no small note, who with those settlers came.  
 On the main land this father settled down,  
 The place is now called Brunswick of renown.  
 From Bowdoin college, a few rods is seen  
 The caved-in cellar where his house had been.  
 Where famed McKeen\* his pupils led,  
 And by his lore profound made science spread.  
 The Cochran's eldest son was James,  
 But eight years old, which now our notice claims.  
 When Jamie's blood had felt the heat  
 Of sixteen summers, high his pulses beat.  
 He then from bears could guard his father's corn,  
 Armed with his gun, shot-bag, and powder horn.  
 The howling wolf that he was wont to hear  
 And catamount made music to his ear.

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\* Rev. Joseph McKeen, D. D., of Londonderry, N. H.,  
 an old schoolmaster of Robert Dinsmoor, as early as  
 1775 (see "The Sleepy Shepherd"), who *first* presided as  
 President over Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine,  
 which stood only a few rods from "the caved-in cellar"  
 of the old Cochran home of 1728.

The sly marauding bear at dead of night  
Came like a thief who likes to shun the light ;  
The thrifty hills he levelled with his paw,  
Then stretching down, soon filled his hungry maw.  
Jamie discerned the beast, as moping there,  
He hobbled off to loiter in his den.  
His proper course not far from Jamie led,  
Whose gun was leveled at the felon's head,  
Then sprung the lock his father oft had fired ;  
The shot was fatal, and the thief expired.  
As deeds of valor add to courage strength,  
So this young hero proved it out at length.  
Like that young Hebrew stripling, when he slew  
A bear and lion — more courageous grew  
And fearless, fought and killed Goliath too.  
When stretched upon his bed of straw  
He, in his dream, an awful vision saw :  
A forest wild, extending far and wide,  
Where beasts of all descriptions seek to hide ;  
And now and then upon his ear there fell  
A shriek terrific and a hideous yell.  
But all at once, to close the scene,  
A fiend, like man of dark and ghastly mien,  
Armed with a hatchet, and a knife and gun,  
Ten more, armed like him, followed on the run.  
Swiftly they sped their way, and passed him by,  
But oh ! Alas ! he heard an infant cry.  
Horror now seized our youth, and in his dream  
He surely thought he heard his mother scream.  
Her bitter cries he could distinctly hear,

"My Jamie's lost, my Jamie's lost, I fear."  
 At this he woke, for all did real seem,  
 And found the whole a fleeting dream.  
 Then to their labor all by order went,  
 But Jamie was on special errand sent,  
 O'er hills and fens he ne'er had seen before,  
 With musket armed and ammunition store;  
 His mother placed a knapsack on his back,  
 With things convenient, not a cumbrous pack.  
 He through the marshes sought his destined creek  
 Of which he'd heard the Indian hunters speak.  
 At length he found the little rolling river,  
 Which, when he forded, scarcely made him shiver,  
 And soon Magusit bay began to quiver.  
 A flock of ducks, through the thick air above,  
 With whistling wings, all lighted in a cove  
 Within short distance; Jamie cocked his gun  
 And made towards his game upon the run.  
 His fire was true, and plainly he could tell  
 Some lay dead, and others wounded fell.  
 He left his musket on the shore,  
 His powder horn, shot-bag, and all his store;  
 With ducks and drakes his knapsack soon was  
     filled,  
 No matter then, how many he had killed.  
 With success flushed he turned toward the shore  
 And lo! he saw an armed Sagamore  
 Take up his gun, powder horn, and shot;  
 Ten Indian warriors stood there on the spot.  
 Our hero, now advancing near the shore,



Could recognize the ancient Sagamore,  
 The very phiz he'd often seen before  
 When hunger drove him to *his* father's door.  
 James reverently approached him from the strand,  
 Bowed, called him father, offered him his hand,  
 And humbly asked him to give back his gun.  
 He frowned; "Me no your father, you no be my  
 son."

In vain he plead, and urged his parent's sorrow,  
 Said he'd go back, and come again tomorrow.  
 "No, me no trust you," was the short reply,  
 "You no come back, you white men all will lie.  
 You shoot our bears, the Indians want their  
 grease,  
 You shoot our ducks, and carry off our geese;  
 You kill our moose and deer, no heed our  
 speeches,  
 Eat up their flesh and wear their skins for  
 breeches;  
 You take our fish, and carry off our clams,  
 Indian no cross great water to catch your lambs;  
 You no be here again, you great pappoose,  
 To shoot our ducks and carry off our goose,  
 You be our captive now, yourself the cause,  
 Your life be forfeit, by our Indian laws;  
 We take you Canada\*, and there you sell,

---

\*The Indians, often took the colonists to the French in Canada, who would buy the captives, or pay for the scalps of the English colonists, as France was often at war with England.

But we no know, your scalp may do as well."  
 Our hero, fixed as Indian captives are  
 Whom they take prisoners in a time of war,  
 Was placed between two warriors armed as guard,  
 Who both seemed proud that they this honor  
 shared.

The old grey Sachem, vested with command,  
 Gave order, "March to Canada," off hand,  
 But bade all "steer for the great waterfall,  
 For at the Wigwam there we all must call,  
 Who knows but there we'll have more English  
 boys

To make us rich and to increase our joys."  
 Now Jamie tried his masters to obey,  
 Nor made the least attempt to run away.  
 He seemed to place his life in their protection,  
 And by hypocrisy gained their affection.  
 As they grew intimate, he seemed contented;  
 They lived like brothers when they got acquainted.  
 But, faithful to their charge, kept him in sight,  
 And made him sleep between them every night.  
 Such confidence they in their prisoner put,  
 He access had to all within their hut;  
 To keep their guns and ammunition dry,  
 He careful was to set or lay them by.  
 And Jamie's mind absorbed in deep reflection,  
 Besought his father's God for his protection.  
 And then he thought on his prophetic dream,  
 Where, ominous, he heard his mother scream;  
 In desert wild, of all his friends forsaken,

He was the infant that was taken.  
Like bees attracted to their wonted hive,  
Straight as a line they to their hut arrive.  
They gathered sticks and soon struck up a fire,  
And fixed the wigwam as they did desire.  
But Jamie's mind on his escape was bent,  
That to accomplish was his whole intent.  
While here and there the busy Indians run,  
They mind him not, till he secures each gun;  
And while he did their other weapons hide  
He placed a hatchet slyly by his side.  
It was his part to give the fire fuel,  
Nor did they think that Jamie's heart was cruel.  
What Sachem told him he remembered still,  
"We take you Canada, and there you sell,  
But we no know, your scalp may do as well."  
"My God," said Jamie, "must this be my doom  
Unless that I an awful act assume?  
I am compelled the adage old to try,  
'To desperate cases, desperate means apply.'  
The hour is come, defenseless now they lie,  
The blows I strike must kill them or I die."  
When rising up to give the fatal stroke,  
By accident a small dry stick he broke.  
And when it snapped, one of the Indians woke,  
And asked him, what he wanted. Jamie said,  
"The fire wants fuel"; the stick he on it laid,  
Then down he laid as if to rest the better.  
The Indian thought that nothing was the matter,  
And fell asleep more soundly than before,

And soon they both began to wheeze and snore.  
 Again he rose while they were sleeping sound,  
 And at one blow killed one upon the ground ;  
 Then for the other drew a stroke far bolder,  
 But missed his head, and hit him on the shoulder.  
 The Indian then arising to his feet  
 In fearful rage did Jamie's hatchet meet,  
 Which soon dispatched him, there he fell  
 Nor knew not then who hurt him nor could tell.  
 Our hero then soon left this dire abode  
 And frantic ran some miles, nor sought a road ;  
 How far he'd gotten from the Indian hut,  
 He could not tell, as he was light of foot.  
 His mind, still frenzied, sometimes reasoned well ;  
 He said, " I die, sure as those Indians fell,  
 I cannot live, deprived of all subsistence,  
 What means have I to keep me in existence?  
 What have I gained, if I must die of hunger?  
 I must go back, I'll think upon't no longer.  
 There's guns and hatchets, and some good pro-  
     vision  
 Placed in my knapsack, with some ammunition."  
 Then back he went, as fast as he could go,  
 And found some light, although the fire was low,  
 He roused it up. There the two Indians lay ;  
 He scalped them both, and bore their spoil away.  
 A load for him packed up as Indians do,  
 And homeward then he did his course pursue.  
 But a small river running cross his way  
 Caused him to stop and make a short delay.

Then on the river's brink he soon espied  
 A tall slim pine, to which he soon applied  
 The Indian's hatchet to its body well,  
 Full soon the tree across the water fell.  
 With cautious hands and feet on it he crossed,  
 But there by chance an Indian gun he lost.  
 He marked the place it in the water fell,  
 Went back and got it, some the story tell.  
 But scarcely had he gotten safely o'er  
 He saw the Indians on the other shore.  
 The forest hid him from their savage sight,  
 And they despaired to catch him in the night.  
 Soon Jamie found the Androscoggin's tide\*,  
 Which led him, safely as a faithful guide,  
 To George's fort†, near which his father dwelt,  
 And oh ! what joy to see't our hero felt.  
 But when he hailed it, this poor Scottish boy  
 Was taken for an Indian false decoy.  
 In quest of food, he had no need to roam,  
 His pack supplied him to his father's home,  
 Where parents mourned as dead their favorite boy.  
 There they embraced him with ecstatic joy.

---

\* Androscoggin river.

† St. George's Fort was built in 1719-20, at the elbow, on the easterly edge of St. George's river. This was at Thomaston, Me., near the spot occupied later by the house of Major-General Knox, of Revolutionary fame, and in 1897 by the railroad station of the Knox and Lincoln Railway. (See fuller account in the Introduction.)

52 JAMIE COCHRAN: THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

Gladly they saw the trophies he had won,  
While he returned the knapsack and the gun.  
The Indian scalps proved Jamie's victory grand,  
As did Goliath's head in David's hand.

EVENTS OF THE BARD'S SCHOOL-DAYS, OF  
ABOUT 1766, MORE THAN 130 YEARS AGO\*.

---

Dear Cousin Molly, fondly I  
Past scenes to recollect would try,  
That give me oft a watery eye,  
    Well known to you.  
Sometimes I laugh, and sometimes cry,  
    At this review.

No doubt you can remember yet,  
In *Smiley's house*, we scholars met;  
With partial choice, ourselves we set,  
    No matter whither.  
Our writing boards† and books we'd get,  
    And tent together‡.

---

\* Robert Dinsmoor's letter to Mrs. Mary Ladd. Before marriage she was Mary Park, dau. of Joseph and Mary (Boyd) Park<sup>2</sup>, of Windham, N. H. She was granddaughter of Alexander Park<sup>1</sup> and his wife Margaret Waugh, the Scotch-blooded emigrants, who came from the County of Antrim, Ireland, in the winter of 1728-9. She was the granddaughter of Robert Boyd of Londonderry and his wife, Mary McKeen. The latter was a daughter of Justice McKeen of Londonderry, N. H., and was sister of Jennie McKeen, wife of Capt. John Cochran of Windham. They were the grandparents of the "Rustic Bard." (See footnote "To the Sleepy Shepherd.") Mrs. Ladd was born in Windham, Feb. 22, 1756;



When to the school I first was sent§,  
 My sister Jenny with me went.  
 Not woods, not dangers, could prevent,  
     Nor wolf, nor bear.  
 To risk my life I was content,  
     For Poll|| was there.

A purblind soldier Nicholas Sause¶,  
 An old Hibernian master was,  
 Who taught us by Britanick laws;  
     A tyrant he.  
 He'd punish for a trivial cause,  
     E'en he, or she!

married May 13, 1778, Eliphalet Ladd, who lived where George W. Noyes lives in 1897. Lived in town till 1802, in Salem, N. H., from 1802-1806, then removed to Meredith Village, N. H., where she lived till her death there, Nov. 26, 1824. Between 1766 and 1771 she and the Bard were youthful scholars of Master Sause, in the house of Francis Smiley, which stood on the opposite side of the highway from the brick house, which in 1897 stands on the same farm in the Range; lately owned by Isaiah Dinsmoor, a grandson of the Bard. The events narrated in the poem occurred more than a century and thirty years ago.

† A board placed upon the knee on which they learned to write.

‡ Dip our pens in the same inkstand.

§ The last of the year 1766, or the first of 1767.

|| Molly Park, whom he afterwards married, and own cousin of Mrs. Ladd, and bore the same name, and lived in the same household. The latter, after her father's death, was brought up in her uncle Robert Park's family.

¶ A British soldier discharged at the close of the French and Indian war.

Bill Gordon, he was there, and Peg,  
His great mouth Sause oft feigned to gag.  
And then when he would roar and beg,  
    Perhaps he'd clog him\* ;  
And tie a string about his leg  
    And *horse*† and *flog* him !

Poor little Polly then would cry,  
For safety she to you would fly,  
She thought poor Gordon sure must die ;  
    An awful sight !  
With pain I've heard her sob and sigh,  
    For such a fright.

No creature ever yet was seen,  
More happy than myself have been,  
When two Park girls I'd get between  
    To write or spell.  
At noon we'd sport about the green,  
    And stories tell.

If in a shade we took a seat,  
Then like a sage I would relate,  
When your mam' was my mother's mate,  
    A foe did watch them ;  
They at wool-breaking‡ stayed so late,  
    A wolf did catch them !

---

\* This was done by tying him to a piece of wood ; an easy punishment, but disgraceful.

As they were walking arm in arm,  
At back of Jamison's§ old barn  
A creature then gave them alarm,  
    A dreadful fright!  
The savage beast was bent on harm,  
    That time of night.

Both, young and timid, off they sheer;  
It took advantage of their fear,  
And to'ards them rapidly did steer,  
    Naught could be bolder!  
Although the Range|| boys all were near,  
    It seized mam's shoulder!

They ran and shriek'd with hideous yell!  
As I have heard my mother tell,  
'Till down your mammie lifeless fell!  
    The beast, mam' lug'd it,  
And when it bade your mam' farewell,  
    Her gown, it tug'd it!

---

† The culprit was placed upon the back of some of the boys, while the master would strip and *birch* him severely.

‡ When any woman undertook to make a new woolen web, it was the custom to invite all the young girls in the neighborhood to help tease, mix, and give it the first carding. This was called a web-breaking, or a wool-breaking, and the young lads generally attended to sport with the lassies awhile after the work was done, and to escort them home.

§ William Jamison's, a mile north of the northern end of "the Range," in East Windham, a few rods north of

And then again I would begin  
And tell how fine your mam' could spin,  
And how my grandsire took her in  
    An orphan poor.  
How near our grandmas were akin,  
    Two sisters sure.

Alone I oft have visits paid  
That lovely grove, through which we stray'd,  
And view'd the trees 'round which we play'd  
    “Hind most of three.”  
My heart was always joyful made  
    When Poll caught me.

Oft I review that sacred spot,  
Where ruin'd school-house ashes rot,  
And with devotion move my hat  
    And raise my head;  
“Those friends with whom I here have sat,  
    Where are they fled?”

Thou darling! once my bride,  
My children's mother and my pride,  
Alas! thou in my presence died,  
    I weep for you!  
Behold my daughter by your side,  
    In ashes too!

---

the Manchester and Lawrence R. R., the farm widely known as the James B. Whittaker farm.

|| Meaning those boys whose homes were on that Range of farms, two miles in length, lying between Canobie lake and Cobbett's pond.

My wild enthusiastic pain  
I check, and dry my eyes again ;  
Why should a living man complain  
    At justice now ?  
The Lord in righteousness shall reign,  
    And I must bow.

Then let our sighs and sorrows cease,  
The Gospel gives our spirits ease ;  
By faith we look on things like these  
    And God adore !  
We trust our friends shall rise in peace,  
    To die no more !

SKIP'S LAST ADVICE\*.

---

At your request, kind sir, I send it,  
Skip's last advice — I long since penn'd it  
    In honor to his name.  
He was a dog of noble spirit,  
Possessing talents, worth and merit,  
    And died in honest fame.

The rational creation may  
    Learn wisdom from the brute —  
Profound instruction they convey,  
    Sometimes in language mute.  
Take heed thou, and read thou  
    This moral from my page,  
And see now, with me now,  
    A base degenerate age.

---

\*Written Feb. 25, 1774, in the 17th year of the author's age, about his father's favorite old dog, who had survived his 15th year. It was sent with the above note to William Dinsmoor, of Boston, Mass., the Bard's cousin, who had requested a copy of it.

## INTRODUCTION.

This poor auld dog liv'd mony a year,  
But now he did begin to fear  
That death about the doors was creepin',  
To whip him off when he was sleepin';  
For now he was baith deaf an' dumb,  
An' cou'na hear when death wad come.  
When he was young, baith spry an' nimble,  
The fear o' beasts ne'er made him tremble;  
He try'd to keep the corn frae bears,  
An' help'd us ay to sing our prayers;  
But now his teeth were a'worn out,  
An' him grown weak instead of stout,  
He cou'dna sing he was sae weak,  
An' I took pity for his sake.  
He turn'd his een to me inviting,  
And sign'd to me to do his writing;  
I took the hint, an' gat my pen,  
But what to write I knew not then.  
I by acquaintance knew him well,  
An' by his looks his thoughts could tell,  
What he advis'd, I to befriend'm,  
In Scottish rhyme have rightly pen'd'em—  
From those who want to hear these lines,  
I crave th' attention o' their minds:—



Tent weel ! for 'tis Skip's last advice !  
He warns ye a' now to be wise ;  
Take heed, for he'll no tell you't twice,  
    For now he's gawin'  
To lea' the filthy fleas and lice,  
    That us'd to gnaw'im

After breakfast he lay down ;  
Quoth he, " I fear I shall die soon,  
Because I canna sing my tune  
    I us'd to sing,  
Till a' the hills and vallies round  
    Like bells wad ring.

" Hear me a' sizes o' my kind,  
Baith young an' auld, keep this in mind,  
An' hearken to what I've design'd  
    Now to advise ye :  
Be guid, an' they'll be hard to find,  
    That will despise ye.

" Do a' you're able for your bluid,  
And forward a' your masters' guid —  
You ought to do't since you're allow'd  
    To serve mankind ;  
The best that e'er on four feet stood,  
    This law shall find.

" Let generations yet to breed,  
Keep mind o' this, when we are dead !

I'm gaun the gate alack wi' speed,  
O' a' the earth !  
Wow ! but they're simpletons indeed  
Wha live in mirth.

“ Don't you like those your guid time spend,  
But ay think on your latter end ;  
If you've done ill, try to amend,  
An' gi'e ay praise,  
An' thank the Ane wha did you send  
Sae mony days.

“ Though like a lord man o'er ye rules,  
An' bang ye round wi' chairs an' stools,  
An' bruise ye wi' the auld pot buils,  
Mind not their powers —  
Their bodies maun gang to the mools,  
As weel as ours.

“ Now ere I quat, I'll ask ye a',  
If deacons this a fau't can ca',  
An' for the same hoist me awa'  
Unto the Session,  
An' gar me satisfy their law  
For my transgression?

“ Gif ye say na, then I'll believ't,  
An' never let mysel' be griev't,  
Nor o' my rest at night bereav't,  
Nor be concern'd ;

But say it is a lesson priev't,  
Ay to be learn'd.

“ I maun hae done, farewell, adieu !  
Farewell to Master Billy too,  
I hae na breath to name enou ;  
Death's come to plunder —  
He's taken me for ane I trow,  
Sae I knock under.”

Ae spasm caus'd a deadly groan !  
He clos'd his glimm'ring een alane  
An' heaving neither sigh nor mane  
In silence deep !  
Syne without sense or seeming pain,  
He fell asleep !

TO THE SLEEPY SHEPHERD\*. FEB. 11, 1775.

---

'Tis bad I true, for one like you,  
Who are appointed master,  
To fall asleep, and have your sheep  
Within a worthless pasture.  
The lambs do stray, and stroll away,  
To foxes prey become ;  
Their mothers bleat, and others greet,  
While some of them sit dumb.  
The shepherd good will give his blood,  
His flock well to maintain ;  
But he that's bad will not be sad  
When they're destroyed or slain.

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\* Joseph McKeen was "The Sleepy Shepherd." For the McKeen family, see Appendix.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER.

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The three following letters, dated at Medford, Mass., were written by Robert Dinsmoor to his parents the first winter of the Revolutionary War. He says: "I was an early friend to our Revolution and Independence, a true Whig; and had the honor of being a soldier in the American army under the illustrious Washington. I wish to preserve the letters for antiquity's sake":

Medford, Mass., Dec<sup>br</sup> 20<sup>th</sup>, 1775.

My dear father:

In the first place I am well, for which I have reason to thank that God who hath hitherto preserved me. The Regulars fired last Sunday night from Bunker's hill to Leechmore's point at our men who were entrenching there, and some few bombs came from Boston to them, but they did but little damage, only wounded two men and killed one ox. Capt. Gilmore's\* company was there, and as Uncle Robin Dinsmoor was wheeling a Barrow load of Sods, a cannon ball came along, and split an apple

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\* Capt. James Gilmore of Windham, N. H. Full sketch, page 535, in History of Windham.

tree close by his side, but did not hurt him. Some cannon were fired from Cobble-hill which made the Horner's-nest\* remove from Leechmore's point. Our company has been upon no duty yet, but ten of them are called upon to go upon the Piquet guard tomorrow at Plow'd hill. I have told you considerable, and must conclude, from want of paper. But I must not forget Lieut. Gregg desires in a particular manner to be remembered to both you and my mother and to my sweetheart, if I have any — and so do all the Officers — give my respects to all my friends, especially to those who thought worth while to come a piece with us. Let Master McKeen† know I do not forget him. Remember me by all means to my ancient Grandfather and Grandmother. I must conclude with sincere love to you, my Mother, Sisters and Brothers.

Your dutiful and affectionate son,

Robert Dinsmoor.

Ensn William Dinsmoor.

P. S. I am in the mess with the Officers the same as I was at the Great Island‡.

---

\* A British frigate.

† Afterwards the President of Bowdoin College.

‡ At Portsmouth.

Medford, Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1776.

Honoured and Dear father :

I enjoy perfect health at present, Thanks be to a kind Providence. I have nothing strange to write to you, except that orders are this minute come from the Gen<sup>l</sup> that our company shall be freed from other duty, to go and chop wood for the Army about half a mile from our Barracks — when we are cold ! I sent a letter to you by Col<sup>l</sup> Moore. We are stationed in a Brick house about half a mile down the river from the Town. This minute Abraham Plunkett\* came in with fifteen letters, which revives my spirits. I am sorry that you had so much trouble with your letters — and Jonny says Col Moore carried my letters to Derry which he promised to leave at Capt. Gilmore's. I am glad you are all well ; let Mother know that I received her letter very joyfully. I have gotten but one letter from you since I came here. Last Friday night Gen<sup>l</sup> Sullivan gave orders to his under officers to enlist a party of volunteers, such as were willing to make a push at Bunker's hill, and burn a number of houses on Charlestown neck ; accordingly Capt. Reynolds and Lieut Gregg and 21 members of our company went with Arms and Ammunition. The whole number that went was about three thousand, provided with matches to set the houses on fire, and

---

\* A soldier from Windham, N. H.



spears to scale the walls. They intended to go over on the ice, but the channel being open, they were frustrated in their design. We were all paraded on Winter hill, in order to run to their assistance as soon as the first gun was fired. But the statement that any of them fell through the ice is false. I hear that my sisters have made a visit to Uncle Nesmith's folks in Kenady\*. I hope they are well. We have plenty of provisions.

I am, your affectionate son,

Robert Dinsmoor.

To Ens<sup>n</sup> William Dinsmoor.

---

To Ens<sup>n</sup> William Dinsmoor, Windham, Newhampshire :

Medford, Jan. 19<sup>th</sup> 1776.

My dear father :

As Col<sup>l</sup> Gregg† is going past your house, I cannot think of letting this opportunity pass without writing. No doubt you have heard of our Army

---

\* The northwest part of Londonderry.

† Capt. James Gregg, of Macosquin County, of Londonderry, Ireland, one of the first sixteen settlers of Londonderry, N. H., in 1719, was a Scotchman born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and emigrated with his parents to Ireland about the time of the siege of Derry—or a little after—and became what is usually called, not an Irishman, but a Scotch Irishman. He married Janet Cargil;

being defeated at Canada, and all that went from here are either taken or killed — the thoughts of which seems to dampen the spirits of the most Stout hearted among us.

John Hunter came from Derry yesterday and said he overtook you on Spicket-bridge† on Saturday about eleven o'clock at night.

I remain your loving son,

Robert Dinsmoor.

Gen. Sullivan had made a special request that the militia men, as they were called, from New Hampshire should continue in the service one fortnight after their first term was out — and the most of Capt. Reynold's Company agreed to tarry, among whom was Robert Dinsmoor. Jan. 19, 1776, in regard to this, in a letter to his mother, he says :

“ Had I attempted to return,  
In dishonor and disgrace,

---

was a brother-in-law of Rev. James McGregor of Aghadowey, County of Londonderry, Ireland, and of Justice James McKeen of Ballymoney, Ireland, and united with them in forwarding the enterprise to Londonderry, N. H., where he became a Scotch-Irish-American, not an American-Irish-Scotchman. Capt John Gregg, his son, came to Londonderry with his father when about 16 years old. He married Agnes Rankin. One of their sons was Col. William Gregg of Revolutionary fame. He was born in Londonderry, N. H., Oct. 23, 1730, and rendered valiant service in the Revolution. He died in his native town Sept. 16, 1815, aged 85 yrs.

† In Salem, N. H.

My dearest friends would always scorn  
And hate to see my face ;  
But when these twelve days are all out  
We'll swing our packs so merry,  
And then set out, with hearts so stout  
And steer our course to Derry."

A PUZZLE IN RELATIONSHIP\*.

---

My cousin dear, my uncle's wife,  
Explain this misty point to me,  
I cannot tell to save my life,  
What our relationship may be :  
My cousin, yet my aunt you're stil'd,  
I am, which seems a sin to be,  
Your uncle's son, your sister's child ;  
And what are you akin to me ?

---

\* Addressed Jan. 2, 1776, to his cousin Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. James and Elizabeth (McKeen) Nesmith, of Londonderry, N. H., who married his uncle, Capt. James Cochran, of Windham, the son of Capt. John and Jennie (McKeen) Cochran, ancestors of the Cochrans of Windham, N. H. His cousin was born March 22, 1749; died April 29, 1824. Capt. James Nesmith, above mentioned, was born Aug. 4, 1718, just before the departure of his parents from Ireland, and was the son of Dea. James Nesmith, one of the first sixteen settlers in Londonderry, N. H. The Nesmiths emigrated from Scotland to the valley of the River Bann, in Ireland.

LINES WHEREIN YOUNG JONNEY PRAISES  
HIS COUSIN, MOLLY PARK\*. JULY 18, 1777.

---

Yestre'en I heard young Jonney say  
"O! but I lang to see the day,  
That cousin Mally I may hae,  
To be my wife —  
That I might freely wi' her liv',  
E'en a' my life.

She is a bonnie lass indeed,  
An's come o' a right honest breed,  
An' weel she can baith write an' read,  
An' speaks right swash —  
To get her aff, there'll be nae need  
To gie much cash.

---

\* Mary Park was born July 4, 1761; was daughter of Dea. Robert and Jane (Wear) Park. Her father came to America when 12 years of age with Alexander Park<sup>1</sup>. His father, the emigrant, an honest man, who paid his last month's rent in Ireland Dec. 12, 1728, and brought his receipt with him, which is now a sacred relic. He was of Scotch blood. He came in the winter of 1728-29. Mary Park became the loved wife of the "Rustic Bard" Dec. 31, 1782, — or Jan. 1, 1783, — and died, as the Bard says in "16 years and 5 months to a day," June 1, 1799, aged 37 yrs.; greatly lamented by him.

Whene'er she enters in my sight,  
Her very presence gi'es delight,  
For ilka thing 'bout her is right,  
    Her hair sae snod is —  
Her shapes by day, her words by night,  
    Prooves her a goddess.

She is right canny at her wark,  
An' thinks but little o' the daurk.  
At making hats o' smooth birch-bark,  
    I'm sure she dings —  
'She, brisk and bonnie as a lark,  
    Melodious sings.

SONG: WINDHAM'S SONS AT THE BENNING-  
TON BATTLE, AUG. 16, 1777. TUNE, "HIGH-  
LAND MARY."

---

When British laws could show no cause  
For cruel depredation,  
And armies sent, with base intent,  
To crush our infant nation !  
New England's favored land they spy,  
And purpose to subdue it.  
Along our coasts their force apply  
And eagerly pursue it !

On Lake Champlain, they victr'y gain,  
Tyconderoga take it ;  
Of ev'ry fort, it was their sport,  
To make our men forsake it !  
When Burgoyne led, the natives fled,  
And left their lov'd plantations !  
Unarm'd they ran, both wife and man,  
Before such devastations !

Their grass and grain, which deck'd the plain,  
By man and horses trampled !  
Naked and bare, drove to despair,  
By vengeance unexampled.



But Hudson's course turn'd Burgoyne's force,  
Down her fair coasts to ravage ;  
Destroying all, both great and small,  
Relentless as a savage.

This warlike noise rous'd Hampshire's boys,  
They dropp'd their scythes and sickles,  
And favorite sons now grasp their guns,  
While female's tear-drops trickle !  
From Windham then were sent twelve men,  
With valiant hearts and clever,  
To check their foes, with shot and blows,  
On banks of the North river.

To Bennington our heroes run,  
But note their bold procedure !  
With gallant Stark they all embark,  
New Hampshire's glorious leader.  
The hero spake : " No speech I make,  
Boys there's our deadly foeman,  
They'll fall our mark, or Molly Stark  
This night's a widow'd woman ! "

Then with Burgoyne they battle join,  
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.  
.  
There Windham men, placed in the van,  
Where deadly balls did rattle !  
Fell John Kinkead, on grand parade,  
A soldier brave in battle.

Jem Wilson\* stood behind some wood,  
A Windham man, true-hearted,  
Who never ran for fear of man,  
Nor left his post deserted.  
With joyful eye he saw them fly,  
Their warriors all retreating ;  
As they withdrew, Stark's men pursue,  
And fear no foeman meeting.

'T was hard to know a friend from foe,  
In such promiscuous bustle,  
But one Jem met who him beset,  
With whom he had a tussle !  
He fired his gun, nor thought to run,  
(His foe looked somewhat slender) ;  
The Briton brave then drew his glave,  
Said "*Die*, or else surrender !"

He choosing terms, threw down his arms,  
And begged his life's protection ;

---

\* Alexander Wilson<sup>1</sup>, of Scotch blood, was in the defence siege of Derry, 1688-89. Came to Londonderry, N. H., soon after 1719. His son, James Wilson<sup>2</sup>, was eight years old at the time of the siege ; came to Londonderry with his father. His son, Alexander Wilson<sup>3</sup>, settled at Fessenden's mills in Windham, and married Jane McKeen. Their son, James Wilson<sup>4</sup>, the gallant soldier at Bennington, was born in Windham, April 24, 1759 ; went to Francestown, N. H., about 1793. He married Mary Eaton. In 1815 they removed to Ohio, and he died in Troy, Delaware Co , that state, Sept. 10, 1821.

Then slowly crept, and lingering stept,  
A captive in dejection.  
But soon he sprung, and round him clung,  
With arms and all belayed him,  
In deadly grasp he held him fast,  
Till our pursuers aid him.

To save his breath, most squeezed to death,  
Aloud he called for quarter;  
Then Jem, right glad, *him* captive led, —  
The Briton “caught a Tartar.”  
Then glorious Stark cried, “Brave boys, Hark!  
Go to your tents renowned,  
The evening lowers, and victory’s ours,  
Your feats of valor’s crowned.”

---

Here is introduced a poem from the Rustic Bard to welcome home Lieut. David Gregg\* and fourteen men. The muse’s voice has long been silent, and patriotic verse no longer emanates from his pen; the soldiers no more go forth to battle, nor hear the sound of war’s alarms, but poet and soldiers rest, and gently the sod covers them.

---

\* Lieut. David Gregg, born in Windham, N. H., Oct. 4, 1750, was the fifth generation in descent from Capt. David Gregg of Argyleshire, Scotland, an officer under

LINES ADDRESSED TO LIEUT. DAVID GREGG,  
ON THE RETURN OF THE WINDHAM SOL-  
DIERS FROM BENNINGTON BATTLE, SEPT.  
26, 1777.

---

On every side I hear a cheerful sound ;  
Gladness and mirth this morning doth abound.  
I'll run and see what all this noise doth mean,  
Among the crowd that stand upon the green.  
But suddenly I'm struck with sweet surprise,  
For Welcome, welcome, welcome ! each one cries.  
And Windham's heroes in the midst I see,  
And hear a friend inquiring after me.  
I see the fathers welcome home their boys,  
Their quivering speech fulfils each other's joys.  
Here comes a mother to embrace her sons,  
But can't contain, and from their presence runs.  
And loving brothers here again do meet,  
With compliments of friendship others greet.

---

Cromwell, and went to Ireland in 1655. The first mentioned was son of William Gregg of Windham and his wife Elizabeth Kyle of Scotland. He was the grandson of David Gregg. The latter was son of John, and grandson of Capt. David Gregg of Argyleshire, Scotland. The first mentioned David Gregg died in Windham, N. H., March 31, 1831. A distinct family from Col. William Gregg's.

Here sweetest nymphs come in with gentle pace,  
But generous love beguiles the fairest face.  
'Those youth in raptures, urged by love's command,  
Do meet the fair, and take them by the hand,  
While tears of joy do wash their ruddy cheeks,  
Which their fond heart's sweet feeling plainly  
speaks ;  
And to improve a moment of such bliss,  
They seal their joys all in one balmy kiss.  
Old Windham rears her venerable head,  
Wak'd with the news that makes her daughters  
glad ;  
She sees her sons, and thus she does impart  
The joy and fondness of her noble heart.  
Hail martial sons, who dread no dire alarms !  
Welcome once more—you're welcome to my arms !  
You, to defend me, took the hostile field,  
And bravely did compel the foe to yield.  
At your return my spirits do rejoice ;  
My daughters, too, shall raise each lovely voice,  
And from each lofty hill and verdant plain  
Sing Welcome home ! to eace victorious swain ;  
And Jenn'y hill shall sound your lasting fame,  
'Till Cobbett's pond re-echoes back the same.

HEROIC ODE: STARK'S VICTORIOUS BATTLE  
AT BENNINGTON, AUG. 16, 1777. TUNE,  
"BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY."

---

When Burgoyne rolled his feudal car  
Down Hudson's strand, with tide of war,  
Green Mountain boys he thought to scare;  
    To Bennington he came!  
No obstacle regarded he,  
His scattered foes before him flee,  
His vict'ry made him sure to be  
    Enrobed with conquerer's fame!

As pride goes oft before a fall  
Destruction wails the haughty all!  
New Hampshire at her country's call  
    In gallant ranks appears.  
Commanded by a Stark were they,  
Prepared to give them Indian play;  
His speech inspired them for the fray,  
    Those hearts that knew no fears!

He said — collected in his might —  
"Boys, there's the enemy in sight,  
And we must beat them, or this night  
    Moll Stark a widow sleeps!"

Anon the British cannon roar,  
From tree and fence our bullets pour,  
Till all the field of battle o'er  
    With blood European steeps !

This boasting conqueror, forced to yield,  
To glorious Stark gave up the field !  
The clouds of night became his shield  
    And desert's hideous gloom !  
Leaving the wounded and the dead,  
To Saratoga's heights he fled,  
And waited there in fear and dread  
    A more decisive doom\*.

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS JENNIE FRENCH†.  
NOV. 16, 1778.

---

What shall I say? for we must part,  
Fate hath ordained it so ;  
Here you must leave, your friends to grieve,  
And on the seas must go.  
Yet for the best we still will hope,  
Tho' waves do seethe and foam.

---

\* He surrendered at Saratoga with 5700 men on the following Oct. 17, 1777.

† An intimate friend, then about to be married. She was brought up at Capt. John Cochran's, the first settler



Such fears will seem, but like a dream,  
When you land safe at home.  
From Windham then with honor go,  
Drive sorrow from your heart;  
Nor sink in woe, although you know,  
All friends on earth must part.  
Bless'd may you be where e'er you go,  
May goodness you attend;  
For this, I say, I'll ever pray,  
Who am your humble friend.  
May happiness your portion be,  
And peace be ever where you dwell.  
We wish the best, God send the rest,  
So loving friend, farewell.

ROBERT DINSMOOR.

---

in Windham of that name, the grandfather of the "Rustic Bard," and who was the first owner and occupant of the farm, and whose homestead was near where the present house now stands on the same farm, now owned and occupied by his great-grandson, Dea. William D. Cochran. Miss French married Lt. James Hopkins, "of the eastward"; left Windham, and went to Union River, Union, Me.

POETICAL LETTER TO MASTER JOSEPH  
McKEEN\*. FEB. 16, 1779.

---

Beloved friend and Master Joe,  
I take my pen to let you know  
The sorrows that do me surround,  
For woes on every hand abound.  
Tho' now to my own shame I tell,  
When I would write I cannot spell;  
When my ideas I would convey,  
I seek for words and lose the way;  
And by the want of good inditing,  
I lose the benefit of writing.  
Because of this, my heart is vex'd,  
My rest is broke, my mind perplex'd;  
But since you are so well acquainted  
With my scant lear, pray be contented,  
And kindly take this piece from me,

---

\* He was son of John McKeen, and grandson of Justice James McKeen, of Londonderry, N. H.

When Master McKeen left Windham in 1774-5, he presented "The Rustic Bard" with a sheet of paper (letter paper was a scarce and valuable article in those days) and earnestly requested him to fill one-half of it, and send it to him as a letter. In it he said "I have had a desire to write you these three years, but never really attempted it but once. I laid my head down to the fire, when this roasted out."

Though each line void of sense should be.

. . . . .  
When music soft does charm my soul,  
And cause aloft my thoughts to roll,  
Celestial fire then seems to warm my breast.

O! could I then some lofty strains impart,  
And smoothly pen the feelings of my heart,  
I'd show vain men a glory in this art.

---

LINES PRESENTED TO MOLLY PARK, THE  
FAIR OBJECT OF THE BARD'S AFFECTION,  
HE BEING JEALOUS OF A RIVAL. FEB. 8,  
1780.

---

Cheer up my heart, why art thou sad,  
Some pleasant ditty sing,  
The youthful heart with love to glad,  
Or tell the sweets of spring;  
No pleasure now, but grief it gives,  
To count those beauties o'er,  
When lusty trees spread forth their leaves,  
Which now we see no more.

How quickly was my heart o'erjoy'd,  
When I with pleasure view'd,  
The apple tree blooms in its pride,

The fields with beauties strew'd.  
 The pretty lambs sport on the plain,  
 Kids joyful skip and play,—  
 The feather'd choir in lovely strains,  
 Salute the rising day.

Those verdant beauties that appeared,  
 Raised transports in my breast ;  
 My tender heart with love was cheer'd,  
 Which passion I confess'd.  
 Insensible, said I, is he  
 Whom these sweets never charm ;  
 I held them all as dear to me,  
 And lulled them in my arms.

But ah ! my heart its folly found,  
 When my young fancy led ;  
 For while my fondness did abound,  
 Those balmy pleasures fled !  
 Bereav'd was I of all delight,  
 When snow the valleys clad,  
 Which once appeared in lustre bright !  
 In grief these words I said :—

The foolish youth have thus believed  
 All fair words to be true ;  
 Who flattered thus, have been deceived !  
 E'en so I'm grieved too.

I'm like a deer penn'd in a park,  
Which doth no comfort yield ;  
I'll scale the walls, look as a lark,  
And seek some better field.

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO MOLLY PARK, ON  
RETURNING A FAVOR WHICH SHE HAD  
KINDLY LENT TO HIM. JULY 24, 1782.

---

Come dear sweet muse, extend thy views,  
My gratitude discover,  
To that sweet fair, to whom I bear,  
The kindness of a lover.  
In joyful lays, I'll sound the praise,  
Of that fair virtuous maid,  
Who was so free, to lend to me,  
When I did stand in need.  
For kindness free, and love to me,  
I surely will regard thee ;  
Some future day, perhaps I may  
Be able to reward thee.  
Since your kind heart, thus could impart,  
To me, your worldly treasure ;  
May heav'n still grant, you ne'er may want,  
For plenty, peace, and pleasure.

## ACROSTIC: MARY PARK, ROBERT DINSMOOR.

---

My love is like the morning fair,  
Alluring to my sight;  
Resistless all her graces are,  
Young, beautiful, and bright!  
Possessing still a virtuous mind,  
And innocently gay;  
Replete with sense, to peace inclin'd,  
Keeps anxious cares away.  
Revolving suns around shall play,  
On wings aerial bring the day  
Bestows on me my wife!  
Embraced within her arm's I'll rest,  
Renew sweet raptures in my breast,  
To bless my fleeting life!  
Dear cords of friendship shall us bind,  
In love as strong as death;  
Nor shall our hearts a rival find,  
So long as we have breath.  
May Heav'n approve the passion then,  
On which such friendship grew;  
Oh! may some faithful Angel's pen  
Record our love so true!

EPITAPH TO JOHN ARMOR\*.

---

In youthful bloom, down in the tomb,  
My sprightly limbs I lay ;  
And God is just, tho' I in dust  
Lie mould'ring in the clay.  
God holds your breath, prepare for death,  
Seek Christ without delay ;  
But ne'er forget, the awful debt  
That you must also pay.

---

\*The family was of Scotch blood, and early spelled the name Armour, the same as in Scotland.

He was son of Dea. Gauin Armor, and was born in Windham, Sept. 27, 1759; lived in the Range, and died in his young manhood Oct. 16, 1784. He married Margaret Dinsmoor June 19, 1783, a sister of the Rustic Bard. For her 2d husband she married Dea. Samuel Morison<sup>2</sup>. (See Morrison family in Appendix.)



ROBERT DINSMOOR TO JOHN ORR\*, ESQ., OF  
BEDFORD, ON RETURNING YOUNG'S NIGHT  
THOUGHTS. MARCH, 1786.

---

When northern winds tempestuous blow,  
And hurl around the flakes of snow,  
I, shelter'd in my little tent,  
Perusing what your kindness lent,  
No furious blast disturbs my peace,  
While thoughts sublime my heart solace.  
Like the poor slave who strives all day,  
His cruel master to obey ;  
Who, if releas'd for half an hour,  
And that short time be in his power,  
Would to the pool, or plain, resort,  
And innocently play and sport,  
Enjoying freedom for a while,  
Forget his arduous task and toil ;  
So flies my heart from carking care,  
Which biuds the sordid in despair ;  
And by this pleasing pastime find,

---

\* John Orr was son of John Orr and Margaret Kamil, (perhaps Campbell) his wife, who emigrated to Londonderry, N. H., from the North of Ireland in 1726, and was an own cousin to the Bard's father. He died in January, 1823, aged 75 years.

It recreates my weary mind.  
To trace the poet in its flight,  
From the dark shades of gloomy night,  
Exploring nature in her rise,  
From nought, to worlds above the skies,  
All starting forth in strict gradation,  
The wond'rous works of God's creation,  
Where ends the sight of my dim eye,  
I vainly think that there's the sky ;  
Had I a glass to help my sight,  
To view the heavenly curtain right,  
E'en that would all abortive prove,  
Since it would in proportion move.  
So proves the poet's aid to me,  
Though curiously he makes me see  
Those prospects new, and lengthen'd sight,  
Sets larger bounds to infinite !  
Aloft upon his wing I'm tost,  
And in immensity am lost !  
I dream awhile, and pensive pause,  
At last I'm found just where I was !

DEATH OF HIS BELOVED WIFE, MARY PARK,  
JUNE 1, 1799.

---

In the Old West Kirk Cemetery, in Greenock, Scotland, near the beautiful Clyde, after entering its sacred precincts, and following a path trodden by countless pilgrims' feet, there rises a marble shaft above one, attractive in herself, whom the love and adoration of one man, with the magic of his pen, have made immortal, whose resting place is historic, and to which pilgrims come from every clime. It is the grave of Mary Campbell, the "Highland Mary," the loved and the lost of Robert Burns. About her rest representatives of the families of Allison, Brown, Campbell, Jameson, McGregor, Morrison, and Ramsay, names duplicated in almost every Scotch or Scotch-Irish settlement in the United States. On the shaft is this inscription:

ERECTED  
OVER THE GRAVE OF  
HIGHLAND MARY.

1842.

My Mary, dear departed shade,  
Where is thy home of blissful rest?

Robert Dinsmoor, the "Rustic Bard," being of Scotch blood, belonging to a Scotch or Scotch-Irish settlement, being a farmer poet, writing much in the dialect of the Scotch Lowlands, has been greatly honored by being compared to Robert Burns, the great poet interpreter of Scottish life, Scottish thought, and Scottish feeling.

As Mary Campbell, the "Highland Mary," had absorbed the heart, the soul, and the deepest affections of the Scottish poet, the beloved Mary Park, another lassie of Scotch blood but Windham birth, drew forth the worship of the New Hampshire Bard, and at her death he felt the sense of an infinite loss and that the shadow of a great sorrow had darkened his pathway. She rests in the old Kirk yard, at the head of Windham Range, as does the Scottish "Mary" in the Kirk yard at Greenock; she sleeps, as does her Scottish prototype, not far from bright waters, while among the quiet sleepers about her, and in another cemetery within view, are those of the same Scotch blood, and names of Allison, Brown, Campbell, Morrison, as are in the Greenock Kirk yard, while the other names mentioned there of Jameson, McGregor, and Ramsay, are duplicated in cemeteries not far distant, in the Londonderry settlement\*.

---

\* In the old Londonderry, N. H., townships were the familiar Scotch names of Aiken, Alexander, Anderson,

A RIDDLE, WHICH APPEARED IN ROBERT B. THOMAS' "FARMER'S ALMANAC" FOR THE YEAR 1807.

---

My nature is strange, oft subject to change  
Sometimes with three heads I appear ;  
With two I converse ! but one is perverse ;  
Nor endued with reason or fear.  
Some pretend I've a tail, am female and male,  
And to form me both sexes unite.  
I am smooth, yet am rough ; I'm tender, yet tough ;  
I'm fair, oft black and oft white.  
As to legs I have eight ; some small and some great,  
But what will surprise you still more,

---

Annis, Archibald, Armour, Armstrong, Barnet, Barr, Bartley, Bell, Betton, Blair, Bolton, Boyd, Boyes, Burns, Caldwell, Cargill, Carr or Karr, Clendennin, Davidson, Darrah, Dickey, Dinsmoor, Galt, Gilmore, Gordon, Graham, Gregg, Grimes, Hamilton, Harper, Hemphill, Henry, Hiland, Holmes, Hopkins, Humphrey, Jack, Jackson, Jameson, Johnston, Kinkead, Kyle, Mack, McAdams, McCleary, McConihe, McCoy, McDaniel, McDearmaid, McGaw, McIlvaine, McKeen, McLaughlin, McMaster, Montgomery, Moor, Morrison, Morrow, Nesmith, Nevins, Ober, Orr, Patterson, Richey, Scott, Simpson, Smiley, Smith, Steele, Stuart, Templeton, Thom, Thompson, Vance, Wallace, Waugh, Wear, Wilson.

You plainly may see, that on one side I've three,  
On the other side, half half a score.  
I'm very devout, I am known all about,  
And at church once a week I am found.  
All markets I visit, now tell me what is it,  
Does in such contradictions abound.

---

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

---

To fairly describe, the nation or tribe,  
In which such a monster is found,  
I view'd it all o'er, behind and before,  
And fancied I saw it turn round.  
A female yet male — three heads and one tail!  
Still changing its nature by turns!  
Who knows then, quoth I, but before this thing die,  
Some one of those heads may have horns?  
Though tender, 'tis tough; though smooth it is  
rough!  
Five legs out of eight on one side!  
Of unequal size! at once in surprise,  
I've found out the riddle! I cried.  
A sober old couple, which like to ride double,  
To church and to market their horse;

They talk as they go, that corn is too low,  
Or preaching 's too high, that is worse.  
Their sulky old nag—his tail he doth wag ;  
But the timid old lady still keeps,  
Like a modest young bride, both legs on one side,  
While close to her husband she creeps,  
Good Almanac maker, perhaps you're a Quaker,  
A foe to each bawdy-like fashion ;  
Should wives ride a straddle, would spoil all your  
riddle,  
And bring a reproach on the nation.  
The riddle propounded, I think I've expounded,  
For the sheets and the raiment I call !  
Now, Thomas, be handsome, and don't play the  
Sampson.  
For I've not yok'd your heifer at all.

“RUSTIC BARD.”



THE FOLLOWING WAS SENT TO HON. SILAS  
BETTON, ON RETURNING TO HIM BURN'S  
AND M'NEIL'S POEMS, WHO HAD LENT  
THEM TO THE "RUSTIC BARD."

---

Kind friend and honorable Esquire,  
Your Scottish poems I admire ;  
To thank you, sir, is my desire,  
    Since pleas'd I feel ;  
Charm'd with the chord of Burn's lyre,  
    And bard M'Neil.

\* \* \* \* \*

But oh ! the celebrated Burns,  
Who sometimes for his folly mourns,  
Charm'd with his sense and witty turns,  
    Upon my conscience ;  
I think the man's a dunce who spurns  
    And calls it nonsense.

Oh ! let me ne'er again engage,  
To read those rhymes to J\*\*\*y P\*ge,  
Or any other in this age,  
    Of stoic sort,  
Lest Burns' ashes rise in rage,  
    And blast me for't.

But when he paints his lovely Jean !  
 What beauties in the verse are seen !  
 Her virtuous heart can banish spleen,  
     And bless his life ;  
 My native passions rising keen,  
     Adore the wife.

But now behold his aged sire !  
 With wife and children round the fire,  
 O ! hear them tune the heavenly lyre,  
     In martyr's air !  
 While love and peace each heart inspire,  
     They kneel in prayer !

Would Heaven grant my highest wish,  
 (Though atheists mock and deists hiss),  
 And of the purest earthly bliss,  
     Make me partaker ;  
 I'd form a family like this,  
     And praise my Maker !

\* \* \* \* \*

Then fare ye well, my loving friend,  
 Whose generous heart can give and lend,  
 With gratitude these lines I send,  
     Depend upon it ;  
 But fear your patience I'll offend,  
     With my dull sonnet.

CELEBRATING THE ELECTION OF  
HON. JEREMIAH SMITH AS GOVERNOR\*.

---

Last night in our fun, the chorus begun,  
And Governor Smith was the toast.

\* \* \* \* \*

I seldom had been so pleased with a scene,  
To me 'twas delightful and rare.  
My muse spread her wing, and urged me to sing,  
And turned the song into a prayer—  
May he that's elected, by Heav'n be protected,  
And wisdom inspire his action,  
And form a bright chain to unite us again,  
And destroy the vile Hydra of faction.  
May his bellows prove tight, and always blow  
right,  
Nor make one political stammer;  
Till Democrat fools become polished tools,  
Under vise and sharp file and his hammer.

---

\* On Friday, June 9, 1809, the editor and poet met at Mr. Gordon's in Salem, when the news came of the election of Hon. Jeremiah Smith as Governor of New Hampshire. Refreshments were served and Gov. Smith was the toast. The poet went home and next morning sent the above lines.

May his anvil and wedge stand firm for the sledge,  
That's wielded with prudence and pith;  
Let him stand at the forge, dread not Bona' nor  
George,  
And New Hampshire be blessed in her *Smith*.

---

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON.

JULY 10, 1809.

---

My honor'd friend, and much loved Silas,  
Whose heart is free, and frank, and guileless,  
When press'd with care the brow is smileless,  
Your lib'ral hand,  
E'en pleasure, to the heart that's joyless,  
It can command.

Oh! how it charms my heart to read,  
And see you mount your poet-steed!  
Again I see you light with speed,  
The muse unhamper,  
And like a lawyer finely plead,  
To make her scamper.

The sweet harmonious lines you sent me,  
 How to the nines, they do content me!  
 But yet, so high, to compliment me,  
     In pathos such,  
 And with that glorious book present me,  
     It seems too much.

My flatter'd muse I may compare,  
 To little Robert in a chair,  
 The thoughtless nurse that should take care,  
     " A man," she calls;  
 Rob climbs again, nor thinks of fear,  
     Till down he falls!

It must be deemed gross imposition,  
 To set my lays in competition  
 With others, fam'd for erudition  
     And college lore;  
 At least it must be vain ambition,  
     If nothing more.

No rustic modern bard can claim,  
 To rank so high in lists of fame;  
 Your song, " 'Tom Paul," emits a flame,  
     Fair as the sun;  
 And shall immortalize your name,  
     While rivers run.

Had I the art to make words ring,  
 Like lofty Burns, I'd rant and sing,

My muse should stretch her flutt'ring wing,  
 And soar apace ;  
 And flowers from off Parnassus bring,  
 Your brow to grace.

Then hold your pen and " write away,"  
 There's no excuse for your delay ;  
 Let loose the muse and " give her play,"  
 And never blame her ;  
 Cast her vile fetters far away,  
 Or you may lame her.

And let it ne'er again be said,  
 That an embargo stopp'd your trade ;  
 Such base restrictions may be laid,  
 By servile fools ;  
 Let none e'er say that you obey'd  
 Such musty rules.

Non-intercourse ! the thing is hollow !  
 A measure causeless, vague, and shallow ;  
 The heads who formed it sure were mellow ;  
 'Tis best by half,  
 Great Madison forthwith to follow,  
 And take it off.

Believe me, sir, for all that's said,  
 I've no intention to upbraid,  
 Although your answer was delay'd,

By your postponment;  
 If 'twas a crime, I'm sure you've made  
 Complete atonement.

My little book, O! how I prize it;  
 I am afraid I idolize it;  
 But yet the wretch, who dares despise it,  
     In proud disdain,  
 His sordid hands, nor stoic eyes, it  
     Shall ne'er profane.

And now my worthy friend and kind,  
 My heart to you feels so inclin'd,  
 That from henceforth if you've a mind,  
     Though not akin, sir,  
 A loving brother you shall find,  
     In Robert Dinsmoor.

WINDHAM, July 10, 1809.



AN ANSWER TO A LETTER FROM DR. JOHN  
PARK\*, ACCOMPANYING A PRESENT OF THE  
"RELIQUES" OF ROBERT BURNS. SEPT 5,  
1809.

---

My favorite friend and cousin kind,  
Your soul seems still with mine entwin'd,  
A constant friend in you I find,  
    Without defection.  
Your verse brings scenes that 're past to mind—  
    Sweet recollection !

I thank you sir for every favor,  
Of which you've made me the receiver,  
Since you of "Burns," so kind and clever,  
    Make me the owner ;  
My grateful heart be sure shall never  
    Forget the donor.

---

\* He was an own cousin of the "Rustic Bard," as their mothers were sisters, both daughters of Capt. John Cochran, the early emigrant and settler in Windham, N. H. He was a nephew of the wife of the Bard, Mary Park. Andrew and Mary (Cochran) Park were his parents, and the grandson of Dea. Robert and Jane (Wear) Park, Alexander and Margaret (Waugh) Park were his Scotch-blooded great-grandparents, who came in 1728 from one of the Scotch settlements in the North of

Hail, memory ! friend to friendship true,  
Half of our joys we owe to you !  
Past pleasing scenes then bring to view,  
    By 'cute reflection ;  
So lovers may their pangs review,  
    By retrospection.

Yes, Jonny, I remember well,  
I taught you little words to spell,  
And sat as master (strange to tell !)  
    In place of better,  
And show'd you how to hold a quill,  
    And form a letter.

To the old schoolhouse you would come,  
Through drifts of snow, with fingers numb,  
Though uncle Joe would help you some,  
    But growing colder ;  
Then gladly I would take you home  
    Upon my shoulder.

---

Ireland, and lived and died in Windham Range. Dr. John Park was born on the farm in Windham Range, owned by the late Isaiah Dinsmoor, Jan. 7, 1775. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1791 ; became an accomplished scholar, a physician, an editor, and a noted teacher in Boston, Mass., and died in Worcester, Mass., March 3, 1852. He was the father of Mrs. Louisa J. (Park) Hall, a writer of note (she was the wife of Rev. E. B. Hall, D. D.) ; of Hon. John C. Park of Boston, Mas. ; of Mrs. Judge B. F. Thomas of that city, the parents of the wife of Hon. Richard Olney, the late Secretary of State.

And if by chance I'd slump and fall,  
Then you were buried, hat and all,  
Nor did I mind the pain at all,  
    Though each a hand freeze,  
If I could meet my darling Poll  
    At uncle Andrew's.

Perhaps to please you I'd rehearse  
"Skip's last advice" in limping verse;  
Then emulation did you pierce  
    With rapture new—  
Your virgin muse then riving fierce,  
    Sang "Robert's Shoe."

Your docile powers fast growing strong,  
Though scarce discerning right from wrong,  
To Williams' you trudged along,  
    On woody road,  
And Latin scholars ran'k among—  
    Your book; a load.

Then S\*\*\*\*\* first began to preach,  
And after fame did wring and reach,  
And old Arminius' tenets teach,  
    By a false rule;  
And Calvin's system tear and stretch,  
    And ridicule.

For fear your mind would take th' infection,  
I set myself for your protection—

On Calvinistic predilection,  
My mind was bent ;  
And quoted texts for your direction,  
With long comment.

Good old Preceptor would declaim,  
“ Rigid and moderate ” was his theme,  
We all must quake at Hopkins’ name,  
Pernicious man !  
And Edwards, of immortal fame,  
Was of his clan.

Then in my field we would dispute’im,  
And sometimes we would laugh and hoot’im,  
And three miles off we could refute’im,  
With reasons strong,  
And with false doctrines durst impute’im,  
And tenets wrong.

Then you, my young friend, must walk the round  
Of scientific, college ground ;  
With joy of heart I always found,  
E’en after all,  
Your sentiment like Peter, sound,  
Or ’postle Paul.

When in full manhood you appear,  
Youth on your side and prospects clear,  
And moving in a higher sphere,  
The fair describes ye ;

Kind Heaven, to check some wild career,  
Points out Louisa.

Sweet heart *congenite*, heavenly fair!  
She binds you in love's silken snare,  
But finds herself a captive there,  
In your fond heart,  
Now joined in one united pair,  
No more to part.

Each flattering, vain, galanting rover  
You scorn'd, but own'd yourself a lover;  
Then sought and found me mowing clover—  
With heart full throbbing,  
And all your passion did discover  
To uncle Robin.

Some loving letter to explore,  
Perhaps you stopp'd a pace before,  
But stumps and hillocks blundering o'er  
I'd almost hit you—  
I've wondered twenty times or more,  
I did not cut you.

Hail, virtuous love! delightful theme,  
That warms my heart with heavenly flame!—  
Then turning, to the house we came,  
Well pleas'd and jolly,  
And there expatiate on the same,  
With kind aunt Polly.

But what is this obscures my sight—  
A cloud almost as dark as night,  
That hides those darling prospects bright?

Ah! mournful story!  
Here, *Ichabod* my hand must write—  
Departed glory!

When faith's alive, my sorrow dies—  
Polly still lives beyond the skies;  
Christ's voice shall make her body rise  
In glory bright—  
I hope to see her with these eyes,  
In robes of light.

Here cease my muse—farewell my friend;  
May peace and love your life attend;  
If I forget thee till mine end,  
While blood keeps running.  
Or favors slight, let my right hand  
Forget her cunning.

A POETICAL LETTER ADDRESSED TO MR.  
ALLEN, PRINTER AND EDITOR OF THE  
MERRIMACK INTELLIGENCER. DEC. 1, 1809.

---

Dear Mr. Allen, honest printer,  
When Sol moves southward of our center,  
And sets us on the verge of winter ;  
    Stern frost before us ;  
We take the field, and trembling, venture  
    To combat Boreas.

For such conflict, 'tis best we should  
Be furnish'd well with clothes and food ;  
Deprived of those, none e'er withstood  
    A foe so cruel ;  
Then, meet his rage with good oak wood—  
    'Tis federal fuel.

I send you, sir, a solid load,  
As e'er in cart or wagon rode,  
Full cord-wood length, well trimm'd and stow'd,  
    For cheat I shall not ;  
Hard yellow oak, not crook'd nor bow'd,  
    Chink'd up with walnut.

Not democratic smoking trash,  
Like bass-wood, poplar, birch, or ash,  
Built up as hollow as a squash,  
    With concave top,  
Where stalks for fodder in they dash,  
    To fill it up.

Accept it from a rustic bard ;  
'Tis honestly your just reward ;  
Three dollars, sir, you may afford  
    To give me credit —  
Then I'll not fear a bailiff hoard,  
    I've sometime dreaded.

O ! may you never need to doom  
Your lady, fair in beauty's bloom,  
To shiver in a chilly room !  
    This would distress you.  
When federal wood dispels the gloom,  
    Her smiles will bless you.

In days when nations, great and wise,  
Pretend to friendship in disguise ;  
When ministers are charged with lies,  
    To please the faction,  
And Gallic scribblers dare despise  
    And rail at Jackson.

Be fearless, just, and " not too rash " ;  
Then may your patrons pay their cash ;



Those fiends, whose creeds and practice clash,  
    May you discern them,  
And with discretion deal the lash,  
    And better learn them.

May the Intelligencer's page  
Be ever useful to this age,  
And ever free from party rage,  
    May it abide ;  
And o'er your press and person sage,  
    Wisdom preside.

---

## ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON.

---

WINDHAM, Dec. 25, 1809.

MY WORTHY FRIEND :

I am much indebted to you for the pains you have taken to correct "Skip's Last Advice." For whether your amendment be correct or not, I am certain my honor was your motive, that the piece might appear more grammatical. Let not the insignificant term "mool" distress you—it passes very well. Mr. Allen told me the other day, the poem was well received in Haverhill, and much applauded amongst his hearers, as far as he could learn. I think, myself, "mools" has no singular any more

than *ashes*. But this is not discerned by the generality of our Scotch readers. They consider it to mean the same as *moul*, which is pretty generally understood *earth*, or *mould*; perhaps originating from *moulder*, as a body mouldering in the dust, and properly “gawin” to the mools.” I some doubt whether it would stand the criticism of John Orr, Esq., or some of his sons, or perhaps a M’Keen, or a M’Gregore. I am told that Capt. Hunter’s wife (a M’Gregore) is the best Scotch dictionary in Londonderry, and reads it the best. Perhaps it may never reach her or them, and if it should, they make but a few of the vast number to whom Skip has addressed himself.

My dear sir, I read with peculiar satisfaction the contents of your letter of the 22d instant. I am happy to find that you have experienced great consolation amid a scene of sorrow. The tender and impressive manner in which your brother’s orphan sons were committed to your care must make them dear to you; and when you describe their characters, and in particular, the pleasing manners, life and death of the one now deceased, it excites in my breast emotions both of joy and of sorrow. Your care of him is forever at an end! and although you have made a final settlement with the surviving young man, respecting the property it to be your duty to aid him with fatherly advice which belonged to them, in a manner honorable both to him and you, yet I hope you will still feel

and counsel, which doubtless he may yet need, and I hope he will be ever disposed to receive it from you with filial gratitude. When you speak of the distressed situation of your favorite sister, her family and late husband, you touch me on a tender part. My heart bleeds at the recollection of scenes which I have witnessed in that house. Captain Dinsmoor, from his infancy, was a special friend to me. I have had many tokens of his esteem. I shall here relate one circumstance as a proof of his love. He knew the affection I had for my dear wife now dead, and he felt for me when she was sick. A few evenings before her departure, he came to see her, and privately put a thirty dollar bill into my hands, saying, "Robin, if you stand in need, use that freely." It was a great kindness to me at that time, and I hope never to forget it. Fortunately, by the sale of a boat load of wood at Newbury, I was enabled to return it to him the next fall. He would take no interest for it, but my thanks, and that I forced upon him.

No man has a higher veneration for his memory than I have; but to write anything on it, I feel myself entirely incompetent. But this I have said, and will say, he was a perfect pattern of honesty, frugality and industry, peaceable and kind. He was upright, honorable and manly, possessing unsullied integrity and Christ-like benevolence.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SAMUEL ARMOR.

---

WINDHAM, Feb. 21, 1810.

DEAR SIR: — Your parabolical and truly poetical Fable, I think discovers marks of high ingenuity in its author, and is one of the best satires on the late policy of our national government, of any thing I have yet seen, and with pleasure I contribute my mite in praise of its merit.

With pleasure, sir, I must confess,  
 I read your friendly short address;  
 The compliment on me conferr'd,  
 I should be proud of, if deserv'd.  
 I own the muse's potent charms,  
 Her genial flame my bosom warms.  
 Though at her shrine I sometimes bow,  
 Idolatry I disavow.  
 To rightly judge poetic merit,  
 But few the talent doth inherit;  
 And to impute that gift to me,  
 Must border, sir, on flattery.  
 But since the wish directs the sense,  
 Be sure your friend takes no offence,  
 Though vanity be raised, no matter

I'll not believe you meant to flatter.  
Your well-wrought fable I've perused,  
And o'er the curious pictures mused ;  
And by the portraits I could see,  
Were never meant such *curs* as me.  
Perhaps they're found among the great,  
No less than ministers of state !  
For oh ! this truth may be lamented,  
Men oft by brutes are represented !  
That some are dogs, we must not say,  
Although in morals base as they ;  
Yet bards inspired, with safety can  
Make dog, or fox, to ape a man ;  
And by a pyebald mare, or nag,  
Present to view the Gallic flag—  
Make the false fox, from conscious guilt,  
Charge shepherd's dog with grand insult ;  
And make the rascal so behave,  
As show himself both fool and knave—  
Make surly mastiff gape and growl,  
And fright poor Reynard to the soul ;  
And name them, just as we do oxen—  
Call Reynard, *Smith*—the Bull-Dog, *Jackson* !

A FATHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF  
A FAVORITE DAUGHTER. DEC. 10, 1813.

---

Why, O my soul, this sad complaint?  
Why should my groans my sorrows vent?  
Why flow these tears without restraint  
    O'er Betsey's urn?  
The pleasant favor Heav'n me lent,  
    I must return.

When but an infant, prattling, young,  
I was delighted with her tongue;  
But joys ecstatic, when she sung,  
    Charm'd all my heart;  
Time shew'd her minstrel heav'nly strung,  
    Improv'd by art.

Why should reflection paint her mien,  
And figure, graceful to be seen;  
With mind unruffled and serene,  
    I envied state—  
Her conscious innocence was screen,  
    'Gainst causeless hate.

The heart that warm'd her lovely breast,  
Could melt for those who were distress'd

Her ready hands to help th' oppress'd,  
    She would employ ;  
When all was well, then she was blest,  
    And sang for joy !

When at her wasting cough I'd start,  
She well discern'd my inward smart ;  
" Sing, dad," she'd say, to sooth my heart,  
    And cheerful smile ;  
And with her well-tun'd counter part,  
    My griefs beguile.

No more her little sister band  
Shall time their music by her hand !  
No more shall she a leader stand  
    Her mates among,  
And pay her Maker's just demand,  
    A sacred song !

When sickness press'd, or pains did bend me,  
O ! with what care she would attend me !  
If I was straiten'd, she'd befriend me,  
    With love so true ;  
Her hard earn'd dollar she would lend me,  
    And help me through !

The prophet, shelter'd in his bower,  
From scorching heat and pending shower,  
Was of his hope in one short hour  
    Bereft ! — Ah, Lord !

E'en so, a worm destroyed my flower,  
Like Jonah's gourd !

Farewell, my sweet — my much loved Betty !  
While life remains, I'll not forget thee,  
Though death untimely did beset thee,  
And laid you low ;  
To hopeless mourn, O, never let me,  
Nor sink in woe.

Despair shall not my faith annoy,  
Her soul immortal, shall not die !  
Her dust shall rise, and see with joy,  
A Saviour's face ;  
And shall a golden harp employ  
In endless praise !

---

The reading of "A Father's Lament," deeply touched the feeling of a young man, Ninian C. Betton\*, then unknown to the "Rustic Bard." He wrote an anonymous poem of much merit and addressed it to the poet, which drew from him the following poem :

---

\* James Betton was born in Scotland in 1728 ; was in Windham, N. H., March 5, 1753. He was a marked man in the Scotch blooded community. Ren-



THE ANSWER. 1813.

---

Where is the man whose tender heart,  
Can take with me the mourner's part,  
And realize the piercing smart,  
    Of death's dread spear,  
And paint the shrouded maid with art,  
    My daughter dear?

The gentle youth I fain would know,  
Who echoes back my tale of woe,  
And makes my tears again to flow,  
    Repeats my grief,  
Yet can consoling balm bestow,  
    Which gives relief.

---

dered important services to the town and New Hampshire, and filled prominent positions for the state. (See record of Betton family in "History of Windham in New Hampshire," by Leonard A. Morrison.) He married Elizabeth Dickey of Londonderry, N. H.; he died March 18, 1803. His son, Samuel Betton, born 1755, settled in New Boston, N. H.; married Ann Ramsey; she died there Nov. 23, 1790; he died there Oct. 9, 1790. Their son: Ninian Clark Betton, born Jan. 10, 1787; married his cousin Wealthy J., daughter of Hon. Silas Betton of Salem, N. H. She died Feb. 10, 1876, aged 84 years. He was a lawyer in Boston, Mass., in high standing, and died there Nov. 19, 1856, aged 68 years.

Kindhearted youth, whoe'er you be,  
Who like a parent feels for me,  
Now launched on life's tempestuous sea,  
    To toss and roll,  
Some adverse blast may wait for thee,  
    And wreck thy soul.

Should some fair beauty charm your eyes,  
And bind your heart in nuptial ties,  
Where centers all you love or prize  
    Of earthly treasure,  
Whose heart with yours can sympathize  
    In woe or pleasure.

From thence a thousand prospects rise,  
New scenes, new hopes, increase your joys,  
But ah! death's mortal arrow flies,  
    The day grows dark,  
The soul of all your comfort dies,  
    Gone down, your bark.

Futurity is a sealed book,  
Wherein no mortal eye can look,  
The road of life, oft first mistook,  
    The rose adorns,  
But soon 'tis found to wind and crook,  
    Beset with thorns.

May heav'n my unknown friend reward,  
And save him from a fate so hard,

Tho' 'twas the fate of "Rustic Bard,"  
Let none repine,  
But fall adoring, and regard  
The Lord divine.

---

THE RUSTIC BARD'S RESPONSE TO THE  
"ECHO," A POEM WRITTEN BY NINIAN C.  
BETTON.

---

Dear friendly youth, your "Echo's" sound,  
Must from my heart again rebound;  
A heart that feels another wound—  
Your orphan tale!  
Mine eyes in pity's tears are drown'd,  
To hear thee wail.

Poor lonely youth! but happier far  
Than thousand other orphans are,  
When by a most unholy war,  
Their parents bled!  
They friendless every ill must bear—  
Their comforts dead.

Not so with you — no foe to fear,  
Your friends and relatives are here—

An honor'd uncle, kind and near,  
Who still will prove  
Your counsellor and patron dear,  
With father's love.

Let you and I no more complain—  
If reason and religion reign,  
Our hearts shall soon forget their pain;  
In hope of this,  
Our pious friends shall live again,  
In endless bliss.

I never wish my rhymes should fall  
In literary hands at all,  
Nor did I think my reed so small,  
Should e'er be found  
To echo back from Dartmouth's hall,  
So sweet a sound!

I ne'er indulg'd a hope so dear,  
As that my lays should touch the ear,  
Of learned pupils, standing near  
(Who write by rule),  
His seat, where science has no peer,  
In Wheelock's school.

Let vain ambition never dare  
To shew my rustic members there,  
On hallow'd ground! let me beware,  
And not intrude,

Lest literature should frown and tear  
My vesture rude.

Bright son of science, rise and shine !  
Your virgin muse appears divine ;  
You need not ask the fabled nine  
    To help or aid you ;  
A poet's laurels shall be thine,  
    In justice paid you.

And though dame fortune may seem wild,  
And spurn your wishes for a while—  
Hope still—she'll yet propitious smile,  
    And kind, regard you ;  
And with some poet's favorite child,  
    In love reward you.

When your capacious mind to store,  
With philosophic classic lore,  
On nature's boundless works you pore,  
    'Till darkness veils you ;  
Then rise in rapture, and adore,  
    When reason fails you !

Whose searchless wisdom, boundless power,  
Made heaven, and earth, and every flower ;  
The insect flies, and seraphs tower  
    T' obey his nod ;  
Then let the atheist's reasoning cower,  
    And own a God.

'Tis true no finite mortal can  
The smallest of God's creatures scan ;  
Much less his universal plan,  
Or fix'd decree ;  
We might as well grasp with our span,  
A boundless sea.

Great nature's volume open stands,  
The wise can read it in all lands ;  
But Heaven has put into our hands  
One more divine !  
Where the Creator's just commands,  
And mercies shine !

We'll with devotion read His word,  
Which light and comfort can afford,  
Where faith can see a Saviour Lord,  
In heavenly rays ;  
Then let our hearts in sweet accord,  
Exalt His praise.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON.

---

WINDHAM, Feb. 26, 1811.

SIR:—The following verses, which I here address to you, as my peculiar friend, were written on account of your requesting me to write some lines for the anniversary of the new year. If I know anything of the poet, he must write as he feels, or not at all. The late bereavement which I have experienced, in the loss of a beloved daughter, occasioned me to reflect on other past scenes, which turned my mind rather upon the melancholy, and the plaintive is not my native strain. I had thoughts of never shewing them to any body; but am confident you will never expose them to my hurt. I have entitled it, “The Poet’s Farewell to the Muses.”

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSES.

---

I.

Forbear, my friend, withdraw your plea,  
 Ask not a song from one like me,  
     O'ercast with clouds of sorrow!  
 My spring of life, and summer's fled,  
 I mourn those darling comforts dead,  
     Regardless of tomorrow!  
 My harp is on the willow hung,  
     Nor dissipates the gloom!  
 My sweetest minstrel's all unstrung,  
     And silent as the tomb!  
 My lute too, is mute too,  
 While drops the trickling tear!  
 My organ makes jargon,  
 And grates my wounded ear.

II.

Farewell yon mould'ring mansion, there,  
 Where first I drew the natal air,  
     And learn'd to prate and play.  
 There rose a little filial band,  
 Beneath kind parents' fostering hand—  
     Their names let live for aye!



They taught their offspring there to read  
 And hymn their Maker's praise,  
 To say their catechism and creed,  
 And shun all vicious ways.  
 They careful and prayerful,  
 Their pious precepts press'd,  
 With ample example  
 Their children still were bless'd.

### III.

Kind man! my guardian and my sire,  
 Friend of the muse and poet's lyre,  
 With genuine wit and glee,  
 How sweetly did his numbers glide,  
 When all delighted by his side,  
 He read his verse to me!  
 The parallel was drawn between  
 The freedom we possess'd,  
 And where our fathers long had been,  
 By lords and bishops press'd.  
 His rhyme then did chime then,  
 Like music through my heart;  
 Desiring, aspiring,  
 I strove to gain his art.

### IV.

No more I'll tune the poet's lyre,  
 No more I'll ask the muse's fire

To warm my chilling breast ;  
 No more I'll feel the genial flame,  
 Nor seek a poet's deathless fame,  
 But silent sink to rest.  
 Farewell, the mount, call'd Jenny's Hill—  
 Ye stately oaks and pines !  
 Farewell, you pretty purling rill,  
 Which from its brow declines,  
 Meandering and wandering,  
 The woodbines sweet among,  
 Where pleasure could measure  
 The bobylinkorn's song !

## V.

On summer evenings, calm and bright,  
 O'er yonder summit's towering height,  
 With pleasure did I roam ;  
 Perhaps to seek the robin's young,  
 Or hear the mavis' warbling tongue,  
 And bring the heifers home—  
 See from my foot, the night-hawk rise,  
 And leave her unfledged pair,  
 Then quick descending from the skies,  
 Like lightning set the air.  
 The hares there, she scares there,  
 And through the pines they trip,  
 They're sought then, and caught then,  
 By my companion, Skip.

## VI.

Andover's steeples there were seen,  
While o'er the vast expanse between,  
    I did with wonder gaze ;  
There, as it were beneath my feet,  
I view'd my father's pleasant seat—  
    My joy in younger days.  
There Windham Range, in flowery vest,  
    Was seen in robes of green,  
While Cobbet's pond, from east to west,  
    Spread her bright waves between.  
Cows lowing, cocks crowing,  
While frogs on Cobbet's shore,  
Lay croaking and mocking  
The bull's tremendous roar.

## VII.

The fields no more their glories wear,  
The forests now stand bleak and bare,  
    All of their foliage stript ;  
The rosy lawn, the flowery mead,  
Where lambkins used to play and feed,  
    By icy fingers nipt.  
No more I'll hear with ravished ears,  
    The music of the wood,  
Sweet scenes of youth, now gone with years  
    Long pass'd beyond the flood.  
Bereaved and grieved,

I solitary wail,  
With sighing and crying,  
My drooping spirits fail.

## VIII.

No more will I the Spring Brook trace,  
No more with sorrow view the place  
    Where Mary's wash-tub stood ;  
No more I'll wander there alone;  
And lean upon the mossy stone,  
    Where once she pil'd her wood.  
'Twas there she bleached her linen cloth,  
    By yonder bass-wood tree ;  
From that sweet stream she made her broth,  
    Her pudding and her tea.  
    Whose rumbling and tumbling  
    O'er rocks with quick despatch,  
    Made ringing and singing,  
    None but her voice could match.

## IX.

Farewell, sweet scenes of rural life,  
My faithful friends and loving wife,  
    But transcient blessings all.  
Bereft of those, I sit and mourn ;  
The spring of life will ne'er return,  
    Chill death grasps great and small ;  
I fall before thee, God of truth !

O, hear my prayer and cry ;  
Let me enjoy immortal youth,  
With saints above the sky.  
Thy praise there, I'll raise there,  
With all my heart and soul,  
Where pleasure and treasure,  
In boundless oceans rolls.

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ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON.

NOV. 22, 1811.

---

DEAR SIR :

I have herewith sent you " Spring's Lamentation and Confession," which you will find inscribed to you. The poem may appear satirical, and in some measure severe ; but you will pardon the muse when I give you the following information :

This little dog had lived some years in my father's family before his decease ; and in the provision which he made for my mother, which was ample, she was left sole proprietor of all his buildings and stock. Soon after this period my youngest sister

was married, and moved away; and William (who in the poem is called Billy) only, of all her numerous children remained in her family. About this time William was engaged in building his new house, and occasionally often from home. The good old lady was many times left without any company but her little dog. In the course of about two years he took possession of his new house, and persuaded my mother to come and keep it for him. This she consented to do rather than repair the old one, which was much decayed. But here Billy soon left her, and to make a fortune, let out his farm, and went to Charlestown, and let himself to a shipbuilder, where he continued four years. During this time she made Billy's new house her habitation; but her heart was still in the old mansion-house. She paid it frequent visits, and always in summer occupied her old bleaching green at the back of it. Spring never failed to attend her. All the brute creatures that my father left with her were either sold, changed, or dead, except the mare and the dog. In this solitary state, her attachment seemed to increase towards those two animals, in the absence of her other friends. Spring was always subject to err; but his mistress could always forgive him, judging, as every one must who knew the little cur, that it proceeded more from want of thought than a design to injure. He was her company both by night and day, and the mare was her

pleasure carriage when she chose to ride out. The mare is still alive, and the old lady is yet able to ride her, and does so frequently to your little city and Haverhill town, and does her own business, although at the advanced age of seventy-six. Billy at length returned, and had learned to smoke a long pipe like other fashionable young gentlemen. He then painted up his house in style and soon got married. Spring was amazing fond of his old friend, and would follow him almost everywhere he went, and especially to meeting, which practice Billy utterly abhorred; he used to shut him up on Lord's days at home; but Spring generally made his way out, and if the doors were shut when he got to meeting, he would yell and tear more like a fiend than a dog. But he soon found that this stratagem would answer his purpose; for Deacon Morison would let him in rather than to suffer his noise. But one day, taking the start of the Deacon, Billy outwitted him, and just as he entered the door, Billy grabbed him by the tail and gave him a most unmerciful whipping. In the course of a few days, some *tattling tell-tale* brought the whole affair to the old lady's ears; and a strong jealousy instantly arose in her mind that Spring suffered more for abusing Billy's new house than for disturbing the congregation; and calling Billy to her apartment, she said, "There, take and kill the dog outright, for he shall not live to be

abused." He absolutely refused to do it, and I know he would almost as soon have committed parricide, as have killed or destroyed anything in which she seemed to take comfort. John A\*\*\*\*, David's son, was then making shoes at my house, and she remembered with what pleasure he used to kill her supernumerary cats, and came stepping down and invited him to come up in the evening and bring Robin's Billy with him and kill her dog; with all cheerfulness he promised to oblige her. Notwithstanding my pointed disapprobation, he completed the tragedy in the evening. I then "the muse unfetter'd, and gave her play." Probably you may wish to know who the other personages are, mentioned in this poem.

"*When Nabby's Sunday clothes, etc.*"—A young woman, learning to be a tailoress with my brother William's wife, with whom Spring had scraped up an intimate acquaintance. In the old lady's last address to Spring, she expresses herself:

"*O' a' the beasts that Father left*"—This was the endearing name by which the humble old lady for many years called her husband, and she yet speaks of him in the same manner.

"*Auld John*"—mentioned in the last line of the poem, was our shoemaker's own uncle, and something a *professional* man.

"*Then I set off for Jonny's house*"—My brother John, the blacksmith, where Spring was peculiarly familiar.



I tried to make the little rascal speak English at first, but I soon found he was far better versed in Scotch. He was both illiterate and vulgar, and his lingo will yet admit of many corrections.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your sincere friend,

ROBERT DINSMOOR.

## SPRING'S LAMENTATION AND CONFESSION.

---

 INSCRIBED TO SILAS BETTON, ESQ.
 

---

*Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash ;*  
*Some rhyme (vain thought) for needfu' cash ;*  
*Some rhyme to court the contra clash,*  
*An' raise a din ;*  
*For me, an aim I never fash—*  
*I rhyme for fun.*

BURNS.

---

Alas ! an' I'm condemn'd to death !  
 A Cobler now maun stap my breath ;  
 To lea' my Dame, I'm very laith,  
     Though 'tis her sentence ;  
 May he that caus'd it, an' she baith,  
     Soon get repentence.

Lang hae I liv'd wi' kind Miss Bessy,  
 Wha kept me cozie, warm an' fleshy ;  
 In lanely hours she would caress me,  
     An' mak' me fain,  
 Baith e'en an' morn I gat a messy,  
     As though her wean.

Where'er she travel'd night or day,  
I carefu' was to clear her way  
O' toads an' snakes, and I maun say,  
    I've shaw'd my spunk ;  
For though I never dar'd to *slay*,  
    I've *scar'd* — a skunk.

If she walk'd out when days were hot,  
Sometimes before her I wad trot.  
An' mony a fright wi' me she's got,  
    For in a trice,  
I'd gie a spring as quick as shot,  
    An' bark at mice.

Nor yet was this my only fault,  
Though I maun *die* I'll own my guilt ;  
When clos'd within they bade me halt  
    On Sabbath day,  
My teeth hath doors an' windows spoilt,  
    An' ope'd my way.

A'e day I left my dame in lurch,  
An' after Billy trudg'd to church ;  
An' neither dreading whip or birch,  
    Wi' teeth an' paw,  
An' hedious yells at the west porch,  
    I 'gan to gnaw.

The very priest was scar'd himsel',  
His sermon he could hardly spell ;

Auld Carlins fancied they could smell,  
The brimstone matches ;  
They thought I was some imp o' hell,  
In quest o' wretches.

Then Billy grasp'd a lang whip stick,  
An' stept towards me wondrous quick ;  
Quoth I, " he's coming in the nick,  
Hear how he hurries on—  
Sure 'tis another kindly trick  
Of Elder Morison\*."

As soon's I heard the moving latch,  
I press'd my head in, silly wretch !  
But ah ! waes me ! I found my match ;  
For by my tail,  
Bill wi' a strong grip did me catch,  
And did me whail.

All sorts o' murder I cri'd out,  
While Billy swung me roun' about,  
An' thresh'd my sides, an' back, an' snout,  
An coust me by,  
Baith priest an' parish thought nae doubt,  
I dead did lie.

My last an' warst fau't here I'll tell on,  
For which I'm dying like a felon ;

---

\* Elder Samuel Morison.

When Nabby's Sunday's clothes were well on,  
    She lock'd me in ;  
Her tracks I almost swore I'd smell on,  
    O, horrid sin !

In painted room where I was pent,  
(To win without was my intent ;  
Lest Nabby's tracks should lose the scent),  
    I tore the sash,  
Bill's lang pipe frae the window went,  
    An' brak' to smash.

In hope to catch the bonnie lass,  
I stove my head right through the glass ;  
But something that sharp pointed was,  
    My side did bore,  
And frae my shoulder to my base,  
    My hide it tore.

For speed o' foot but few could stan' her,  
Tho' in a bicker I've out ran her ;  
But 'mang the crowd, I did na' ken' her,  
    (Poor silly stirk),  
'Till snoaking roun' at length I foun' her,  
    Snug in the kirk.

For this my dame wi' aching side,  
Did a' the way to Hav'rill ride ;  
And laid a dollar out beside,  
    Glass, pipe and putty—

My very conscience canna' bide  
Those actions smutty.

My mistress cri'd, "Poor Spring come till me,  
This night (she said) the boys will kill ye;  
The shoemaker and Robin's Billy,  
Will soon be here—  
I'd just as lief, I am sae silly,  
They'd fell the meare.

O' a' the beasts that Father left,  
You and the meare are just the heft;  
The sentence past I maunna shift—  
How can I bear  
To be at once o' you bereft"—  
An' drapt a tear.

"'Twas na' because I loe'd you neither,  
That we hae liv'd sae kind the gether,  
But for the love I bore to father,  
Wha's beast ye were;  
Frae that sprang a' my kindness rather,  
An' a' my care.

It's true *my* days are almost gone,  
I find old age fast creeping on;  
My comforts fail me every one,  
So, Spring, adieu—  
I've something else to think upon,  
Than things like you."

My woe, quoth I, sieze th' Armstrong chiel,  
I dread him like the very de'el,  
Ay since his shoe-knife gart me feel  
    The pains o' death—  
Oh! loch! how I did growl an' squeel  
    To save my graith.

Then aff I set for Jonny's house;  
The Armstrong cobbler me pursues,  
An' roun' my neck he fixt a noose,  
    Wi' girnin' laugh—  
And snak'd me out as auld John us'd  
    To draw a calf!

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO HIS DAUGHTER  
SARAH DINSMOOR, FEB. 29, 1812.

---

The cause is not for want of matter,  
That I can't write a longer letter ;  
Of that there's plenty, worse or better ;  
    But like a mill,  
Whose stream beats back with surplus water,  
    My wheel stands still.

Of cares domestic, I might tell,  
Or whether we are sick or well,  
Or what disasters have befall  
    Our friends around us ;  
And how with patience we dispel  
    The griefs that wound us.

Tell how the tyrant Death proceeds,  
And how a father's bosom bleeds—  
His son the staff his age now needs,  
    Laid low and chilly—  
Shew Peggy dress'd in mourning weeds,  
    For her loved Billy.

Alas ! poor Peggy, is it so  
That you in silent mourning go,  
And lonely sigh a widow's woe,



And bear the smart?  
Such pains and sorrows you must know,  
Pierc'd Jacob's heart.

O sympathy! O memory keen!  
Reflection paints the glowing scene;  
Your guide and patron to have been—  
Your mama dies;  
My own young heart's imperial green,  
In silence lies.

Here I would ask, but am afraid,  
Why were two hearts congenial made?  
Why beauty charms love's passions aid,  
And rapture raise?  
Yet doom'd to part in death's dark shade,  
In youth's sweet days.

Who knows what troubles some must bear?  
What pains and sorrows they shall share?  
What grief, anxiety and care,  
E'en we shall meet,  
Before we reach the mansion where  
Bliss is complete?

Then let us not impatient grow;  
But to our lot submissive bow.  
God's ways are just, we know not how;  
Bless him always.  
*Hope* must be all our comfort now,  
Then sing and say—

Farewell, bright souls ! a short farewell,  
"Till we shall meet our joys to tell,  
In the sweet groves, where pleasures dwell,  
    In fields above,  
And trees of life, of heavenly smell,  
    Bear fruits of love !

---

## THE SPARROW.

SEPT. 23, 1812.

---

Poor 'innocent and hapless Sparrow !  
Why should my moul-board gie thee sorrow ?  
This day thou'll chirp, an' mourn the morrow,  
    Wi' anxious breast—  
The plough has turn'd the mould'ring furrow  
    Deep o'er thy nest.

Just in the middle o' the hill,  
Thy nest was plac'd wi' curious skill ;  
There I espy'd thy little bill  
    Beneath the shade—  
In that sweet bower secure frae ill,  
    Thine eggs thou laid.

Five corns o' maize had there been drappit,  
An' through the stalks thine head, thou pappit;  
The drawing nowt couldna' be stappit,

I quickly foun'—

Syne frae thy cozie nest thou happit,  
An' flutt'ring ran.

The sklentín stane beguil'd the sheer,  
In vain I tri'd the plough to steer;  
A wee bit stumpie i' the rear,

Cam' 'tween my legs—

An' to the jee side gart me veer,  
An' crush thine eggs.

Alas! alas! my bonnie birdie!  
Thy faithfu' mate flits roun' to guard ye.  
Connubial love! a pattern wordy

The pious priest!

What savage heart could be sae hardy,  
As wound thy breast?

Thy ruin was nae fau't o' mine,  
(It gars me greet to see thee pine);  
It may be serves His great design,

Who governs all;

Omniscience tents wi' eyes divine,  
The Sparrow's fall.

A pair more friendly ne'er were married,  
Their joys and pains were equal carried;

But now, ah me ! to grief they're hurried,  
Without remead ;  
When all their hope an' treasure's buried,  
'Tis sad indeed.

---

THE POST-BOY'S ADDRESS.

---

*The Carrier of the Merrimack Intelligencer to his  
Patrons. January, 1813.*

---

Of time's long annals that are past,  
No year was ever like the last ;  
All christendom engaged in arms,  
And nothing 's heard but war's alarms.  
To get religion quite destroy'd,  
Hell has its legions all employ'd.  
I'm but a news-boy or a courier,  
Yet for the times none e'er was sorrier.  
You may think strange that such a dunce,  
Should now turn poet all at once ;

But Bards are prophets, you should know it ;  
King David was a royal poet,  
He told the folk then things to come,  
And I perhaps may tell you some : —  
If Madison be re-elected,  
Great troubles may be soon expected.  
When in disguise a fast he calls,  
“ To twenty gods or none,” he falls !  
French influence so pervades his heart,  
He's now in league with Bonaparte ;  
He's so allur'd with Gallic charms,  
He'll fall asleep in Bona's arms.  
So Sampson sweetly took a nap,  
On a deceitful harlot's lap,  
Nor yet Philistine lords he fears,  
'Till off his hair and strength she shears.  
That Madison should be compared  
To Sampson, some may think it hard ;  
The contrast is too great that's given,  
Although I'm sure he will be shaven ;  
And when alliance cords do bind him,  
His masters then no doubt will blind him.  
Alas ! it seems some Gallic lady  
Has put out both his eyes already ;  
He can't discern a single star,  
To guide his course in this dark war ;  
The officers he sends abroad,  
Cannot command their troops a rod—  
O ! tell it not in Gath to one,  
Nor publish it in Askelon !

Of things that's past I'll give a sketch o' them.  
Late feats of war, no matter which o' them;  
I burn to mention that exploit,  
How Hull surrender'd Fort Detroit.  
And how the Demo's all have curs'd him  
Because brave General Brock did worst him—  
Van Renselaer fled from the field,  
And left his men to die or yield,  
Pretending to get force to aid them;  
But here he says they disobey'd him—  
Would you hear Hopkin's expedition,  
With patriots arm'd and full provision?  
As mounted riflemen they were,  
They thought all Canada to scare;  
Six hard days' march he did pursue  
That warlike tribe called Kickapoo;  
But just before he got in sight o' them  
His troops all turn'd about in spite o' him—  
And as there was no foe to fear,  
Their glorious leader took the rear.  
What cost them six days' march 'tis true,  
They all retrac'd safe back in two.  
There 's our great Generalissimo!  
He would take Canada you know;  
“ A strapping lad ” the ladies doat on,  
Whene'er he gets his fine laced coat on—  
He rode at favorite Miss's call,  
Sixty miles south t' attend a ball;  
But lest his laurels should be stain'd,  
One grand achievement he obtain'd—

A great discovery had been made ;  
A reconoit'ring party said,  
Close in behind a little wood,  
A bold menacing block-house stood—  
Then he detach'd a host off-hand,  
And gave to Chandler the command ;  
A minute now must not be lost,  
They all with speed the river cross'd.  
The dire event ! they thought they'd risk it,  
And took the block-house and one musket !  
Just so they think they'll take Quebec—  
One poor man only broke his neck.  
This stronghold they so fierce surrounded,  
Six of their own men there they wounded !  
And if the papers do not lie,  
One of those wounded men did die.  
Then all return'd except some martyrs,  
Where Dearborn rests in winter quarters.  
But who could lead like General Smyth,  
His troops to conquest or to death ?  
His standard place with courage brave,  
On great Montgomery's glorious grave ?  
Though our vain hero thus did boast,  
He, nor his troops, the river cross'd ;  
But thought it best to save their lives,  
By running home to see their wives,—  
And quitting thoughts of all invasions,  
Gave Congress back their proclamations !  
His soldiers now can mock and hoot at 'em,  
And some have even dared to shoot at 'em.

So a great mountain travel'd sore,  
Brought forth a mouse, and did no more !  
God only knows what times will turn to,  
To every nation we're a scorn to.  
No facts nor reasoning can convince  
Our Lilliputian pu'rile prince.  
It seems to give him consolation,  
To see our country's degradation ;  
He thinks as men and means grow scarcer,  
'Twill only make them fight the fiercer.  
With England he keeps up the bustle,  
And goads them on by Agent Russell ;  
To all their force he bids defiance,  
And threatens them with French alliance,  
And conquests that forbid a peace,  
And says that wars shall never cease.  
And by his hotch-potch flimsy speech,  
He'd make us think we're growing rich.  
If that were true, our patrons might  
Pay for their papers upon sight.  
Then I with pleasure round would steer,  
And carry news another year.  
There's one thing more, which all now tell us,  
We've yet some hardy, true, good fellows.  
Both Hull and Jones, and brave Decatur,  
Do marv'lous things upon the water.  
They take, and sink, and kill like thunder ;  
The Britons brave, to them knock under.  
The demo's say, 'twill make up any day,  
For all we've lost, in taking Canada :



But here I must break off my song—  
Good bye — I fear I've stay'd too long ;  
But I must give you one verse more,  
Before I pass the outer door.  
Each Christian cry — Let God arise,  
And save our sinking nation !  
'Tis only He, can set us free  
From chains and desolation.

---

## TO MISS HARRIET AYER\*.

---

What poet could refuse to write,  
Sweet little Miss, when you invite?  
O ! might my song your ear delight,  
And sense impart,  
And give your mind ideas bright,  
T' improve your heart.

May that young heart, untaught to err,  
First learn its Maker to revere,

---

\* She was daughter of Peter Ayer of Haverhill, Mass., and had desired the Bard to write a few verses for her.

And wisdom's peaceful paths prefer,  
And vice detest ;  
And flames of love to virtue fair,  
Glow in your breast.

Your parents' counsels always mind,  
And to your tender bosom bind.  
Their soft rebukes and cautions kind,  
(From hearts of love),  
Like golden apples you shall find,  
Through life to prove.

And like some beauteous flower in May,  
Let all your leaves through life display,  
Or, like the rose-bud opening gay,  
Unsullied bloom ;  
And your sweet innocence convey  
A rich perfume.

May you, among your sisters fair,  
Blessings divine and temporal share,  
And grace the family of Ayer  
With modest charms ;  
And soon adorn with beauties rare,  
Some poet's arms.

Should pensive dullness you betray,  
Then pore upon his pious lay,  
And chant his numbers night and day,  
With lightsome heart ;

"Twill drive your anxious cares away,  
And peace impart.

Farewell, my little blushing maid,  
To whom this small respect is paid,  
May Heaven still guard the paths you tread,  
And make you blest ;  
"Till down your matron head be laid,  
In peace to rest.

---

## COME SMILING MUSE\*.

Come smiling muse extend thy wing,  
My friends demand a song ;  
Descend and strike the grateful string,  
For silence now is wrong.

Their gift to me be ne'er forgot,  
I'll laud their gen'rous spirit,  
For whether it was due or not,  
"T was meant a gift to merit.

---

\* On January 22, 1813, a number of friends of his, mostly of Haverhill, Mass., "being favorably impressed with the political, moral, and sentimental effusions of

With heart of warmest gratitude,  
I'll register their names ;  
And first my Betton†, kind and good,  
My highest notice claims.

His eye sagacious first discerned  
Some beauties in my lays,  
Tho' rude, unpolish'd, and unlearn'd,  
He deigned to give them praise.

High on my list I'll place the peer,  
By whom that book\* was given,  
Which yields me my best comforts here,  
And all my hope of heav'n.

Blest book, thy sacred page erect,  
Proud Atheists may disdain,  
God's spirit shall his truth protect,  
And Deists mock in vain.

My female friends, a Seraph band !  
I'll carefully enroll ;  
On my first page their names shall stand,  
Who oft transport my soul.

---

the 'Rustic Bard,' made him a handsome present as a token of their "respect for his genius and heart," which drew forth from him on April 26, 1813, the above poem.

† Hon. Silas Betton.

‡ Mr. Allen had given him a bible.

Then all those tender-hearted fair,  
Who think it no disgrace  
To lay my poems by with care  
In some sweet favorite place.

They read "the poet's last farewell,"  
And scarce can tears prevent,  
O! does one lovely bosom swell  
And sigh when I lament?

If sympathy has caus'd a tear  
To damp fair virtue's cheek,  
For me 'tis scarce a gift more dear  
Than gold which misers seek.

## SONG: THE WHEELS OF TIME\*.

---

The wheels of time incessant run  
As nature first intended,  
We scarcely know the year's begun  
Before we find it ended.  
With joy we see the morning sun,  
Meridian height's ascended,  
Though soon the ev'ning hour is gone,  
We profligately spend it.

Some favorite object still we view,  
Which fortune still denies us;  
The wished for pleasure we pursue,  
But still the phantom flies us.  
Perhaps the object is gained too,  
But soon dislike arises!  
The fruitless chase we often rue,  
Although some one may envy us.

---

\*The above song was written in March, 1814, and it was enclosed in a letter to his uncle, Isaac Cochran of Antrim, N. H., April 16, 1814, and could be sung to the tune of the "Boyne water," thus keeping in remembrance one of the decisive victories in Ireland. All Europe was then in arms, determined to resist and overthrow that mighty genius of war and peace, Napoleon

Perhaps fair lady or a crown,  
Predominates the passion ;  
The pedant seeks a bishop's gown,  
Some trickster rule the nation.  
Each strives his rival to pull down  
To occupy his station ;  
The monarch seeks to gain renown  
By conquest or invasion.

Behold the tyrant Bonaparte,  
As obdurate as Pharaoh ;  
By base intrigue and hellish art,  
Makes Europe to share all woe.  
Men's dying groans delight his heart,  
He's cruel as wicked Nero !  
By fire and sword and pointed dart,  
He makes himself a proud hero.

Pleas'd with his diabolic plan,  
By Madison he's aided ;  
Though worse than madness in the man  
See Canada invaded !  
But take Quebec they never can,

---

Bonaparte. In the last stanza he predicts the fall of the Emperor, as the poem was written some months before it occurred. The war then raging between this country and Great Britain was very unpopular in New England, and its management by President Madison and the leaders of our armies is sharply criticised by the poet.

With all their force paraded ;  
For like the chief of Michigan,  
Proud Hampton is degraded.

Those Generals with unblushing face  
Could boast of power unbounded ;  
They now with shame their steps retrace,  
Poor Wilkinson's confounded ;  
He, Dearborn like, must leave his place,  
Or else he'll be surrounded ;  
Democracy's sunk in disgrace,  
And almost deadly wounded.

We see the Dragon's power decrease,  
His hosts the ravens fatter ;  
His bloody empire soon will cease,  
For Mene Tekel's written.  
Lift up your heads ye friends of peace,  
Your deadly foes are smitten ;  
The world shall find a sweet release,  
Since Bonaparte is taken.



LINES ADDRESSED TO  
MISS WEALTHY JOHNSON BETTON\*.

---

When heav'n nectarious dews distil,  
Bright Phoebus' rays adorn the hills,  
And Nature's all in glory drest;  
The flowery lawn and blooming trees,  
The singing birds and scented breeze,  
Inspire the raptur'd poet's breast.

---

*(It can be sung to the tune of "Joe and Dearie O.")*

My fair young friend, I'll not pretend  
To paint thy virgin beauty O,  
Tho' every grace adorn thy face  
I think it not my duty O;  
I love to view the roses' hue,  
The vi'let, pink, and lily O,  
Kind Nature's charms, my bosom warms,  
When fragrance sends the valley O.

---

\* She was daughter of Hon. Silas and Mary (Thorn-ton) Betton of Salem, N. H., and granddaughter of James Betton of Windham, N. H. She was born in Salem Feb. 19, 1792; married her first cousin, Ninian Clark Betton (see footnote of "The Answer"). She was a person of education and refinement, and the

But charms like thine seem more divine,  
 Surpassing aught in nature O!  
 With form complete, and carriage sweet,  
 Embellishing each feature O.  
 Let in thy breast contentment rest,  
 And there the pearl called virtue O,  
 With sense and wit, and never let  
 Sweet innocence desert you O.

Soon may you find a friend that's kind,  
 Who knows thy worth to value O;  
 Whose pleasing art shall gain thy heart,  
 A handsome honest fellow O.  
 The happy lad, whom you shall wed,  
 Let him be stout and healthy O;  
 With such a wife to bless his life,  
 May he be wise and Wealthy O.

---

Bard's letter and song gave her the liveliest satisfaction, which was expressed by her in a letter to Robert Dinsmoor Aug. 5, 1814.

The "Rustic Bard," in his letter written to her June 9, 1814, says:

"Though faith sma' cause hae I to sing,  
 My muse dow scarcely spread her wing."

It was written about the middle of May (1814), when the trees were in full bloom. That flowery season has been often celebrated as the most delightful and congenial to youth, and also to the muses.

RETROSPECT AFTER A FIT OF SEVERE  
ILLNESS. FEB. 4, 1815.

---

When down the stream of life we float,  
As in some sinking leaky boat,  
We're dash'd on shoals and rocks remote,  
    Half drown'd already;  
Then haply rest our way, to note,  
    In some kind eddy.

Soon rushing freshets raise the flood,  
Again before the storm we scud,  
'Till on some craggy point we thud—  
    By tempests carried;  
Or in some creek stuck fast in mud,  
    In waves we're buried.

Or, if perchance we keep the current,  
And ride upon the foaming torrent,  
We drive elate without a warrant,  
    Far from the coast;  
'Till plung'd beneath the wave abhorrent,  
    We're sunk and lost.

So o'er the rapids I've been driven,  
With wind and tide I hard have striven,

Bereft of every hope but Heaven,  
I cried distress'd ;  
Yet I have found some respite given,  
To breath and rest.

. . . . .

Then reason took her seat anew,  
At sight of her the spectres flew,  
A fairy host, infernal crew,  
All silent whist ;  
Soon from my bed my limbs I drew,  
Got up and dress'd.

My wife and children, kind did tend me,  
With every aid they did befriend me ;  
With care they strove not to offend me,  
Now peevish grown ;  
Their very strength they seemed to lend me,  
When I had none.

My diet was prepared complete.  
Thin water gruel little sweet,  
I beans and barley water ate—  
My only food ;  
Denied of bread and also meat,  
A fortnight good.

Although I then was faint and feeble,  
Thank God, I now can head the table,

And with my knife and fork, am able  
    To cut or tear ;  
And with the rest can scrape and scramble  
    To get my share.

But, oh ! I soon must leave this port,  
My bark unmoor'd again must start ;  
What seraph guard shall me escort  
    To that bless'd shore ?  
Where friends of peace and love resort,  
    To move no more !

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1815,  
IN CHESTER, N. H\*.

---

Gentlemen, pray attend  
To the voice of a friend,  
    Who would raise in his song with delight,  
The honor of those men,  
Who took up arms again  
    To defend our loved state in her right.

All along on our shore,  
We heard canons roar,  
    Our wives, children and friends to affright ;  
When our borders and coasts  
Were lined with British hosts,  
    Then you harness'd your limbs all to fight.

Like true Washington's sons,  
You grasp'd your swords and guns,

---

\* The above poem was written by the "Rustic Bard" in honor of a company of men, exempt from military duty, in Chester, N. H., who, during the last war with Great Britain, had organized and equipped themselves for the express purpose of defending the state from British invasion. Sung by said company at their celebration of Independence and peace in Chester, N. H., July 4, 1815, to the tune, "The Bright God of Day."

Undismay'd at the sound of alarm ;  
While bards can write or sing,  
Your patriot fame shall ring,  
Altho' peace calls you now to disarm.

Let your banners display,  
On this auspicious day,  
Upon which our great nation was born ;  
Our foes are driven out,  
Let us the triumph shout,  
While we hail peace's welcome return.

We'll rejoice in sweet peace,  
Let war and fighting cease,  
Since our foes from our shores are all gone ;  
But if enemies invade,  
We'll leave our plough and spade,  
And our armor again buckle on.

No enemy shall stand  
In our beloved land,  
But each haughty oppressor shall flee ;  
We'll meet them on the field,  
Where they shall die, or yield,  
For our states are ordained to be free.

If our country shall call,  
We will rise one and all,  
And we boldly will haste to the fight ;  
We'll vanquish ev'ry foe

And let all Europe know,  
     That 'tis death to infringe on our right.

Cannons roar but in vain,  
 We'll drive them o'er the main,  
     Fearless all of a watery grave;  
 Our tars shall then pursue,  
 And burn, and sink them too,  
     And triumphantly ride on the wave.

Let us praise the great power,  
 Who protects us every hour,  
     Who will clothe the invader with shame;  
 New England's God is He,  
 Who from bondage keeps us free,  
     And hosanna we'll raise to His name.

Here's a health to our state,  
 May she be wise and great  
     To our rulers, and officers all;  
 May our loving wives and fair,  
 Still be our patriot's care,  
     And our sons to our nation a wall.



THE LAST OF BONAPARTE.

---

Where's Bonaparte? — the question now occurs,  
Is he in Paris, or the federal city?  
Or is he houseless, without boots or spurs,  
Disguis'd, unknown, a beggar now for pity?  
Has Wellington the bloody tyrant caught?  
Does Blucher's arm arrest the fugitive?  
Has death itself, with double vengeance fraught,  
Cut off his life, who ne'er deserv'd to live?  
O Bellerophon! dost thou him enclose?  
Does he to Maitland bow his haughty head,  
Yielding submissive to his conquering foes,  
And to a British prince for mercy plead?  
Does he traverse Northumberland's huge deck,  
And far in ocean, with despairing eyes,  
Behold St. Helena, as 'twere a speck,  
With adamantine walls rais'd to the skies?  
While foaming billows round his mansion roll,  
And hope is lost in never-ending mist,  
Spectres and demons fright his haggard soul!  
There Bertrand's wife and he may play at whist.  
Saint Helena! thou pre-appointed spot,  
That holds the boasted emperor of the world!  
There shall his glory, like his carcase, rot,

From pride's high throne by Heaven indignant  
hurl'd.  
So, Lucifer, Omnipotence defied,  
And led created armies to rebel !  
Though the foul spirit justly might have died,  
He gnaws his chains now in the gulf of hell.

WINDHAM, October, 1815.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HAVERHILL  
GAZETTE AND PATRIOT.

---

*The following poem, sir, I send it,  
In hopes your honor will befriend it;  
Some Scottish bard years since had penn'd it,  
A picture true;  
The theme itself must recommend it,  
Old times and new.*

“RUSTIC BARD.”

---

AN OLD TEA-POT.  
DEC., 1815.

---

Ye cracked, crazy, worthless ware,  
Ye're nearly done, I dinna care—  
Ye've robb'd me o' ten pun' an' mair,  
Sin' first I saw ye;  
It's far ayont what I can spare,  
Ill time befa' ye.

In days o' yore, lang past an' gone,  
The use o' you was little known,  
Nor did our ancestors think on

This plant ca'd tea ;  
They had their paritch an' their sow'n,  
Ay twice a day.

But now the case is alter'd quite,  
Tea maun be had baith morn an' night,  
The warld's refin'd in a' men's sight—  
In a' men's view ;  
Naething that's ancient can be right,  
A' maun be new.

An' now that tea and sugar dear,  
Doubly advanced, or very near,  
It's folly i' th' extreme to hear  
O' country dames,  
Spending their money on sic cheer,  
They and their weans.

Great folly i' th' extreme indeed,  
For then the butter an' the bread,  
Likewise the cream, I pray tak' heed,  
Stan's o' the ranks,  
Or else your tea's na worth a bead,  
No wordy thanks.

An' then the time that's spent an' a'  
Still adds mair speed to our downfa',  
I canna bear the thoughts ava  
This mode o' life ;  
It ruins poor folk ane an' a'  
Man, wean, an' wife.

Our auld forebears they liv'd right weel,  
On hamely fare, guid milk an' meal,  
Right halesome food, for man or chiel,  
    An' stout were they ;  
Nor pain, nor ache, did them assail,  
    'Till latest day.

Then were their lives free frae excess,  
Mark'd wi' content an' cheerfulness ;  
Nor luxuries had e'er access,  
    Within their cot ;  
High life an' gaudiness o' dress,  
    They valu'd not.

Religion too was their delight,  
They sang an' pray'd baith morn an' night,  
An' cordial frienship did unite  
    Them aye an' a' ;  
Nor envy, nor ambition's spite,  
    Were known ava.

Many's religion's but a fable,  
Gif they can keep a modish table,  
To eat an' drink weel while they're able,  
    An' mak' a show ;  
These are the golden rules more stable,  
    By which they go.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

DEC. 7, 1815.

---

When corn is in the garret stored,  
And sauce in celler well secured,  
When good fat beef we can afford,  
    And things that're dainty,  
With good sweet cider on our board,  
    And pudding plenty ;

When stock, well housed, can chew their cud,  
And at my door a pile of wood,  
A rousing fire to warm my blood—  
    (Bless'd sight to see),  
It puts my rustic muse in mood,  
    To sing for thee.

When we of health enjoy a share,  
And feast upon some wholesome fare,  
Our hearts should rise in grateful prayer,  
    And bless the donor ;  
In thankful songs, let voices rare,  
    Exalt his honor.

Perhaps in leisure hours you choose  
To pass the time, and to amuse,  
The Unitarian scheme peruse ;

But, sir, take heed,  
Their subtle reasoning may confuse,  
And wreck your creed.

Lowell and Channing may debate,  
As politicians, wise and great,  
Predict their country's future fate  
By reasoning clear ;  
And shew blind rulers of the State  
What course to steer ;

But shall they teach us to degrade  
Him, who is all creation's Head?  
The mighty God, who all things made,  
Call Him a creature?  
Say Godhead never was display'd  
In human nature !

Whoe'er such doctrine well allows,  
Debar themselves from Christ's pure house ;  
Renouncing their baptismal vows,  
As vague and mean ;  
And infidelity espouse,  
As Deists clean.

Though none can tell how this may be,  
That God is one, yet persons three,  
Existing from eternity,  
Faith must receive it ;  
'Tis nought but infidelity  
To disbelieve it.

Your parents own'd this doctrine true,  
And did their solemn vows renew,  
E'en when that name was call'd on you.  
    With water shed ;  
Sprinkling like rain or sacred dew,  
    Thine infant head.

This doctrine our great teacher taught,  
To know this mystery, Williams sought.  
Though far surpassing human thought,  
    He own'd it true ;  
And deem'd all other science nought,  
    When this he knew.

As you, dear sir, must witness be,  
His pupils sang doxology—  
How oft you've seen his bended knee  
    Embrace the ground,  
To Three in One, and One in Three,  
    In prayer profound !

Like that great man, let you and I,  
Believe and practice, 'till we die—  
Nor God's electing love deny ;  
    Then rise and reign  
With saints enthron'd above the sky.  
    Amen, Amen.



## ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON.

---

WINDHAM, Feb. 1, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Agreeably to your request, and to fulfil a promise I made you the last time I saw you, which to me seems a long time, I return you your original letters, with "The Last of Bonaparte." You will observe, when it was written, in the month of October last, reports were fluctuating with respect to Bonaparte and his destination. The *Haverhill Intelligencer* was the principal source of my information, I took things as they were stated, and from week to week kept writing and doubting, till at length I found he was fixed on the Island of St. Helena. I doubt whether any merit can justly be attached to the piece, yet I think it may serve as a kind of memorandum to those of my family and friends who may hereafter read my poems, and shew that the fall of that tyrant was not altogether unnoticed by me. I have also enclosed a short address to you, which was written last Thanksgiving Day. You will doubtless recollect you told me you had become a religionist, and that you had in your custody the

whole controversy published between the Unitarian and Trinitarian clergy of Boston and its vicinity, which you said you were then at your leisure seriously perusing. This, sir, together with my own knowledge of you, from your infancy, and also of the religious sentiments of your worthy, honorable, and pious parents, and likewise of your learned and orthodox preceptor, our late pastor, the Rev. Simon Williams, under whose tuition you were fitted for college, will, I trust, sufficiently apologize for my addressing you on that subject, as I have done. One thing I will just mention to you, which I well remember, and dare say you have not forgotten it. When the whole congregation, as was then the custom, had sung the portion of psalms given out and read by that good old man, he would arise and present line by line a Doxology, which I am persuaded was of his own making, for I have never found it just so in any book—

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be honor, glory, power and praise  
Ascrib'd for evermore.”

This he did at the close of divine worship for a number of Sabbaths. My uncle Cochran\* and I were then the clerks, and felt obliged to sing; but all the rest of the society, or the principal part of them, sat mute: and before we could get through,

the elders, with a number more of our (I was going to say superstitious) old fathers, although I hope, and believe, they are now in heaven, would be out of the meeting-house, crying Popery! Popery!—He means to bring us all under the Church of England yet!

I intended to have copied your letters. I depend upon having them all again. They are a treasure I wish to leave to my family, and I assure you my book looks as if it had lost half its body, and I am sure it has lost two-thirds of its soul. It will be in your power, in due time, to restore what is wanting in both, and even to add to its dignity and lustre.

Accept, sir, my sincere love, and give the same to every one of your family, who regard me. When you have an opportunity, remember me to the Orphan.

---

\* Isaac Cochran, Revolutionary soldier from Windham, N. H., afterwards lived in Antrim, N. H., was born April 23, 1742; died Aug. 21, 1825.

TO MRS. AGNES, WIFE OF DR. JOHN PARK,  
ON RECEIVING FROM HER A COPY OF  
"WAVERLY."

---

Dear madam, deign the muse to hear,  
Though sounds uncouth may grate your ear,  
And let rusticity appear,  
    Devoid of art ;  
Then gratitude shall flow sincere,  
    Warm from the heart.

Thanks to that generous heart of thine,  
Which made that charming volume mine,  
Where Highland honor, drawn so fine,  
    Our hearts improve ;  
That doth in gallant actions shine,  
    Or feats of love.

Through all intelligent creation,  
The savage tribe, or polish'd nation,  
In every age, or place, or station,  
    Or weak, or strong,  
They differ just by education  
    'Bout right and wrong.

Something like virtues 's found in all,  
And what some may religion call,

Which infinitely short may fall—  
But what the matter?  
Few stripes they'll get, or none at all,  
That know no better.

The highest pedigree I plead—  
A Yankee born — true Scottish breed,  
Sprung from the *Laird of Achenmead*—  
His name, *Dinsmoor*,  
Who dwelt upon the banks of Tweed,  
In days of yore.

Let us that Providence adore,  
Though loud Atlantic billows roar,  
Which took our sires from Albion's shore,  
Or Scotia's strand,  
And brought their offspring safely o'er  
To this bless'd land.

Farewell, my friend — my song must cease ;  
Long may you live in health and ease ;  
May no fell demon spoil your peace,  
With sighs and sobbing ;  
And while you shall remain my niece,  
I'm uncle Robin.

ANSWER TO THE LETTER OF DEC. 30, 1816,  
OF REV. DAVID M'GREGORE\*, OF BEDFORD,  
N. H.

---

My rev'rend friend, and kind M'Gregore,  
Although thou ne'er was ca'd a bragger,  
Thy muse I'm sure nane e'er was glegger—  
Thy Scottish lays  
Might gar Socinians fa' or stagger,  
E'en in their days.

When Unitarian champions dare thee,  
Goliah like, and think to scare thee,  
Dear Davie, fear na,' they'll no waur ye;  
But, draw thy sling,  
Weel loaded, frae the Gospel quarry,  
Syne gie't a fling.

What though the proud gigantic foe,  
Should by fause reasoning strive to show,  
An' lay our Saviour's honors low,

---

\* Rev. David McGregore was born in Londonderry, N. H., and was a great-grandson of Rev. James McGregore, the first minister there, who came from Aghadowey, County of Londonderry, Ireland, to that place in 1719. For his first wife he married in 1805 Ann, daugh-

Baith bauld an' fierce—  
Then let the Heaven directed blow,  
His frontlet pierce.

Tent weel, ye're set to guard the truth,  
Ye'll fin' fause teachers sly an' smooth,  
But clap the trumpet to thy mouth,  
An' gie th' alarm;  
The sound, by some, though ca'd uncouth,  
May save frae harm.

If we can trust what Scripture saith,  
Christ is our God, an' Saviour baith,  
Then let us fix our hope an' faith  
On that foundation;  
Wha trusts aught else, maun sink in death,  
An' deep damnation!

Let you an' I, in sweet accord,  
To Christ our highest praise afford;  
'Tis sure his right to be ador'd,  
As God of all!  
Let every creature to the Lord,  
In worship fall!

“RUSTIC BARD.”

---

ter of John, and granddaughter of John and Margaret (Kamil) Orr, who came from Ireland in 1726. She died the following year; he died in Falmouth, Me., Oct. 18, 1845, aged 74 years. (From History of Bedford, N. H.)

THE FROSTED CORN\*.

---

Dear Silas, but I'm wae to hear,  
How frost destroy'd your corn las' year,  
An' pits ye now in sic a fear,  
    About your bread ;<sup>1</sup>  
Nor can your crowdie caudron steer,  
    'Till ye get seed.

Your plea sae pithy an' sae pure,  
'Tis just the scripture, I am sure ;  
To liberal sauls, the words secure :  
    I'll no deny thee,  
Since thou art rank'd among the poor,  
    I maun supply thee.

I aye was free wi' a' my might,  
To help the poor dependant wight,  
Nor wad I drive him out at night,  
    Amang the snaw ;  
To warm his bluid, I took delight,  
    An' fill his maw.

---

\* Silas Betton of Salem, N. H., wrote a letter to Robert Dinsmoor on March 29, 1817, in which he said :  
" I want to buy, borrow, or beg a half a bushel of good



Although my corn's baith poor and scant,  
I'm sure your honor sha'na want;  
I canna see thy wame look gaunt,  
    That aye look'd fu';  
At your request twa pecks I'll grant,  
    The best that grew.

Sure fortune's an unsteady wheel,  
That constantly maun row an' reel,  
An' gar ane that's sae rich a chiel,  
    Begin to dread,  
Lest he the pangs o' poortith feel,  
    An' lack o' bread.

You wha o' walth might been a bragger,  
Doth poortith point at you his dagger?  
An' gar your faith an' hope baith stagger,  
    Wi' heart sair grievin';  
An' turn you fairly out a beggar,  
    To seek your livin'?

Thy noble saul for honor born,  
To stoop sae laigh might think it scorn,

---

seed corn. I should prefer the latter. The order of nature totally rendered mine unfit for use. You have enough; Let me have some, remembering when you give to the poor you lend to the Lord." This letter drew from the poet the above poem, in the Scotch dialect, his mother tongue, dated April 5, 1817.

'Twad pierce my heart like any thorn,  
In need to see thee.  
'Thou ne'er shall want a peck o' corn,  
While I can gie thee.

Soon planting time will come again,  
Syne may the heavens gie us rain,  
An' shining heat, to bless ilk plain,  
An' fertile hill;  
An' gar the loads o' yellow grain,  
Our garrets fill.

'Then smiling wives wi' a' their brood,  
Shall grace our board in jovial mood,  
An' wi' us sup the luscious food,  
Like Yankees true,  
Syne we will praise the name o' Gude,  
When we are fu'.

Shame fa' the Queen, that dares despise it,  
'The King himsel' might highly prize it;  
'Tis healsome fare for ane that tries it,  
Wi' Hawkies milk;  
She's but a gawkie that denies it,  
Though dress'd in silk.

As lang as I hae food an' claithing,  
An' still am hale, an' fier, an' breathing,

Ye's get the corn—an' may be aething,  
Ye'll do for me ;  
(Though God forbid)—hang me for nothing,  
Without a fee.\*

---

ADIEU TO MRS. BETSEY (DINSMOOR)  
HOPKINS.†

---

My dear young friend, it much doth grieve us,  
To think that you so soon must leave us,  
And bid farewell to parents dear,  
And all the friends that you have here ;  
And take your journey to the west  
To seek a home where you may rest.  
Although the thing is not uncommon,  
'Tis just the way of man and woman ;  
For thus it was ordained of old,  
As by the Scripture we are told,

---

\* Mr. Betton was at this time High Sheriff, and had in some letter intimated that possibly he might be called, in his official capacity, to perform the duty of hangman toward the Bard.

† John Dinsmoor, a brother of Robert Dinsmoor, lived in Windham, N. H., on the farm, near Jenny McGregor's

A man shall both his parents leave  
And closely to his wife shall cleave ;  
Two shall be one, God did declare,  
And none shall part the happy pair.  
So Abram, by the Lord's command,  
Took his wife Sarai by the hand  
And went like pilgrims both together  
To seek a place they knew not whither.  
Then wherefore should we think it strange  
That you o'er mountains green should range,  
And set your face to Hudson's strand,  
Like Abram to the promised land?  
O! may that spirit be your guide  
That guarded Abram and his bride,  
And brought them to a wealthy place  
And gave it to their future race.  
No ill befel them on the road  
For Abram was "the friend of God."  
May that great patriarch's God be yours,  
Whose mercy without end endures ;

---

hill, owned in 1898 by Joseph T. Hunnewell. He married Oct. 27, 1791, Isabella Hemphill of Windham. Their daughter, Betsey (or Elizabeth) Dinsmoor, was born April 14, 1794; married April 29, 1817, James Hopkins, born on the Alpheus Goodwin farm in Windham Nov. 27, 1789, and they removed to Plymouth, Ohio, where her children live and where she died March 21, 1871, aged 79 years. At her request the above lines were written by the "Rustic Bard" Feb. 10, 1818, and presented to her on the morning that she and her husband left Windham for the state of New York.

None else but he can worship claim,  
Erect an altar to his name;  
There let your prayers and praise arise,  
Like morn and evening sacrifice.  
On this great point I'll not enlarge;  
'Twas just your brother's dying charge;  
For Samuel\* in the hour of death  
Impress'd it with his dying breath,  
And laid on me strong obligations,  
To make this known to his relations.  
Let true religion be your care,  
Where'er you live, no matter where,  
Fear God, and think of death betimes,  
Hate sin, and turn from all your crimes,  
Commit your souls to Christ in love,  
That you may reign with him above.

---

\* Samuel Dinsmoor, own brother of Mrs. Hopkins, was born Dec. 22, 1795, and died Jan. 10, 1818, aged 22 yrs. 19 days.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO DEA. HENRY  
DAVIDSON.\*

---

WINDHAM, April, 1818.

DEAR SIR :

I have received three letters from you since you left this town last. The first was written on the 5th of April, the anniversary day that called my dear daughter Jane, and your beloved wife, to the world of spirits ! Your lines on that occasion were affecting and pathetic. I am well pleased with the motto inscribed on Jane's gravestone. I wrote the following epitaph as a small memento for her. If you think it worthy, you may give it a place among your manuscripts — and keep it as a remembrance for her and me. It is thus prefaced :

*In memory of Jane Wear Davidson, wife of Mr. Henry Davidson, of Belfast, Me.: and eldest daughter of Dea. Robert Dinsmoor, of Windham, N. H., who died April 5, 1817, in the 34th year of her age. She left her husband and three small children — two sons and a daughter.*

---

\* He was born Jan. 30. 1783 ; married Jane Wear Dinsmoor Oct. 3, 1809, and died Jan. 26, 1864, in Belfast, Me.

Beneath this stone, here lies alone,  
A loving husband's pride.  
In prime of life, the virtuous wife,  
And tender mother died :  
Her dear remains, this grave retains,  
From father's house afar,  
Beyond our view, her spirit flew,  
Bright twinkling like a star.  
A Christian she — her soul set free,  
Fled from this gloomy shore,  
To worlds of light — and glory bright,  
Where hopes and fears, and pains and tears,  
And death, are known no more !

Although Jane was my own daughter, and notwithstanding all I have written, I think that something more is justly due to her character. I know she was an affectionate and dutiful child, possessing a tender and truly benevolent heart. She was the eldest of thirteen children. In the 16th year of her age, by the death of her mother, she was left at the head of the ten that survived. The care of my young children, and the affairs of my house, she then undertook with the fortitude of an experienced matron; and was really a pattern of economy, frugality and industry. She made a public pro-

---

She was born Oct. 17, 1783; died in Waldo, Me., April 5, 1817. For his 2d wife he married her sister, Sarah Dinsmoor, born Dec. 28, 1789; died March 24, 1864.

fession of religion at an early age, and through the whole of her subsequent life, true piety was stamped on her conduct. And in charity, I believe, she was a "Christian indeed." How often does my imagination cause me to view my dear Jane heaving her last gasp — breathing out her soul to God — her eyes closed in death! Stretched out a lifeless corpse! Shrouded and placed in a coffin! Then I follow her bier to the grave — look into the dismal cell, — where, with a sound of horror, she takes her last abode! Then, turning back, I bid my child farewell!

Imagination paints the solemn scene —  
I view the bed of my expiring Jane;  
With soul serene, faith beaming in her eye,  
I see in her, a loving Christian die;  
A mortal paleness fixt upon her cheek,  
With quivering lip, her tongue forbears to speak;  
Her pulses cease! — She gasps in vain for breath,  
And shuts her eyes fast in the sleep of death!  
While dust to dust, she mingles with the dead.  
On seraph wings, to God, her spirit fled!  
To her remains, a just respect is paid;  
I see her shrouded — in a coffin laid;  
Her weeping friends perform each funeral rite;  
The lid and grave cloth hides her from my sight.  
With pensive step and many a falling tear,  
I in procession follow close her bier.



Her dear remains descend the yawning cell—  
With aching heart I bid my child farewell!  
Death lost its sting — the grave no victory won;  
Thanks be to God—she conquer'd through his Son!

---

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SARAH DAVIDSON\*.

---

WINDHAM, Sept. 21, 1819.

MY DEAR SALLY:

Let it not surprise you to find this a writing from me. I could have given it to you with my own hand at home, but I was afraid it might affect you too much. I thought it more my duty to brace you up, and encourage you to persevere in the course you have taken, than to melt your heart with grief, and damp your fortitude with the idea of never seeing me again. Although there is an impression of this kind on my mind, yet I hope I shall be disappointed in my expectation. The

---

\* She was born in Windham, N. H., Dec. 28, 1789, and married Dea. Henry Davidson, as his 2d wife, and removed to Belfast, Me., where she died March 26, 1864.

enclosed lines are in the form of "A Farewell," set to the tune of "Major Andre's Farewell." I do not think them at all elegant, nor to be compared with those of which they seem to be a little in imitation. Nor yet do I think them equal to what I once could have done. You will consider they were written abruptly, and you must therefore make allowances, and accept of them, and keep them as a small remembrancer from me. I was here just about to sign my name; but I must remind you of one thing, which perhaps you never thought of, and it may seem strange—it is this: You are my fifth daughter and my sixth child, and you and I have lived more days and years, in one family together, than ever I lived in a family, with father, mother, wife, child, or friend. And you know we have ever been at peace with one another—and I pray that the God of peace may be with you.

ADDRESS\* TO THE BRANCH CHURCH, IN  
SALEM, MASS. MARCH 13, 1819.

---

Fair blooming branch, ordain'd to be  
A graft in that illustrious tree,  
Whose boughs shall stretch out to the sea,  
    O'erhung with fruit ;  
Where! grace, like rivers running free,  
    Bedews the root !

Then let this branch forever be,  
In! beauty like the olive tree ;  
While all in sweetest harmony,  
    And order shine ;  
Whose roots like Lebanon agree,—  
    Her smell like wine.

O! may this branch still flourish fair,  
Beneath the great Jehovah's care ;  
And may a pious Blatchford's prayer,  
    For it be heard ;  
'Till righteousness in clusters rare,  
    His! work reward !

---

\* This poem was written after the installation of Rev. Mr. Blatchford, as pastor of the Branch Church, on which occasion the Bard attended, as a member of the Londonderry Presbytery.

And may no barren branch be found,  
To grieve his heart or cause a wound ;  
But living fruit on it abound,  
    By grace divine ;  
And peace and love, still flow around,  
    Like milk and wine !

Long may this branch in Salem grow,  
A type of heavenly peace below ;  
And God all needful grace bestow,  
    And bless you still ;  
And guard you safe from every foe,  
    To Zion's hill !

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO SILAS BETTON\*.

MARCH 19, 1819.

---

Dear man ! and did you suffer so,  
With cold and rain, and driving snow ?  
O ! why did you so careless go  
    Without your cloak,  
That sleet might in upon you blow,  
    And make you choke ?

Why did you not conclude to tarry,  
And lodge all night in Londonderry ?  
Was it that you might be with Mary,  
    Your loving wife—  
That through such dangers you did worry,  
    And risk'd your life ?

I'm sure your ride could not be pleasing,  
With fingers numb and almost freezing ;  
The cold upon your vitals seizing,

---

\* Mr. Betton when riding home from Londonderry one very stormy night, and being without an outward coat, suffered considerably and took a severe cold. And though he had without medical aid, kept about during the spring and attended to his farming concerns, he perceived he should not get rid of his cold, and the unpleas-

All chilling through—  
No doubt your windpipe stuff'd and wheezing,  
Near breathless grew.

In such a plight for you to buckle,  
And with the "king of terrors" struggle;  
To the "grim beast" you would not truckle  
Though "single handed"!  
Strange that you were not made to knuckle,  
But bravely stand it!

Though you escaped his fangs but hardly,  
I'm pleas'd to think you made him parley,  
'Till you could sow your oats and barley,  
And peas and wheat;  
And plant your corn, so nice and early,  
For bread to eat.

I think it madness in the man,  
Who would lie down if he could stand,  
And swallow drugs when'er he can

---

ant cough that attended it, without putting himself under the care of a physician, which he calls fighting the grim monster, death, single-handed; but expresses his determination to do this as soon as the weather become milder, and he himself released from the pressure of business. And further makes an offer of some seed corn to Mr. Dinsmoor, this being from the coldness of the former season, an article of difficult procurement. To this letter this poem was the Bard's reply.

Get time to do it !  
“ Gae fa’ upo’ anither plan,”  
Or else you’ll rue it.

The generous offer of your corn,  
I never wish’d to slight or scorn ;  
My heart as true as e’er was born,  
Could not refuse it ;  
As mine was dropp’d that very morn  
I could not use it.

Though times then look’d both dark and drear,  
And nought like seed-time did appear,  
We’ve liv’d almost another year ;  
Nor lack we food ;  
Then never let us yield to fear—  
The Lord is good.

We live upon His bounteous care,  
He rules the seasons of the year ;  
Nor can we make a single hair,  
Or white or black.  
Seed-time and harvest, promis’d fair,  
He’ll not take back.

We’ll eat and drink, and cheerful take  
Our portions, for the Donor’s sake ;  
For thus the Word of Wisdom spake ;  
“ Man can’t do better—

Nor can we, by our labors, make  
The Lord a debtor."

A sullen saint, if such can be,  
Is sure a hideous sight to see ;  
Hope sets the Christian's conscience free  
From black despair :  
With peaceful hearts let thee and me,  
For death prepare.

---

ANSWER TO JAMES NEWHALL\*,  
THE "MINSTREL OF NASHUA."

JAN. 31, 1820.

---

I.

Dear minstrel of the Nashua,  
Thy chording numbers charm my ear ;  
Thy vocal strains can cheer the day,  
And banish winter's stormy fear !

---

\* He was a teacher of music in Windham in 1821.



## II.

'Though chill the air, and cold's the blast,  
That hurls the snowy tempest round,  
Songs, peace, and plenty're our repast,  
And spring shall with new joys abound.

## III.

Welcome sweet minstrel, welcome here,  
To teach rusticity thine art;  
Thine accents swell the bursting tear!  
Thy music thrills through every heart!

## IV.

New-Hampshire bards shall catch the song,  
And Windham fair shall chant thy lays;  
The flowery spring shall come ere long,  
Nor foes disturb our happy days.

## V.

Sweet harmony with echoes shrill,  
From Nashua's rosy banks shall wake!  
Resounding back from Jenny's Hill,  
Shall sweep o'er Cobbet's peaceful lake!

## VI.

Then bard and minstrel both shall join,  
With nature's choristers, and sing  
Anthems of praise, and song divine,  
To nature's God, our Saviour King.

TO JAMES NEWHALL, "MINSTREL OF  
NASHUA." FEB. 11, 1820.

---

## I.

Dear sir, I deem it sweet employ,  
With you to sing, and pray, and praise ;  
And in God's house it gives me joy,  
To hear the Minstrel's sacred lays.

## II.

As far as Christian heralds rove,  
O'er foreign wilds, and distant plains,  
There some Newhall, or sacred grove,  
Shall ring with thine immortal strains !

## III.

Thy hymn, that first in Windham 'rose,  
On missionary wings shall soar,  
From Hampshire hills, now clad with snows,  
To mounts, on Afric's sultry shore !

## IV.

There barb'rous tribes of sable hue,  
Enwrapt, shall own Immanuel's name ;  
And temples filled with converts new,  
A Saviour's honors shall proclaim !

## V.

To bless the name of Zion's King,  
We'll join in sweet harmonious strains !  
Let all the earth in concert sing,  
Our God, the great Redeemer, reigns !

“RUSTIC BARD.”

---

A SCRAP.—ROBERT DINSMOOR TO DEA. ISAAC COCHRAN, OF ANTRIM, N. H., HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER, WHO WAS A LIEUT. AT THE TAKING OF GEN. BURGOYNE, OCT. 17, 1777. A SHORT REVIEW OF THAT EXPEDITION\*. WINDHAM, N. H., MAY 12, 1820.

---

My faithful friend, and uncle, kind,  
I would bring some things to your mind,  
Which still impress'd on mine I find,  
By recollection ;  
That seems my heart with yours to bind,  
In strong affection.

---

\* This was not the first campaign they had been in the war together.

From my first dawn of life you've known me ;  
When nature on the world had thrown me,  
You did a first-born nephew own me,  
Or younger brother ;  
And friendship ever since have shown me,  
Kind like my mother.

Childhood and youth, manhood and age,  
You've been my friend in every stage ;  
Sometimes in sport we would engage  
Our nerves to try ;  
Sometimes, t' explore the music page,  
The genius ply.

When British laws would us enthrall,  
Our country for defence did call ;  
Then martial fire inspir'd us all,  
To arms we flew ;  
And as a soldier, stand or fall,  
I went with you !

O'er western hills we travell'd far,  
Pass'd Saratoga, the site of war,  
Where Burgoyne roll'd his feudal car,  
Down Hudson's strand ;  
And Gates, our glorious western star,  
Held high command.

From the green ridge, we glanc'd our eyes,  
Where village flames illum'd the skies,

Destruction there was no surprise,  
On Hudson's shore !  
Though smoke in burning pillars rise,  
And cannons roar !

But to Fort Edward\* we were sent,  
Through icy Bartenskiln we went,  
And on that plain we pitched our tent,  
'Gainst rain and snow ;  
Our orders there, was to prevent  
The flying foe.

By counter orders, back we came,  
And cross'd the Hudson's rapid stream,  
At Schuyler's Mills†, of no small fame,  
Thence took our post,  
Near Burgoyne's line, with fixed aim,  
To take his host !

With courage bold we took the field,  
Our foes no more their swords could wield,  
God was our strength, and He our shield,  
A present aid !  
Proud Burgoyne's army there did yield,  
All captive made !

---

\* Fort Edward lies on the east side of the river, twelve miles above Saratoga.

† Then called Fort Miller—the remains of the old fort were then to be seen.

Great Britain's honor there was stain'd,  
We sang a glorious victory gain'd !  
From hence our States a rank obtain'd,  
'Mongst nations great ;  
Our future glory was ordain'd,  
As sure as fate !

To Windham back with joy we turn'd,  
Where parents dear our absence mourn'd ;  
And our fair friends in rapture burn'd,  
To see our faces !  
Sweet pearly drops their cheeks adorn'd,  
In our embraces !

When all our vanquish'd foes were fled,  
Love, peace, and harmony were shed,  
Like oil descending on the head,  
Or milk or wine ;  
Williams\*, the man of God, us fed  
With food divine.

O ! let not you and I forget,  
How often we've together met,  
Like Heman and Jeduthon†, set  
In God's own house ;  
And solemnly his table at,  
Renew'd our vows !

---

\* Rev. Simon Williams.

† The two principal leaders of the singing in the Congregation.

And when the sacred scene was past,  
We sang Doxology at last,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
    United Three!  
One God our souls redeemed hast,  
    So let it be!

While reason in her seat remains,  
And blood runs streaming through my veins,  
Or memory her power retains,  
    I shall review,  
And think upon the various scenes,  
    I've pass'd with you.

---

THE RESPONSE.\*

---

My dear Miss Swan, I am a man  
    Of tenderness and feeling;  
Your pleasing call, I answer shall,  
    And think it honest dealing.

---

\*On March 23, 1820, Miss Martha Swan, of Belfast, Me., a teacher, whose mother was Jennet (Dinsmoor) Swan, an own cousin of the "Rustic Bard" and daughter of John Dinsmoor, who lived upon the John Kelley

To please the fair, shall be my care,  
By whom the muse is flatter'd;  
On female friends, my fame depends,  
That here and there are scattered.

The modest ear, I wish to cheer,  
With wit and sense compounded;  
But think it fit, to spurn the wit,  
Where delicacy is wounded!

What though I'm old, and blood grows cold,  
Thy young kind heart can warm me;  
I feel no pain, I'm young again,  
When thy fair virtues charm me.

Thy kind address, I must confess,  
I never had expected;  
Nor dreamt my lays, had met thy praise,  
Or e'er thy breast affected.

When you invite, O! could I write  
Well suited to your station,  
Some lesson sage, to improve your age,  
And gain your approbation.

---

farm in East Windham, addressed a letter to the poet and requested a poetical production, which called for this poem. Miss Swan was born in Methuen, Mass., Dec. 17, 1792; married, Oct. 24, 1822, Dr. James Swan of Methuen, Mass. He died in Springfield, Mass., in 1846. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Kilbon of Lee, Mass., April 8, 1890, aged 103 yrs. 3 mos. 22 days. The Bard's letter was dated Sept., 1820.



Plac'd as you are, I'm glad to hear,  
Your task affords enjoyment ;  
The active mind, can always find,  
Some pleasure in employment.

When 'round your hand, thy pupils stand,  
All plac'd by your direction,  
Then pious maid, seek Heavenly aid,  
To further your instruction.

Some say " we need to learn no creed,  
To all there's reason given,  
That nature's light, will guide us right,  
And point the road to Heaven ! "

They'll Christ degrade, who all things made,  
And call him but a creature !  
Though " God with us," they'd sink him thus,  
Below the eternal nature !

Such doctrine sure, is most impure,  
'Tis false, and vain, and idle !  
But Atheist's teach, and Deists preach,  
Right contra' to the Bible.

Then bend the twig, before 'tis big,  
The tender Osier's pliant,  
Give it the bow, lest it should grow,  
As stubborn as a giant.

Train up a child, however wild,  
The right way make him take it,  
Then when he's old, you know we're told,  
He never will forsake it !

Your powers exert, to improve the heart,  
And give it understanding ;  
You'll happy be, when you shall see,  
Young minds like flowers expanding !

'Tis not your part, to change the heart,  
You never can renew it ;  
To work a change, so great and strange,  
There's none but God can do it !

'Tis just our place to trust his grace,  
To seek his face and favor ;  
For " God is love," he reigns above,  
" His mercy lasts forever ! "

God bless your life, a maid or wife,  
As Providence shall have it ;  
Then may you rest, in Heav'n at last,  
I on my knees will crave it.

A FAREWELL TO MISS MARY ELIZA DINSMOOR, OF KEENE, THE BARD'S NIECE, AFTER A VISIT TO HER FRIENDS IN WINDHAM. JUNE 13. 1821.

---

My dear young friend, I thank you for your visit,  
Life's joys are fleeting — happiness, what is it?  
Farewell, my niece — to part is sure our lot,  
Soon you'll forget me — and you'll be forgot!  
Your uncle shortly in the dust must sleep;  
Then for his sake this small memento keep.  
May you ne'er meet with fortune's adverse throws,  
Nor frost untimely nip your blooming rose;  
May God protect you o'er life's boisterous sea,  
And land you safe in blest eternity.

TO REV. WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM.\*

DEC., 1821.

---

My late ken'd frien' o' reverend fame,  
Saf' to my han' those verses came,  
Compos'd by some auld farran dame,  
The wale o' muses ;  
The Ayrshire poet's deathless fame,  
Sweetly she rooses.

Fair poetess, whar' does she dwell?  
On moorland, mount, or flowery dell?  
Whas sweet harmonious numbers swell,  
To Burn's honor !  
If ken'd by me, I'd ware mysel',  
Some notes upon her.

---

\* The Bard's answer to Rev. William Frothingham was published in Belfast in the following manner:—  
“For the *Hancock Gazette*. Lines written by a gentleman to a friend in this town, after receiving from him a copy of the ‘Address to Robert Burns,’ which was printed in the *Belfast Gazette*, some time since; with a request that he would send him ‘Mrs. Hamilton’s Compact with Old Age,’ which appeared in one of the *Christian Disciples* for the last year.”

Our restlin's bards their gabs may steek,  
 She waur's them a' as clean's a leek,  
 An' wi' her native genius sleek,  
     Parnassus speels;  
 And lea's auld Latin bards an' Greek,  
     A' at her heels.

I doubt na she's a Gorham lady,  
 Sprang frae a Caledonian daddy,  
 Wha in auld Scotia's tongue sae ready,  
     Attunes sic lays,  
 An' taks frae bards in highland plaidy,  
     Their laurel bays.

Were she some Aborigine squaw,  
 That sings so sweet by nature's law,  
 I'd meet her in a hazle shaw,  
     Or some green loany,  
 An' mak' her, tawny phiz an' a'  
     My welcome crony.

But aiblins she's some bonnie dear,  
 Whas wit an' beauty few can peer,  
 Though words like masculine appear,  
     Might gar ane rue;  
 Shamefa' her jugs, for maist I fear,  
     She'll whiles get fou'!

The bonnie present ye hae made me,  
 Has under obligations laid me;

Oh! wad the muses deign to aid me,  
 To sing an' rhyme;  
 Soon should a recompense be paid ye,  
 In chords sublime.

But gif ye like to please your frien',  
 Though our acquaintance short has been,  
 Ye'll sen' me neist the gargain 'tween  
     Auld age, an' youth;  
 Whar' Lucky barter'd off her een,  
     An' her last tooth.

---

MY TRUSTED FRIEND.\*

---

My long tried friend and crony dear,  
 Once more I wish to please your ear,  
 Who lov'd my native muse to hear,  
     And felt my pains;  
 And shed the sympathetic tear  
     O'er tender strains!

---

\* The last poem of the "Rustic Bard" to Hon. Silas Betton. It ended their correspondence. It was written Jan. 8, 1822, and fourteen days later, Jan. 22, 1822, Mr. Betton died. Thus closed one of the strongest, most endearing friendships of the Bard's life.

Should happier themes the bard inspire,  
Or Cupid set his heart on fire ;  
Then touching soft the tuneful lyre,  
    By self taught art,  
It worked a latent fond desire.  
    In your warm heart.

When av'rice, pride, and feudal jars,  
Led Rustic Bard to fields of wars,  
He sang of triumph, death, and scars ;  
    If right or wrong,  
Your peaceful heart  
    Approved the song.

When nature clad in bright away,  
Dress'd in the blooming robes of May,  
Call'd forth the poet's cheerful lay,  
    You could rejoice ;  
And with the robin on the spray  
    Unite your voice.

When maidens skimm'd the flow'ry plains,  
In shady bowers they met their swains,  
Where songsters pour'd their vocal strains,  
    In raptured groves ;  
The Rusticks' toil and pains,  
    Were drown'd in loves.

Who now shall chant the pleasant lay,  
When winter's night cuts short the day,

And frost repels bright Pheobus' ray  
And seals the ground ;  
While round the dam no lambkins play.  
Nor cheerful bound.

No rippling stream that erst could please,  
Meand'ring through the flow'ring trees ;  
No fragrant rose to scent the breeze,  
Nor lily fair ;  
No joy we find in things like these,  
Stripp'd, chill'd, and bare !

Sleep then, the muse, to me so dear,  
Which once could please a Betton's ear,  
And oft my own dull spirits cheer,  
When lag I lay ;  
None ask me now to let them hear  
The Minstrel play.

All things in nature must decay,  
Our life and beauty fade away ;  
But though our bodies turn to clay,  
Faith says they 'll rise,  
And bask in everlasting day,  
Beyond the skies !

The book of nature open lies,  
Where all, but fools, the Godhead spies ;  
But 'tis the Gospel makes us wise,



And guides us right ;  
By which life's immortal joys  
Are brought to light.

Then let us all our sins confess,  
And own the " Lord our righteousness " ;  
May we his saving grace possess,  
So freely given !  
Then close our eyes, and die in peace,  
To meet in Heaven.

---

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SILAS BETTON,  
ESQ., TO LIEUT. PEARSON TITCOMB, OF  
SALEM, N. H. FEB. 2, 1822.

---

What sad and solemn news do we hear, Pearson T.,  
That strikes to our hearts with a knell?  
Our friend Betton is gone, and lies cold as a stone,  
And weeping, our sorrows we'll tell.  
A-well, a-well-a-day !  
And weeping, our sorrows we'll tell.

No more shall we meet this dear friend, Pearson T.,  
No more will he urge us to sing  
Those sweet Scottish airs, to banish our cares,

Nor his voice in the concert shall ring.

A-well, a-well-a-day !

Nor his voice in the concert shall ring.

The *Gazette* itself seems but dull, Pearson T.,  
Where we often found genius and glee ;  
For low with the dead, they have laid his sage head,  
And no poet is sanction'd by Z\*.

A-well, a-well-a-day !

And no poet is sanction'd by Z.

Our country in weeds may lament, Pearson T.,  
And the widow and orphan shall mourn !  
He in councils of state, held a place with the great,  
And the patriot shall weep o'er his urn.

A-well, a-well-a-day !

And the patriot shall weep o'er his urn.

Ah ! farewell to our patron and friend, Pearson T.,  
And in peace let his ashes still rest ;  
Then while life remains, or blood flows in our veins,  
His memory shall live in each breast.

A-well, a-well-a-day !

His memory shall live in each breast.

---

\* Z was always known by the printers to be Mr. Betton's signature.

TO ROBERT DINSMOOR TITCOMB—A YOUNG  
NAMESAKE. HE WAS SON OF LIEUT. PEAR-  
SON TITCOMB. SEPT., 1822.

---

## I.

Come to my arms, my smiling boy !  
Long may you live, and still enjoy  
The rustic poet's name ;  
O may you never need to blush,  
If call'd the bayonet to push,  
Or turn thy back with shame ;  
Should usurpation cause alarms,  
Invader's bugle blow,  
Then like a patriot, clad in arms,  
Heroic meet the foe ;  
The field then, ne'er yield then,  
If justice calls you there ;  
Victorious and glorious,  
The conqueror's laurels wear.

## II.

But never may thy heart rejoice,  
At clang of war's detested noise,  
Where wanton foemen meet ;

And may you ne'er exult and tell,  
How some one in a duel fell,  
Expiring at thy feet.  
Th' illicit lover, pass her door—  
Be sure with scorn to shun her.  
May thy chaste soul those scenes abhor,  
Where virtue falls with honor!  
Precisely, and wisely,  
Chose a sweet mate for life;  
Then take her, and make her  
Thy loving friend and wife.

## III.

Sweet be her voice, her genius bright,  
The muses' friend, and your delight;  
To sooth your aching heart,  
Should ever fortune prove unkind,  
And growing cares perplex your mind,  
She comfort will impart.  
In some fair cottage, form'd to please,  
Where rippling waters glide;  
And robins sing among the trees.  
Long happily reside.  
Let health there, and wealth there,  
Within thy walls abound,  
And neatness, and sweetness,  
Continually be found.

## IV.

Now smiling in your parents' arms,  
Display your lovely infant charms,  
And move their kind regard.  
Anticipation points the day,  
When you shall greater powers display—  
The statesman and the bard,  
But higher honor still attain,  
Which grace divine insures.  
Compared to this, all else is vain,  
A Christian's fame be yours ;  
When driving, and striving,  
Through worldly cares are pass'd,  
Securely, and surely,  
May Heaven be yours at last !

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO A FRIEND, WHEN  
THE WRITER WAS CONFINED WITH THE  
PALSY, AND HEARING OF A NUMBER OF  
DEATHS AMONG HIS FRIENDS. JAN. 1, 1823.

---

How awful and solemn the sound,  
Of death that still reigns in my ear !  
My uncle lies cold in the ground,  
With many kind friends I loved dear !  
How happy the hours we have past,  
In circles to meet now no more !  
Those sweet scenes are gone with a blast,  
And left me those scenes to deplore !  
The world, how delusive its charms !  
When all seems delightful and fair,  
We 're oft seized with sudden alarms,  
And taken like birds in a snare !  
How quickly our years pass away,  
They fly like the cold, stormy blast !  
The year that commences today,  
Tomorrow may prove it our last.  
We reason and sense may retain,  
When vigor and action are fled ;  
And feel neither sickness or pain,

Yet find half our members are dead\* !  
In stupor that hand and foot lies,  
Which once gave me pleasure to use ;  
T' accomplish my fond enterprise,  
They aid and assistance refuse.  
In vain we seek happiness here,  
Where troubles incessant abound ;  
Our joys often end with a tear,  
And pleasure itself gives a wound !  
In humble submission I'll lie,  
And all my vain prospects give o'er ;  
On Heaven for comfort rely,  
And trust in my weak limbs no more.  
Farewell to the world and its joys,  
I'll court its false favors no more ;  
My soul up to God shall arise,  
And a Saviour's free mercy adore.  
Sweet peace there forever shall grow,  
And there shall the weary find rest ;  
There rivers of pleasures still flow,  
To drown all the cares of my breast.

---

\* The author had almost totally lost the use of his left side, without experiencing any pain, and did not recover the use of his limbs again for some months.

TO ISAAC MCGAW\*, ESQ., A YOUNG LAWYER,  
AND HIS WIFE, SOON AFTER MARRIAGE.  
AUG. 23, 1823.

---

Dear Isaac, fondly would I draw,  
A summons that would stand in law;  
But critics often find a flaw,  
    More shrewd than wisely;  
I should have said to 'Squire McGaw,  
    And wife Eliza.

But let that stand — I've more to say,  
On Tuesday next, I mean to play,  
Just when we've gotten in our hay;  
    (If health permit);  
Come see us afternoon that day,  
    And "crack and spit."

---

\* Jacob McGaw, of Scotch descent, emigrated from Lineygloss, near Londonderry, Ireland, where he was born in 1737, and settled in Bedford, N. H. He married in 1772, Margaret Orr, of Bedford, N. H., daughter of John and Margaret (Kamel) Orr, who came from Ireland in 1726. Her aunt, Margaret Orr, had married Robert Dinsmoor of Windham, the grandmother of the "Rustic Bard." Their son Isaac McGaw, a second cousin of the poet, lived in Windham, N. H., many years. Lawyer. He was born May 25, 1785. Married Eliza, dau. of Samuel Armor of Windham, who died Dec. 29, 1848. Died in Merrimack, N. H., Nov. 13, 1863.



I do not wish to be mistaken,  
Our best ripe apples shall be shaken;  
We'll give you neither beef nor bacon,  
Nor buck nor brock;  
Perhaps we'll have a well stov'd capon,  
Or moorland cock!

No punch, nor brandy — you may risk me,  
But cider in the place of whiskey;  
Haply some wine, to make us frisky,  
“And what the matter?”  
We will, when cheerly, talk more briskly,  
And feel the better.

No formal billetdoux I've penn'd ye,  
Nor flatt'ring compliment intend ye;  
Please to accept the wish I send ye,  
Nor snuff nor snarl!  
And as you ever would befriend me,  
Come on your peril.

## ANSWER TO THE CALL\*, "PAY ALL MEN."

DEC., 1823.

---

Dear Reinhart, Haverhill printer, spare me,  
Your text and doctrine almost scare me ;  
Delinquents all without restriction,  
Must blush, like one with deep conviction ;  
You are no drone, or common teacher, •  
But just a modern pungent preacher,  
Not mangling texts, or wrestling scripture,  
To cause disputes, and raise a rupture ;  
No long comment to drown the sense,  
With vain parade of eloquence.  
The text alone set at the head,  
Is proof enough for all that said ;  
I wish that teachers not a few,  
Would leave their texts unhurt like you.  
Preachers there are, who sometimes draw,  
Wrong inferences from the law ;  
'Bout points and tenets, fight like cocks,  
But I'll pronounce you orthodox.  
Though humbling to my carnal pride,

---

\* The proprietor of the *Gazette and Patriot* of Haverhill, Mass., of which he was a patron, having issued a call to subscribers for payment of dues, brought this.

Both law and gospel's on your side !  
Far in arrears, I frankly say it,  
But think not sir, I'll never pay it ;  
Take not thy servant by the throat,  
Nor strip me of my thread-bare coat ;  
That would be usage hard indeed,  
But mercy's all that I can plead !  
See at your feet my Bardship fall,  
“ Have patience and I'll pay thee all.”

“ RUSTIC BARD.”

---

THE FOLLOWING LETTER IS AN ANSWER  
TO ISAAC A. DINSMOOR, THE BARD'S  
NEPHEW, WHO HAD WRITTEN TO HIM  
WITH A VIEW TO RECTIFY SOME MISUN-  
DERSTANDING BETWEEN THEM. OCT. 7,  
1824.

---

Dear nephew, I received your letter—  
Scarce aught could please your uncle better,  
Displaying genius, sense, and matter,  
    With friendship fraught ;  
That I should thus become your debtor,  
    I never thought.

Something I own from me is due,  
For proffer'd friendship pure and true ;  
I never lost my love for you,  
    By harsh reflections ;  
Then cheerfully we will renew  
    Those kind affections.

Though passion sometimes bears the sway,  
And carries reason quite astray,  
I'm never kept a single day  
    In its control ;  
But deep remorse and conscience prey  
    Upon my soul !

Anger was never known to rest,  
But in the simple foolish breast ;  
Of that, I hope you 're not possess'd,  
    Nor yet inherit  
Malicious feelings, but detest  
    That hateful spirit.

Of that base fiend call'd enmity,  
I think my heart was ever free ;  
Let not that foe permitted be,  
    To reign, or rule us,  
And break the peace of you and me,  
    And shame and fool us.

Doubtless you are my kinsman near,  
The evidence is strong and clear ;

Those kindling sparks that now appear,  
    May cause a flame,  
To melt the heart, or dry the tear,  
    And raise your fame.

A talent I discern in you,  
Which by your verse\* is brought to view—  
’Tis nature’s gift bestowed on few,  
    Be sure to use it;  
And let the muse with prudence shew  
    You don’t abuse it.

Since to be useful you incline,  
Endeavor nature to refine;  
Then, like a gem upon the vine,  
    Expand and grow;  
And laurel wreaths may yet entwine,  
    A Dinsmoor’s brow.

“RUSTIC BARD.”

---

\* The verse alluded to is the following :

“DEAR RUSTIC BARD :

Teach me thy poetic art,  
T’ inspire the fancy of the heart,  
To scatter words in verse sublime,  
As thou didst in thy early prime.”

ADDRESS TO MRS. SUSANNA GREGG\* OF LONDONDERRY, FEB. 14, 1824.

---

My much respected venerable dame,  
Friend of my youth, in age the same I claim,  
The Bard's kind patron, lover of the muse,  
Who e'en my rustic lay, with candor views;  
But oh, dear madam, far superior lays  
I here enclose you, worthy of your praise.  
Good sense, in simple elegance well dress'd,  
By Scottish genius suited to your taste.  
Poetic beauties seem to grace the page,  
To sooth the heart, and smooth the brow of age;  
With placid face, peace and contentment smile,  
And innocence decrepitude beguile.  
See virgin beauties blooming in their prime,  
Calmly surrender'd to the grip of time.  
Her charms she yields, and counts it no disgrace  
To let old age print wrinkles on her face;  
Her locks to whiten, freely gives him leave,  
And when her feet are shackl'd, does not grieve!  
About her lugs† she makes a bargain rare,  
Nor will she quite her poor twinklers spare;

---

\* Susanna Gregg, mother of D. A. Gregg.

† Ears.

No more to hear would be surpassing grief,  
Although at times he's free to make her deaf.  
Auld age she flatters, treats him as a friend,  
Jogs by his side until their journey's end ;  
Her uncouth guide gives her no anxious care,  
In hopes to meet a better partner there.  
When irksome sloughs, and ups, and downs are  
past,  
Of graces stript, she jilts him at the last ;  
Immortal youth receives her in his arms,  
Arrayed in glorious, uncreated charms !  
Vigor restored, she walks the flowery plains,  
With soul enwrapt with new ecstatic strains.  
In paradise, she scents the blissful grove,  
Where trees of life yield lasting fruits of love,  
In light refulgent, basks in heavenly rays,  
Where pleasures roll as endless as her days !  
But, let no bard presume those joys to paint,  
Which are reserved in heaven for every saint.  
Lord, make them thine, shall be my fervent prayer,  
And let e'en me be bless'd, and meet you there.  
“ Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,  
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.”

TO E. W. REINHART, EDITOR OF THE  
"GAZETTE AND PATRIOT," HAVERHILL,  
MASS. DEC. 10, 1824.

---

Kind Reinhart, will you be so good,  
To one who once your patron stood,  
As not to think that I intrude,  
Or yet impose ;  
Although the verses may seem crude,  
That I enclose.

My true friends once, of poetic taste,  
Who wish'd to see my numbers grac'd,  
Have in the poet's corner plac'd,  
My rustic lays ;  
And hearts possess'd of feelings chaste,  
Have given them praise.

But sir, permit me just to mention,  
With pure design and true intention,  
I, as a bard, have no pretention  
To be caress'd ;  
Alas ! I feel a great declention,  
By age depress'd.



The honors due to La-Fayette,  
Let laureate poets now display it;  
Our grateful country should repay it,  
    With high renown,  
And in immortal strains convey it,  
    And virtue crown.

In these electioneering days,  
Each petty poet strives to raise  
His favorite to the public gaze,  
    His worth to show;  
And of his talents makes a phrase,  
    Be 't false or true.

But whether Crawford wins the day,  
Or Adams bears the palm away,  
Or whether Jackson or a Clay,  
    The chair shall fill;  
Whatever parties write or say,  
    'Tis darkness still.

Let us not over-anxious feel,  
Kind Providence directs the wheel,  
To Him, we'll trust the public weal,  
    Who can control,  
And make e'en kings to act and deal,  
    Best for the whole.

Such themes my crippled muse gives o'er,  
Perhaps I'll write and read no more,

Yet when your papers pass my door  
I feel a sadness,  
Which formerly I could explore  
With so much gladness.

---

VERSES ON SPRING.\*

---

Let every heart its tribute bring,  
And hail once more returning Spring,  
When woodlands filled with music ring,  
And perched on high,  
The robins send the notes they sing  
Up to the sky.

New life, creation all assumes,  
The flowery lawn in beauty blooms,  
When Nature's dressed in gaudy plumes,  
How sweet the breeze ;  
Soft zephyrs waft the rich perfumes  
From budding trees.

---

\* Verses presented to a young step-granddaughter,  
Mary Holmes.

How glorious the sweet morn of May,  
When everything in Nature's gay;  
We see the young in gambols play,  
    By instinct driven.  
But ah! how soon their joys decay,  
    A moment given.

O my dear Mary, canst thou see  
How much these things resemble thee,  
When heart is light and mind is free  
    From anxious cares?  
The bird that sings upon the tree  
    With thee compares.

Then learn to read the book Divine,  
See Godhead stamped on every line,  
In every leaf his glories shine  
    With dazzling rays;  
Let all the powers of Nature join  
    Jehovah's praise.

## ANTIQUITY—THE AULD GUN.

To pope, or prelate, or pretender,  
Nae Dinsmore arms would e'er surrender;  
True protestants, a noble gender,  
    Ca'd Presbyterian!  
For them, I was a bauld defender,  
    Says th' antiquarian.

Whan master brought me to this land,  
I aye stood charged at his right hand;  
Nae Indian warrior e'er could stand,  
    Against Dinsmore! \*  
My hail was death, at his command,  
    Wi' thundering roar!

---

\* Robert Dinsmoor, the first in America, owner of the old gun, was an emigrant from Ireland, with his family, to this country in the year 1730. He settled in that part of Londonderry now Windham, set off and incorporated in the year 1742, and by that act he was specially authorized to call the first meeting for the choice of officers, and was elected first selectman. He was one of the first commissioned officers of the Train Band, in Windham, N. H., and had the command of a party of militia at No. 4, now Charlestown, N. H., in the time of the old French and Indian war, but exactly what date I know not. The old gun has seemed to have had a charmed life. It passed from its original owner, Robert, to his eldest son John, who was one of the leading men in the town—

Me, as his ain, he aye could claim,  
At "number four," he rais'd my fame,  
Wi's Jocteleg — when far frae hame,  
    He rudely cut  
Th' initials o' his honor'd name  
    Upon my butt!

---

town clerk, moderator, selectman, delegate to the Provincial Congress at Exeter, N. H., in 1775, a justice of the peace, an elder in the Presbyterian church. He married Martha, daughter of Justice James McKeen, and was by her blessed with 12 children. The gun passed to his son John, who married for his first wife Susannah, daughter of John Bell of Londonderry, and sister of Samuel Bell, late U. S. Senator and Governor of the state, and who with his brother, John Bell, and descendants have made the name of Bell a synonym for the highest and best qualities of manhood. The second John about 1800 moved from Windham to Derry, where he lived 14 years, highly esteemed by his near townsmen, and upon his death, April 15, 1814, the gun passed to his son John Bell Dinsmoor, who carried it to Chautauqua Co., N. Y., where he went at the suggestion of his father to avoid the supposed climatic influence of New Hampshire, to which he attributed his own death by consumption. John, the third owner, settled at Ripley in that county, and after passing 58 years there and rearing a family of 12 children, passed the gun to his son John Bell Dinsmoor, whose worth as a citizen is best told by the estimate put upon his services and abilities by those who have best known him. John Bell Dinsmoor, the fourth and present owner, was born at Ripley, N. Y., March 15, 1838. He was in Kansas and Missouri from 1859 to '61, when he enlisted in Company I, 9th N. Y. Cavalry, as a private Sept. 20, 1861. Was made Co. Quartermaster Sergeant, was promoted to 2d Lieutenant in September, 1862, was Ass't Provost Martial in the fall of 1863, and as Provost Martial, Cavalry Division, Dep't of Washington, in February, 1864; served till relieved in June same year; discharged Oct. 20, 1864.

AN ODE WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE  
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE  
CELEBRATION OF INDEPENDENCE, WIND-  
HAM, JULY 4, 1825.

---

Now let our cheerful voices rise  
To God who built the earth and skies ;  
And in his temple loud proclaim,  
The honors of his sovereign name.

While we our grateful homage pay,  
Let freedom's banners wide display ;  
And hail the bright auspicious morn,  
That saw our happy nation born !

Look back, ye honor'd veterans few,  
Whose locks are thin, of silver hue,  
That ran at war's loud piercing thrill,  
To Lexington and Bunker's Hill !

---

He married Helen M. Mattison April 12, 1865; was six years in mercantile life at Ashville, N. Y.; went to Nebraska May, 1872; was appointed County Commissioner May 1. 1873; elected Sheriff November, 1873; elected County Clerk November, 1875. Helped organize the first bank in the county in January, 1877, under the firm name of Grimes & Dinsmoor, continued as a private bank till April, 1887, then organized the Sutton National Bank; has served as its President till the present time,

When Charlestown's flame in pillars rose,  
Caus'd by our cruel British foes ;  
Midst thundering cannon, blood and fire,  
You saw Lord Perry's host expire !

With fault'ring tongue you yet can tell,  
Where some dear friend, or brother, fell ;  
With palsied limbs, and glimm'ring eyes,  
Point to the place where Warren lies !

How chang'd the scene ! now horror's past,  
With joy behold the great contrast :  
No British flag, or rampart there,  
But columns rise to freedom fair !

Look back to Bennington, and see  
A Stark make Burgoyne's army flee !  
Behold that army captur'd quite,  
By Gates, on Saratoga's† height !

---

1897. Was elected State Senator in 1880; was chosen President, *pro tem*, and presided a large part of the session. Has been high in Masonic circles, and was elected Grand Master of Masons June, 1897. For twenty years has been a member of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture, and served as its President in 1884 and 1885. Was appointed Superintendent of an important department relating to agriculture at the Columbian Exposition in April, 1892, at Chicago. Is at present serving as Commissioner for similar purposes of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition to be held in Omaha, Neb., in 1898.

† The Bard had an active part in that glorious scene.

'Twas not our arm the victory gain'd—  
The Lord's right hand our cause maintain'd;  
For us, th' oppressor's arm He brake,  
And saved us for his own name's sake!

Columbia now in sweet accord,  
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord;  
Who makes our eyes with transport see,  
This happy day, our Jubilee!

---

THE AUTHOR TO HIS FRIEND, COL. SILAS  
DINSMOOR\*, OF MOBILE, ALABAMA, IN  
SCOTCH, THE DIALECT OF THEIR ANCES-  
TORS.

---

Dear cousin, could I ance mair see thee,  
My house should kindly welcome gie thee;  
Nae worldly care should gar me lea' thee,  
Nor dumpish be;  
Ae week at least I'd spend it wi' thee,  
In cracks an' glee.

---

\* This is that Dinsmoor so much celebrated as a composer, by Robert Dinsmoor, of Ballywattick, Ireland.



Though time all nature doth efface,  
W' you I'd view our native place,  
Whar' sprang a numerous Dinsmoor race,  
    Roun' Jenny's Hill;  
An' down its brow some burnie trace,  
    Or wimpling rill.

Our great grandsire fam'd and rever'd,  
In Londonderry lies interr'd!  
There, at his head wi' kind regard,  
    We'd pile some stanes,  
Renew the turf, and right the swaird,  
    That co'ers his banes!\*

Whan we our ancient line retrace,  
He was the first o' a' our race,  
Cauld Erin ca' his native place,  
    O' name Dinsmore!  
And first that saw wi' joyfu' face,  
    Columbia's shore!

Though death our ancestors has cleeket,†  
An' under clods them closely steeket;‡  
Their native tongue we yet wad speak it,  
    Wi' accent glib;  
And mark the place their chimney's reeket,\$  
    Like brithers sib.||

---

\* No monument was ever erected to his memory.

† Caught.

‡ Shut.

§ Smoked.

|| Akin.

The progeny that frae them sprang,  
O may they a' remember lang,  
Their pious prayers an' haly sang  
    O' sacred lays !  
Baith e'en an' morn, their dwallings rang,  
    Wi' notes o' praise !

In deep devotional reflection,  
While memory lasts, sweet recollection  
Shall mind their prayers for our protection,  
    Wi' hearts sincere ;  
Syne o'er their dust, wi' kind affection,  
    We'd drap a tear !

To cousin Rabin, as ye ca' me,  
Ye'd out the city Mobile draw me,  
An' Indian tales 'bout Alabama,  
    Shrewdly ye'd tell 'im ;  
An' a' Louisiana shaw me,  
    Imprest on vellum.

Their mountains, glens, and forests drear,  
'Wi lakes immense, an' rivers clear,  
Deep pits, an' dens, enough to fear,  
    A savage sable !  
On parchment stamp't a' wad appear,  
    As smooth 's the table !

The bard then forth his warks wad bring,  
Some tender strain he'd gar thee sing,

Or, read the fau'ts o' poor wee Spring,  
    An's frank confession !  
Or else some ither funny thing,  
    In his possession !

Freely his book he'd lend to you,  
(A favor he confers on few),  
An' let you read his poems through,  
    An extra volume ;  
An' mak' remarks in strict review,  
    On ilka column.

Nae doubt ye'd candidly inspect it,  
An' gently wi' your han' correct it ;  
Yet if some part should be rejected,  
    I'd no think hard ;  
But for your pains ye'd be respected,  
    B' the "Rustic Bard."

But to few days my life is stinted,  
Therefore I modestly would hint it ;  
I ken my writings will be printed,  
    No distant date ;  
If I were gane, nane could prevent it ;  
    I dread their fate !

O ! could some frien' concert a plan,  
To save the credit o' the man,  
Whas character maun sink or stan'

Wi' his production !  
Will ye na save me if ye can,  
Frae dire destruction ?

Though ye may hae, as I doubt not,  
Afar frae hence, a happy lot ;  
But, can your frien's be a' forgot,  
'Bout Jenny's Hill ?  
Sweet recollection o' that spot,  
Maun please you still.

Dear Silas, I your frien'ship claim,  
Wha bears your honor'd grandsire's name,  
Sprung frae that stock, our bluid the same,  
Baith Dinsmoors true !  
Fain would I trust my Bardship's fame,  
In care o' you.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO MISS ANN ORR,\*  
OF BEDFORD, N. H.

---

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN ON RECEIVING FROM THE  
YOUNG LADY TO WHOM IT IS ADDRESSED, A SER-  
MON, PREACHED BY REV. WALTER HARRIS, OF DUN-  
BARTON, IN BEDFORD.

---

Dear cousin Ann, I got your gift,  
Which gave my native pride a lift;  
Your father's friend you will not shift,  
    Since yours you rank me;  
All other cares I'll turn adrift,  
    And kindly thank ye.

The truth that springs from wisdom's source,  
And runs throughout that grand discourse,  
Must strike the infidel with force,  
    And deep regret;  
And give the atheist keen remorse,  
    Perhaps too late!

---

\* Miss Ann Orr was daughter of George Orr and Margaret Wallace, and granddaughter of Daniel and Eleanor Orr, who, with his brother John Orr and sister Jennett

Let impious souls who never felt,  
The piercing pain of sin and guilt,  
Lest bowels petrified should melt  
    Their hearts, they harden ;  
Now own a Saviour's blood was spilt,  
    To purchase pardon !

To make his glorious gospel spread,  
He calls the females to his aid ;  
The matron saint, and pious maid,  
    Their gifts bestow ;  
That nations who in sins are dead,  
    His name may know !

O ! may the ladies everywhere,  
Soon emulate the Bedford fair,  
And make the cause of Christ their care—

---

Orr, came from the North of Ireland in 1726 to Londonderry, N. H., and subsequently settled in Bedford, N. H. She was born Sept. 21, 1782, and died Nov., 1849. She was a remarkable woman, with a strong mind, and was a successful teacher for half a century. The History of Bedford, N. H., p. 320, says Jennett Orr married a Dinsmoor, and settled in what is now Windham, N. H., where her descendants still live. This is evidently a mistake as there is no record or tradition of any Jennett Orr who married a Dinsmoor. Her name must have been Margaret Orr, who was born in 1691, who married in Ireland Robert Dinsmoor<sup>2</sup>, and died in Windham, N. H., June 2, 1752, aged 61 yrs. She was grandmother to the "Rustic Bard," and the relationship between the poet and Miss Orr was 2d cousins.

His light diffuse ;  
One cent a week each well might spare  
For such a use.

'Tis not the largest sacrifice,  
That's most accepted in his eyes ;  
The gracious Lord will not despise  
A widow's mite !  
A single cent He'll deem a prize,  
If given aright.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO MARY ELIZA  
DINSMOOR.\*

---

THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS ADDRESSED TO HER, ON  
RECEIVING FROM HER, WHEN VERY YOUNG, A  
PICTURE OF JOHN BULL, STUNG TO AGONY BY THE  
WASP AND HORNET, AS A SPECIMEN OF HER DRAW-  
ING.

---

My dear young friend, and kind niece Mary,  
My muse has long been dull and weary ;  
But now, she'd sing and flaunt right airy,  
    When fancy sees you :  
Yet still, there seems to be a query,  
    What theme might please you.

Should I assume the jovial strain,  
I fear you justly might complain,  
And treat my sonnet with disdain,

---

\* Robert Dinsmoor to Mary Eliza Dinsmoor of Keene, N. H., daughter of the elder Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor. She was born Dec. 2, 1800, at Keene; married June 30, 1823, Robert Means of Amherst, N. H. She was a charming lady and died Aug. 16, 1829.



Look shy and coyish ;  
And call your aged uncle vain,  
And light and boyish.

Should I in prose or rhyme descant,  
On what perhaps we both most want,  
And talk religion like a saint,  
Or “ unco guid ” —  
I might incur a sneering cant,  
Both sharp and shrewd !

The “ rigid righteous ” I detest,  
Who think their own opinion best,  
And fix a standard in their breast,  
Their own production ;  
And without right or reason, rest  
On false instruction !

But, sure I am, there's something right,  
That I'll defend with all my might ;  
And something wrong, 'gainst which I'll fight,  
With all my power ;  
And vindicate my cause, in spite  
Of foes that're sour.

Virtue and vice were ne'er design'd,  
At once to rule the human mind—  
To one or other we're inclin'd,  
Or else oppose ;

Nor do we on the thistle find  
The blooming rose.

When by sore sickness we're oppress'd,  
No worldly wealth can give us rest;  
True virtue seated in the breast,  
Sweet peace can give;  
Religion's self can make us blest,  
To die or live.

How lovely does the maid appear,  
Whose bosom beats for virtue fair!  
She makes religion first her care,  
With spirit meek—  
True grace adorns her modest air,  
With blushing cheek.

And should she be a polish'd dame,  
High bred, and of scholastic fame,  
Her pious heart can ne'er disclaim  
Her heavenly birth;  
“A Christian” is the highest name  
She seeks on earth.

How blest the man whom she shall wed,  
And on his bosom lean her head!  
No rival lover need he dread,  
But safe confide—  
Angels surround their nuptial bed,  
To guard his bride!

And when the fatal hour is come,  
That calls her body to the tomb,  
She, fearless of her future doom,  
    Since hope is given,  
Can leave the world without a gloom,  
    And fly to heaven !

The joys of sense are transitory,  
The scenes of fortune often vary ;  
May wisdom guide your steps to glory,  
    And Heaven approve ;  
Sweet peace be yours, my dear niece Mary,  
    And God still love.

## A FAREWELL TO MRS. SARAH DAVIDSON.

## I.

Ah ! my dear Sally, must we part,  
Grief makes my bosom swell ;  
O ! how can I with aching heart,  
Pronounce the word, Farewell ?  
In silent hours, both night and day,  
I'll surely think on thee ;  
But who can toll, when far away,  
If you'll remember me ?

## II.

Now bound by wedlock's sacred bands,  
A mother's care is thine ;  
If love has joined your hearts and hands,  
My heart shall not repine ;  
'Tis duty calls you to the place,  
Where my Jane used to be ;  
Perhaps no more to see my face,—  
Will you remember me ?

## III.

That you may live a happy life,  
And love connubial find ;  
Be sure a gentle loving wife  
Will make a husband kind :  
When griefs and joys are equal borne,  
'Twill comfort give to thee.  
O ! may you ne'er be made to mourn,  
And then remember me !

## IV.

Think, Sally, think what I endure,  
When I past scenes review ;  
When your dear mother deck'd my bower  
With numerous gems like you !  
Those lovely flow'rets, my delight,  
Sprung from that blooming tree !  
Alas ! I've seen that glory blight ;  
Oh ! then remember me.

## V.

And you, my little son, farewell,  
May angels be your guard ;  
God save you from the gates of hell,  
And be your great reward ;  
And when life's ocean you have past,  
As o'er a boisterous sea,

May you arrive in heaven at last,  
To join in praise with me !

## VI.

Farewell, my darling Mary\*, too,  
Your mother's image bright ;  
May Heaven soon make a saint of you,  
To shine in robes of light !  
And while grandpa's a pilgrim here,  
His prayer shall rise for thee ;  
“ But, who can tell if thou, my dear,  
Will e'er remember me ? ”

## VII.

That blessings temporal and divine,  
You mutually may share,  
With peace, and love, and grace benign,  
Shall be my humble prayer ;  
And when to Heaven you lift your eyes,  
Upon each bended knee—  
Devotion let, as incense rise,  
And then remember me.

---

\* Mary E. Davidson, the Bard's granddaughter.

BALAAM'S ANSWER.\*

---

O Balak ! would you wish to curse,  
And make bad weather ten times worse ?  
Would you invoke a Magii squad,  
To counteract the ways of God ?  
Think ye that all the powers below,  
Can make it rain, or shine, or snow ?  
Or that the infernal sooty host,  
Can lay the wind, or stop the frost ?  
E'en Beor's son as well might try  
With his black art to sink the sky.  
Long since you sent for me afar,  
To curse your foes in time of war ;  
Your proffer'd wealth and high promotion  
Caus'd me to try a foolish notion :  
When on Mount Pisga's top I stood,

---

\* In the spring of 1819 there had been heavy rains, which in Salem caused the meadows to be overflowed, delayed the planting of seed, and filled the hearts of agriculturists with deep despondency. On May 17, 1819, Hon. Silas Betton wrote a facetious letter to the "Rustic Bard," in which were these lines: "O! Balaam! curse ye me this weather, for I am afraid it will overcome me, and not only me, but the beasts of the field, and many of the fruits of the earth." This letter drew from the Bard the above poem.

And all the host of Jacob view'd,  
In hopes that you would make me rich,  
I sought enchantments like a witch !  
When I would curse with perverse will,  
My tongue was forc'd to bless them still !  
Then to Mount Peor's top I flew,  
Tried devinations deep and new ;  
With Moab's rams and bullocks slain,  
I strove to bribe the gods in vain !  
But witchcraft, sorcery, and spell,  
Took no effect 'gainst Israel !  
And there I honestly confess'd,  
That none has cursed what God has bless'd !  
Then in a rage you drove me hence,  
Without one cent for my expense.  
My wicked heart, a slave to greed,  
Was sorely mortified indeed !  
I mounted on my little beast,  
And set my face toward the east,  
Chagrin'd and griev'd, I cried, alas !  
That e'er I smote my honest ass ;  
For life I fled, and thought it hard  
That you would give me no reward.  
Those that would sinfully be great,  
May think upon poor Balaam's fate.  
But, now forsooth, to save your pelf,  
You'd be a demigod yourself !

---

\* A river near Mr. Betton's.



Dry Spicket\* meadows at your pleasure,  
And send down showers of rain in measure !  
Enough perhaps to suit your plain,  
With heat sufficient for your grain.  
Omnipotent, if you could be,  
Would you regard a wretch like me ?  
Your favors will be felt by few,  
And lacking wisdom as you do,  
I'm sure confusion would ensue.  
Unlike to God, who's good to all,  
Your favors on self alone would fall.

IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1820, THE BARD MADE A SHORT VISIT TO HIS FRIENDS IN BELFAST, ME., AND WHEN HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE THEM HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING LINES IN IMITATION OF BURNS, AND LEFT THEM WITH MR. JOSEPH LADD, WHO HAD TREATED HIM WITH MUCH KINDNESS.

---

Fare fa' ye Joe, my canty Ladd,  
Nae feckless whim can mak' thee sad ;  
Whan gear comes linkin' in ye're glad,  
    An' blithe ye feel ;  
Mair frien's like you I wish I had,  
    Wi' hearts as leal !  
Ilk dollar that ye sen' awa',  
May it return ere night wi' twa,  
An' peace, an' plenty, bless your ha',  
    An' a' concerns ;  
An' nae misfortune e'er befa'  
    Your wife an' bairns.

---

\* The above lines were soon afterwards published in the Belfast paper, and copied into several papers in New Hampshire. In making the above-mentioned visit, the Bard formed a partial acquaintance with the Rev. William Frothingham, who showed him an address to the "Airshire Bard," by a lady in Gorham, and Elizabeth Hamilton's compact with old age.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO MISS ELIZABETH  
WILLIAMS\*, WITH A COPY OF MRS. E.  
HAMILTON'S† AIN FIRESIDE. FEB. 22, 1826.

---

Dear Betsey, I've copied "The Braes o' Glenniffer,"  
Those beautiful stanzas, o' Tannshill wi' pride,  
O! wae worth the fortune, that left him to suffer,  
His glory and fame to be drown'd in the Clyde!

How faithfu' to nature he paints the fair maiden,  
Caress'd by her lover at "Stanley green shaw!"  
But mute are the songsters an' nature's a' fadin',  
An' naething can charm her whan Jonnie's awa'.

That heart maun be harder than stane, without feel-  
ing,  
That bosom I'm sure must be colder than snow,

---

\* Miss Elizabeth Williams was daughter of Rev. Simon Williams of Windham, N. H., born there July 6, 1771; married Rev. William Miltimore of Derry, N. H.; resided near Falmouth, Me. (See the Bard's letter to Rev. Mr. Miltimore at her death.)

† Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, according to the Bard's lines, the title of "Mrs." must have been one of courtesy, which was often used.

She wrote a beautiful poem in the Scotch dialect,

When down her fair cheeks the tear drops are stealing,  
That melts na at sic a true picture o' wo!

O could she ance mair but receive her sweet treasure,  
The cauld blasts o' winter could gie her nae pain,  
The loud roaring torrent would add to her pleasure,  
Gif she could but see her dear Jonnie again.

---

entitled "My Ain Fireside." In relation to this the "Rustic Bard" wrote as follows to Miss Elizabeth Williams on Feb. 22, 1826:

"It is to be noticed that Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, that beautiful poetess, possessing so much goodness of heart, never married."

"O sad was her fate, that her heart never fann,  
The joys o' a bride wi' a happy young man!  
Why should sic a blessing to her be deny'd,  
As a social guid man, at her ain fireside?"

She was born in 1758; died in 1816. A native of Belfast, Ireland, brought up in Scotland, and author of "The Cottages of Glenburnie," published in 1808.

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO THE REV. WILLIAM  
MILTIMORE, FALMOUTH, ME.

---

REV. AND DEAR SIR :

I have seen and read your mournful and affecting letter to your sister, N. W., announcing the death of your beloved Betsey, the dear wife of your youth, and the tender mother of your darling children — with a request to me for some of my poetry, for her grave-stone. I confess, sir, I feel myself entirely incompetent to write anything suitable to be engraven as a lasting memento of the character of the truly worthy and amiable Mrs. Miltimore. But being prompted by a regard for the real worth and merit of the deceased, and to perpetuate the memory of one of my own acquaintance, whom I so much valued when alive, and also from a desire to gratify you, in some measure, I wrote the enclosed epitaph, which I intended to show you on your return from Philadelphia; at which time I expected a visit from you, having understood you were to return through Windham. But being disappointed in my expectation, I now venture to enclose and send it to you, putting the highest confidence in your friendship and candor, trusting you will not make any undue use of it.

Sincerely, sir, with you I sympathise,  
Your sorrow claims a tribute from my eyes ;  
A debt so just, to pay it gives relief,  
“For social pleasure is in social grief.”  
My heart inured to sorrow, feels for you,  
And at your tale of woe it bleeds anew !  
The clock struck twelve, when sunk in tranquil  
rest,  
No anxious care disturb'd the peaceful breast ;  
The bold invader with his deadly spear,  
Approach'd your bed and pierced your Betsey  
dear !  
You saw your darling writhe, and gasp for breath,  
And close her eyes fast in the sleep of death !  
O, sir, your office long has been to try  
And wipe the melting tear from sorrow's eye ;  
Hast thou not often raging grief to calm,  
With soothing words pour'd in consoling balm ?  
And wounded souls directed to repair,  
To Gilead's balm, and the Physician there,  
Whose medicine alone can ease the smart,  
And comfort give to every broken heart ?  
Your own advice — O ! be not slack to try it,  
The doctrine's good, if wisely you apply it.

That you and your dear daughters may experience  
that consolation in your trouble which the religion  
you profess only can afford, is the prayer of your  
sincere friend.

EPITAPH ON MADAM MILTIMORE.\*

---

The week was ended, holy time begun,  
Her days were finish'd, and her work was done.  
The tender mother, and the virtuous wife,  
Received the summons, and gave up her life !  
At midnight hour, the fatal arrow sped—  
On seraph wings her lovely spirit fled ;  
Her pious soul pursu'd the heavenly road,  
To rest eternal with her Saviour, God !

---

\* Mrs. Miltimore died without any previous sickness. She awoke her husband by a convulsive spasm. He sprang and got a light, and in a few minutes she expired in his presence, a few minutes after midnight, just as the Sabbath began.

TO MISS E. C. AT THE CLOSE OF HER  
SCHOOL IN WINDHAM. SEPT. 26, 1826.

---

Fair blooming maid, instructress kind,  
Long may you cultivate the mind,  
And seeds of science plant;  
The native heart of ev'ry child,  
Is like a forest or a wild;  
They all true knowledge want.  
And when your well done task's resign'd,  
Which arduous seemed and hard;  
Then may your self-approving mind  
Yield you a sweet reward!  
May blessing, increasing,  
When sorrow is forgot,  
By Heaven, be given,  
To crown your happy lot!



TO MR. ISAIAH WEBSTER, 2D, HAVERHILL,  
MASS., ON THE FLEETING NATURE OF  
TIME. JAN., 1827.

---

Time teaches all a serious lesson,  
Its rapid course exceeds expression ;  
Our days and years in quick succession,  
    Are past and gone ;  
A moment 's all we've in possession,  
    Nor that our own.

Should some endearing object rise,  
To gratify our longing eyes,  
From our embrace the phantom flies,  
    A moment's pleasure ;  
So all our earthly comfort dies —  
    Uncertain treasure !

By jarring fates, like heat and frost,  
We find our expectations crost ;  
From thing to thing we're torn and tost,  
    Of peace bereft ;  
Enjoyment 's in privation lost,  
    But grief is left.

Time carries all her joys away,  
Nor can we make our minutes stay ;

Those dear delights, be what they may,  
Of which we share ;  
Our aching hearts can only say,  
That “ once they were.”

Death sweeps away both great and small,  
Its with’ring blast destroys us all,  
Just as the leaves in autumn fall,  
So mankind must ;  
Heroes, and kings, and statesmen, shall  
Return to dust.

Even so the glorious Washington,  
Whose deeds shone brilliant as the sun,  
When he his country’s freedom won,  
Resign’d his breath ;  
Great Adams too, and Jefferson,  
Now sleep in death.

Our first three chieftains, high renown’d,  
With presidential honors crown’d ;  
Let patriot bards their worth resound,  
And eulogize them ;  
And while the wheels of time go round,  
Immortalize them.

Kingdoms and states, and empires stand,  
Upheld by an Almighty hand ;  
Who gives them men to rule the land,

For woe or weal ;  
They prosper just by his command,  
Or sorrows feel.

No bliss that's found in nature, can  
Give perfect happiness to man ;  
His mind was form'd by Wisdom's plan,  
For joys that're higher ;  
He longs for things beyond his span,  
With strong desire.

Though all to us seems imperfection,  
Disjointed parts without connection,  
Yet all moves on with good direction,  
And wise control ;  
Omniscience views with clear inspection,  
One perfect whole.

BY A SPECIAL REQUEST FROM THE SAME  
GENTLEMAN AND HIS LADY, THE FOL-  
LOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN FOR THE  
OTHER SIDE OF HER WORK-BAG, BY THE  
"RUSTIC BARD."

---

Thy spouse must be happy, fair dame,  
Whose sense doth thy virtues approve ;  
When you as his own he can claim,  
With a heart full of permanent love.  
Be thou like the true loving kind,  
Or more gentle sweet cooing dove !  
Then in his fond bosom you'll find,  
A river of permanent love.

Your offspring around you shall grow ;  
Like plants in a garden or grove ;  
While mutual affection shall flow,  
Like a fountain of permanent love.  
When death brings you down as it must,  
May your souls rise triumphant above ;  
And all your affections be lost,  
In an ocean of permanent love.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HAVERHILL  
GAZETTE AND PATRIOT.

---

Dear sir, when age bids me retire,  
And lay aside my lute and lyre ;  
When all the poet's wonted fire  
    Grows faint and low ;  
I scarce believe my works entire  
    Would raise a glow.

Nature, who doth of gifts dispose,  
Talents to some at random throws,  
Sometimes herself a niggard shows,  
    Not flush nor free ;  
And genius sparingly bestows  
    On such as me.

Old age I fear will soon bereave me  
Of the small pittance nature gave me ;  
And now when friends in public crave me,  
    I fear to show it ;  
Lest vanity, and pride, deceive me,  
    And I should rue it.

A little volume, or collection,  
With neither system nor connection,

Produc'd by chance, without direction,  
Or studied art ;  
But oft the fruit of kind affection,  
Warm from the heart.

If learned critics should inspect,  
Expose and laugh at each defect,  
And in contempt my works reject,  
And scorn my name—  
O! where's the friend that would protect  
And guard my fame?

Since transient is this mortal state,  
Death sweeps away both small and great!  
I mourn my friend's untimely fate,  
Who honor paid me!  
Alas! 'tis now a day too late,  
For him\* to aid me.

A peasant bred, of humble lore,  
'Twas nature taught my muse to soar;  
Grant me a smile—I ask no more,  
As my reward;  
Let candor spread her mantle o'er  
The “ Rustic Bard.”

---

\* The Hon. Silas Betton.

TO MISS CATHARINE ABBOT.\*

MAY 26, 1827.

---

Young honor'd dame, of learned fame,  
This compliment I send you —  
Please to excuse the humble muse,  
Nor let my song offend you.

Think not, dear friend, that I intend  
Intrusion on your goodness ;  
I ne'er could find my heart inclin'd  
To treat the fair with rudeness.

---

\* The recipient of this was the daughter of the late Rev. Jacob Abbot, who by virtue of the initial letter in his name stands at the head of the Register of families in the History of Windham, and by virtue of his excellent qualities as a Minister of the Gospel, as a citizen, a husband and a father of a large family of children whose lives have illustrated the careful and praiseworthy training of the father, he would well deserve to stand at the head of any Register of citizens of a Christian community. At the date of the poem Miss Abbot was the assistant teacher of the late Rev. Ephraim Abbot, in the Academy in Greenland, N. H. Afterwards, when Mr. Abbot was elected to take charge of the Academy in Westford, Mass., her services were secured by the Trustees of that institution and she was for two years the accomplished and successful teacher in the female department of the Academy. It is worthy of mention in this

By motives pure, I would secure,  
The ladies in my favor ;  
And that my lays should meet their praise,  
I fondly would endeavor.

None can be great, in church or state,  
Except the fair allow ;  
Nor bard can shine, till they entwine  
The laurels round his brow !

Then, virtuous maid, grant me your aid,  
And with my rustic hand,  
In some bright place, my page to grace,  
Fair Cath'rine's name shall stand.

---

connection, that in her contract with the Trustees she had a stipulation that she could spend a portion of every winter at her father's house, for the purpose of instructing her younger sisters. Thus Windham had the benefit of her society and instruction, and the Bard paid her a fitting compliment in verse. At Westford her hand was successfully sought in marriage by the late Hon. John William Pitt Abbot of that place, to whom she was united by marriage July 18, 1833. Her husband was a gentleman of refined education, of habits and tastes congenial with her own, and during all their married life, of nearly forty years, their house was a charmed spot to all their numerous relations and still more numerous friends. Mrs. Abbot took a lively interest in the Academy, always aiding the teachers and scholars with her timely counsel and advice ; her church and the town library felt the influence of her ever helping hand ; the sick and unfortunate were sought out, and administered to by her with the soothing kindness that



May Heaven bestow the gift on you,  
To teach your pupils right;  
And grant you grace, to fill your place  
With honor and delight.

---

TO REV. MR. ———, OF B——.

SEPT. 11, 1827.

---

My reverend friend, when lately I  
Approach'd abrupt your dining-room,  
Your numerous offspring met my eye;  
The mother fair, in beauty's bloom.

The grace was said, and all were placed  
With parents' care the board around;  
Politeness soon made me a guest —  
Your table with abundance crown'd.

---

heals sorrow and relieves suffering, and when she departed this life in her eighty-fourth year, not only her children but every one who had had the pleasure of her acquaintance, could "rise up and call her blessed."

Sure 'twas a pleasing scene to me —  
I shar'd the feast — no matter how,  
While friendship, love, and social glee,  
Sat smiling on each parent's brow !

I view'd the lovely circle round,  
And thought your happiness divine !  
But, something gave my heart a wound,  
And said, such blessing once was mine !

Ah me ! these flowers are favors lent  
By Heav'n—like those who gave them birth ;  
And soon the father may lament  
His darling mould'ring in the earth !

A silent prayer my heart respired —  
Bless, O my God ! the parent stock,  
And as their hearts have oft desired,  
Bless and preserve their filial flock !

TO MRS. SARAH DAVIDSON\*, THE BARD'S  
DAUGHTER, BELFAST, ME.

JAN. 17, 1828.

---

I.

My Sally dear, would you be glad  
To have a line from your old dad?  
Though age and wint'ry blasts pursue,  
His heart still glows with love to you.  
How pleasing were those hours to me,  
When you were prattling 'round my knee!  
When I did kiss and call you sweet,  
Your mother's heart rejoic'd to see 't.

II.

She made your clothes, and gave you food,  
And when her darlings round her stood,  
She taught their infant notes to rise,  
And praise their Maker in the skies!  
Devotion then my soul inspir'd,  
From worldly cares my heart retir'd,  
And joyful did the concert join—  
The song was harmony divine!

---

\* She was born in Windham, N. H., Dec. 28, 1789,  
married Sept. 2, 1819, Dea. Henry Davidson of Belfast,  
Me. She died March 26, 1864.

## III.

Where joy like this could spring and grow,  
I deem'd a paradise below !  
No earthly bliss like this could be,  
'Twas just a taste of heaven to me !  
When I review the scenes I've past,  
A gloom upon my mind is cast—  
Those scenes that bless'd life's happy noon,  
Alas, were all withdrawn too soon !

## IV.

My life is solitary grown,  
I sit and muse with ma'm alone—  
I've past my three-score years and ten,  
And rank with other aged men !  
Yet gratitude to God I owe,  
For friends and favors here below ;  
And when I bid them all adieu,  
May Heaven's best blessings rest with you.

LINES TO HIS GRANDDAUGHTER,  
MRS. MARY BUTLER.

APRIL 4, 1828.

---

Dear Mary, long I've been inclin'd

A verse or two to write you,  
And carefully have sought to find  
A subject to delight you.

Some good advice, and counsel wise,  
Perhaps may be expected;  
I know that duty on me lies,  
Which should not be neglected.

Although your path may not be strew'd  
Continually with flowers,  
Receive the evil with the good,  
This duty still is ours.

The fairest morn that ever shone,  
May long ere night prove low'ry;  
Should brambles in your way be thrown,  
Hope still it may be flowery.

And every blessing you enjoy  
Let your companion share it;  
When pres'd with care, 'twill give him joy,  
To see you help to bear it.

May you 'till life on earth is past  
Still be your Maker's care,  
And land you safe in Heav'n at last,  
Shall be my humble prayer.

---

HYMN: SUNG AT THE INSTALLATION OF  
REV. CALVIN CUTLER IN WINDHAM, N. H.,  
APRIL 9, 1828.

---

Let ev'ry voice hosanna sing,  
And bless the name of Zion's king ;  
For an ascension gift this day,  
We'll thankfully our homage pay.

This candlestick he ne'er withdrew,  
But trim'd the gospel lamp anew ;  
And owns this church of his good will,  
A tent of gospel Judah still.

We'll wait the visits of his love,  
Who sends us blessings from above ;  
O ! may his grace like show'rs distil,  
And converts new his temple fill.

Long may our teacher here be blest,  
And heavenly favors on him rest ;  
Lord, let thy spirit here descend  
And bless this place till time shall end.

---

ROBERT DINSMOOR TO EDWARD P. HARRIS,\*  
OF CHESTERFIELD, N. H.

---

Dear Sir, I justly am your debtor,  
For your intelligent kind letter,  
Advising me which way I'd better  
    My books dispose of ;  
But evils may attend that matter,  
    Which no one knows of.

Such diffidence pervades my mind,  
To future prospects I am blind ;  
Within my little sphere confin'd,  
    As if on tenters ;  
No part to act of any kind,  
    But trust the printers.

---

\* He was the son of Rev. Samuel Harris of Windham, N. H. ; born in Ashburnham, Mass., Nov. 17, 1802 ; was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1826 ; was Principal

My volume leaves they turn and toss,  
Cut out and trample on the dross—  
But gold that's pure sustains no loss,  
    Though tried by fire ;  
That they may have a brighter gloss,  
    Is my desire.

Sometimes I fear — but, on reflection  
They'll issue by the wise direction  
Of P\*\*\*\*, famed for deep inspection,  
    And critic lore ;  
I think they'll have his high protection,  
    And many more.

But oh ! the world is large and wide,  
Capricious too, and full of pride ;  
Both wise and simple must abide  
    Its love and hate ;  
This is the court that must decide  
    The poet's fate !

All I can tell you, more or less,  
Is, that the work is in the press ;  
But how the printer makes progress,

---

of several Academies ; studied law, practiced at White River Junction Village, at Hartford, Vt., then went to Rochester Village, Avon Township, Mich., and practiced till his death, March 19, 1868. Various public positions were filled by him. He was twice married.



I cannot say ;  
That he may meet with good success,  
I hope and pray.

'Tis now three months, and more, since I,  
In Thayer's\* office, chanc'd to spy,  
Sheets of the bard, hung up to dry ;  
Nor would he ask  
Assistance, neither man nor boy—  
'Twas his own task.

By this, I think he's almost through ;  
And when the books are bound and new,  
If there should be for me a few,  
When costs are paid,  
One volume I'll reserve for you—  
But I'm afraid.

Yet, if it may your feelings suit,  
And I have books to distribute,  
I by these presents constitute  
No pompous pageant ;  
But you shall be, without dispute,  
My trusty agent.

What though some envious pedants frown,  
And cry my works, as worthless, down,

---

\* Printer in Haverhill.

And hiss me as a vulgar clown,  
Say things that're hard ;  
Fair hands may yet with laurels, crown  
The " Rustic Bard."

---

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT—WITH A COPY OF  
THE RUSTIC BARD'S POEMS.

JAN. 20, 1830.

---

Famed and renowned Sir Walter Scott,  
Thy name resounds through lands remote ;  
Thou stand'st the head of all that wrote  
In Scottish story,  
And celebrated bards of note  
Outshines in glory.

When sung in " the last minstrel's lay "  
The feuds of the old " Border day,"  
On raptured wings I soar away  
To Branksome's Hall ;  
On Teviot's dale, in bloody fray,  
See Musgrave fall.

I'll not presume thy works to praise,  
Nor add a lustre to thy bays;  
The flowery wreaths that round thee blaze  
    No art can varnish —  
The present notes of my best lays  
    Would only tarnish.

Although no idol god I greet  
With sacrifice of odors sweet,  
I lay this volume at your feet  
    As homage due;  
Regard it just as you think meet,  
    My gift to you.

ROBERT DINSMOOR — THE RUSTIC BARD.

TO MRS. SARAH PARK\*, A VISITOR.  
JULY 31, 1832.

---

Welcome, my niece, to this retreat,  
Where rural scenes thine eyes may greet,  
See friends in social circles meet  
    In house or field —  
And pluck the flowers and berries sweet  
    Which gardens yield.

Fair stranger — welcome to that dome  
Your husband's parents called their home ;  
Through flowery pastures you may roam,  
    Breathe fragrant air,  
See Policy's bright waters foam,  
    And lilies there.

---

\* She was daughter of Robert Allcock, a shipwright, and married a nephew of the Bard, Dea. William Park of Boston, Mass., Feb. 9, 1832. She was an attractive person, lovable in character, a fitting companion for her equally estimable husband, who died Nov. 9, 1881. She was born May 5, 1802; died Oct. 2, 1883.

To hear the thrush and robin sing,  
What pleasure to our ears they bring,  
When all the woods and valleys ring  
    With songs so sweet,  
And see them move on rapid wing,  
    Their mates to meet.

Those living pictures need no art  
To charm a feeling female's heart —  
The scented breezes health impart  
    With sweet perfume,  
And make those stagnant humors start  
    Which cause a gloom.

No matter where your lot is cast,  
For summer will not always last;  
The flower must fall before the blast  
    Of autumn's air,  
And death's cold winter seize them fast,  
    Though ne'er so fair.

Whatever place may be your lot,  
In city dome or village cot,  
Content will always bless the spot  
    Where love abides—  
E'en luxury's not worth a groat  
    Till peace presides.

Here let my limping numbers cease,  
My song no longer youth can please —  
Farewell, young stranger, and my niece,  
A long adieu.  
May Heaven's best blessings and true peace  
Abide with you.

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ODE, SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE  
NEW BRICK SCHOOL-HOUSE IN WINDHAM,  
IN DISTRICT NO. 1.

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I.

Come let our social voices raise  
A hymn, to our Creator's praise,  
Who makes us see with joyful eyes,  
This beauteous dome from ruin rise.

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\* It was erected on the same spot where a former house was consumed by fire.

## II.

O, may almighty power and grace,  
Watch o'er, and guard this sacred place,  
Long may these walls repel the storm,  
Shelter our youth, and keep them warm.

## III.

Let not this building stand in vain,  
Like Babel's tower, on Shinar's plain,  
Nor let a pedant's drawling sound  
E'er enter, language to confound.

## IV.

May this a seat of science be,  
And knowledge spring from error free ;  
May pious precepts here be taught,  
And form the bent of every thought.

## V.

May virtuous teachers here preside,  
Who wisely shall their pupils guide,  
And hither let our children meet,  
Like students, 'round Gamaliel's feet.

## VI.

Here let young minds like flowers expand,  
And spread sweet science o'er the land;  
Hence, matrons rise, and sages great,  
To ornament both church and state.

## VII.

Here let the tree of knowledge grow,  
And streams of love and virtue flow;  
Let nothing ever cast a stain,  
While time and nature last — Amen.



## APPENDIX.

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Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Illinois, son of William and Elizabeth (Barnett) Dinsmoor, and grandson of William and Elizabeth (Cochran) Dinsmoor, of Windham, N. H. (His father was a brother of the "Rustic Bard"; see his pedigree in the Preface.) He was born in Windham, March 3, 1818. He was prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., at Pinkerton Academy at Derry, N. H., and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841. He then was preceptor of the Academy at Schuylerville, N. Y., one year; at Westford, Mass., two years; read law with Judge Hopkinson at Lowell, Mass., and was admitted to the bar in 1846, and engaged in the practice of law in that city. During his residence there he assisted in the organization of the Traders and Mechanics Insurance Co., and for eight years was its secretary and treasurer; was a member of the city council, and in 1850 and '51 was a representative to the Massachusetts legislature from that city. In 1856, for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired, he left a successful business in Lowell, Mass., went to Illinois, selected about 1000 acres of land in one body, on which he built a residence commensurate with his family wants, and the needs of the owner of such an estate for oversight and cultivation, on which he has since resided. In 1857 he assumed the practice of law, which has been continued in connection with the supervision

of his farm. While his home is nearly six miles from his office, for many years neither sickness nor bad traveling kept him from his business. For four years he represented Whitesides County in the legislature of Illinois. In 1888 he was one of the presidential electors for the state of Illinois.

The demands of an exacting business and professional life have not lessened his interest in his friends, relatives, and regard for his native town. To the latter he has made frequent pilgrimages. He has shown his love for his kindred by preparing a "History of the Dinsmoor Family" of 75 pages, published in 1883, in the "History of Windham, New Hampshire." "All his tribe" owe him a debt of gratitude which they cannot discharge, for preserving their family history in a manner so thorough, in form so attractive, in language so pleasing, in sentiment so refined and elevated. Prepared with thought and care, it shows fruits of a kind and disciplined mind on every page. It stands in the rank of family histories.

In recent years he showed his respect for the place of his nativity, by accepting a most cordial invitation given him to deliver the main address at the "Celebration of the 150th anniversary of the Incorporation of Windham, New Hampshire," held June 9, 1892. He responded, came on from his western home, and gratuitously delivered an interesting and valuable historical address, which is printed and lastingly preserved in the book which gives the history and proceedings of that important occasion. He is the author of the Introduction of the second edition of these poems, which is the third literary and historical achievement which has cast added lustre on the municipality of his birth.

In his mental characteristics he is conservative, safe, with excellent judgment, thoroughly reliable, with strong qualities of his pure Scotch-blooded ancestors.

After having practiced law assiduously and successfully in the courts of Massachusetts, Illinois, and the supreme court at Washington, D. C., he has retired from its practice to enjoy a residence which a Shenstone might have admired, and a rest so richly earned.

He married, Sept. 3, 1846, the daughter of Willard and Sarah (Hatch) Carpenter, of Sharon, Vt., who died Aug. 14, 1886. He married 2d, her younger sister, Mrs. Mary M. (Carpenter) True, June 1, 1887, who died March 15, 1896. He married 3d, at Washington, D. C., Sept. 24, 1896, Mrs. Angie Gould Annis, of Hudson, N. H.

Children. Taken from "History of Windham, in New Hampshire."

1. Frank W., b. Jan. 12, 1848, d. Aug. 31, 1849.
2. Alice, b. Sept. 4, 1849, at Lowell, Mass.; grad. Vassar College 1873; has taught in Trow, O.; spent eighteen months in travel in Europe, and is a teacher of Latin in Miss Rounds' Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.
3. Jarvis, b. April 11, 1851, Lowell, Mass.; fitted for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; grad. Dartmouth College 1895; read law at the Union Law School, Chicago, and engaged in the practice at Sterling, Ill., where he still resides; m. Feb. 1881, Kate Curran, at Kansas City, Mo.
4. Florence Amanda, b. at Lowell, Mass., Oct. 1853; grad. Vassar College, 1864; studied phonography, and is a shorthand reporter; m. Oct. 19, 1881, James F. Covey.

LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON.

DINSMOOR HISTORICAL LETTER.

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A LETTER FROM ROBERT DINSMORE, OF BELLYWATTICK, BALLYMONY COUNTY, ANTRIM IRELAND, TO JOHN DINSMOOR OF WINDHAM, N. H., CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DINSMOOR FAMILY, DATED BELLYWATTICK, AUG. 12, 1794. HE RETAINED A CORRESPONDENCE WITH MR. DINSMOOR, WHO WENT TO DERRY ABOUT 1800.

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MY DEAR SIR: In July last, I received your affectionate letter of 22d February, 1794, where you have given me a full and clear answer to my letter of May 12th, 1793, which was directed to your honoured father. But, alas! no more! May I not bid adieu to North America. Submission is a duty, therefore, I shall only add—I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. It gives me consolation that he has left a son and heir blest with his principles and talents. I see you feel for the commotions of Europe, and for the arbitrary proceedings of our government in particular. You give them hard names. Indeed, so could we, but dare not; we are brought to submission indeed. While our lives are protected by the laws, we must submit our property to the discretion of government without a murmur or complaint. Provided our taxes, which are heavy, were disposed of for internal defence of our country, and encouragement

of our trade and manufactures, we would pay more cheerfully. But when we see it levied to support a ruinous war, that we think Great Britain had nothing to do with, we complain the more. At this moment, the eyes of all Ireland are looking earnestly for the completion of your peace with Great Britain, on which the trade of Ireland much depends. We know you have sent a late commissioner from congress to the court of Great Britain, a Mr. Jay; but as nothing has yet transpired in respect to Ireland, I must be silent.

I had a long letter from your brother Silas, in May last, which I answered. It raises my pride to find that there is a Dinsmore in any part of the globe, so capable of composition, as I see the writer of this letter to be. The more so, when I can truly call him friend and cousin.

As to your request concerning the genealogy of our family, you have been pretty fortunate indeed in calling on me, as I assure you there is not a man living within the reach of my knowledge, that can go as far up in that description as I can. Nevertheless, it may be short of what history could afford. Please take the following. My grandfather was born on the mean land of Scotland, near the river Tweed; the son of a wealthy farmer, as I suppose from his style, being called the Laird of Achenmead, as he had tenants under him. He had two sons, of which my grandfather was the second, whose name was John. He left his father's house in the 17th year of his age. I suppose he must have eloped, as he brought no property with him, as I often heard, save a grey bonnet, of great extent, with striped woolen hose, and a small cane in his hand. This is your original in Ireland, and mine; and all by the name of Dinsmore here or elsewhere, that belong to that

stock. Therefore, you will be ready to say, we have little to boast of. But stay a little my dear friend, and let us go a little higher, and return to Scotland. You see, as above, we are sprung from a farmer. Will this give us any dignity? Yes — the most ancient, the most honorable in civil life. The second man in creation was a farmer. Cain was a tiller of the ground. What are monarchs? What are Kings, Dukes, Lords and Earls? What was Alexander, or Philip of Macedonia, but murdering vagabonds! The character of a farmer is far above them all. Stop but the farmer and his culture, and you sweep off the human race at one stroke. So you see that the farmer's station is exalted above all others. Therefore our pedigree is higher than any other whatever.

I must crave your patience. Suffer me then to return to my grandfather and his offspring, of which you are a sprout. This man had four sons, John, Adam, Robert, and Samuel. John was the first that migrated to America of the name, and the first that struck a stick in Londonderry. This man was your grandfather's father, and my uncle, who surmounted many difficulties in providing a large and free estate for his offspring, and in the attempt, was made an Indian captive.

Permit me to observe a circumstance with respect to my grandfather's leaving his father's house without any property, which may elucidate the hint before observed respecting it, which is this — I never heard this man give any other reason or cause for his leaving his father's house, but this; that his father obliged him, and that uncovered, to hold the off stirrup of his elder brother's saddle, when he mounted his horse. A subordination that appeared not to agree with this man's proud heart. May it

not be an heirship entailed on his offspring? And if so, whether virtue or vice, I leave with you to determine, although I am no advocate for virtue or vice being hereditary. To conclude then, this man lived until he was 99 years of age. He was fifty years married, and twenty-nine years a widower, which ended his life, much respected by all who were acquainted with him, for his piety, morals and good sense. Now sir, I have gone as far as my memory could assist me in answering your request. But there is yet something remains which may gratify your inquisitive mind, in the line of heraldry. The Dinsmore coat of arms, is a fann, laid down on a plate of a green color, with three wheat sheaves set upright in the centre of a yellow color, all emblematical of husbandry and agriculture.

ROBERT DINSMORE.



JAMES COCHRAN, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE,  
OF  
THE COCHRAN FAMILY HISTORY.

Ninian Cochran<sup>1</sup> and his brother James Cochran<sup>1</sup>, came with the first settlers from the County of Londonderry, Ireland, and were finally driven to Casco Bay, Portland, Maine, and made their way to Londonderry, N. H., by land. Later John Cochran<sup>1</sup> made a temporary settlement in Brunswick, Me. Nathaniel<sup>1</sup> and William<sup>1</sup>, in all five brothers, eventually came to Londonderry, N. H. All had been in the siege of Londonderry, Ireland.

Ninian Cochran<sup>1</sup> was a surveyor, and lived in what is now Kilrea, Derry. This is four or five miles from the home of his relative, Capt. John Cochran<sup>1</sup> of Windham. He was killed by being thrown from his horse, at what is now Suncook.

James Cochran<sup>2</sup> came to Suncook in 1748 or '50. John Cochran<sup>1</sup> came to Suncook in about 1737, and built the first saw and grist mill in Suncook; but I will turn now to a scene in his early life, 1728. When in the State of Maine, at Brunswick, if the rustic bard is correct, and with his son Jamie, his son was captured by three Indians; they rowed him in their canoe all day up the river. When they encamped for the night, he was made to lie down between them. The Indians soon slept, and he crept to their tomahawks, placing two in his left hand, and with his right he buried one in each Indians' head. He took their scalps and his gun, but lost one scalp and the gun crossing the river on



a fallen tree. He started down the river and before morning was opposite his father's home. The next day he took a party to the place where the Indians lay, buried them and found his gun, but not the scalp, where he crossed the river on the fallen tree.

The British government paid forty dollars apiece for scalps, and the night's adventure brought him one hundred and twenty dollars.

He was always afterward known as "Indian Jamie." In after years when speaking of the deed, he would say, "It is hard to think you have deprived those beings in the form of the human race of life."

His father removed to Londonderry, and finally to Suncook. "Indian Jamie" lived his youth in Suncook, and in mature manhood, in Londonderry, N. H., where he died Feb. 17, 1795, aged 85 years.

Well do I remember the Ms., oblong pages in the last of the book of the "Rustic Bard"; they were long, they were worn and dingy, having stood two-thirds of a century. I commenced to search for the hero of Maine, but I found him not, when the record of an aged man, George Cochran, being 85 years the 10th day of Dec., 1897, was sent to me for an entirely different purpose; it led up to his life history.

Hon. Martin H. Cochran, now living in Pembroke, is a great-grandson of John Cochran<sup>1</sup>.

Joseph A. Cochran, City Clerk of Concord, N. H., is a descendent of this same family. The Capt. John Cochran<sup>1</sup> branch of Windham, N. H., were connections of this family before the emigration from Londonderry, Ireland, and were recognized as such here.

The family resemblance has descended, in a marked degree, to the present time, as shown particularly in the strong resemblance of Mr. Joseph

A. Cochran to Mr. Isaac A. Cochran of Melrose, Mass, a representative of the Windham tribe.

Once in a public conveyance I ( being part Cochran) was addressed as Mr. Cochran of Concord, by a person who knew him, but had no knowledge of me.

## THE McKEEN FAMILY.

William McKeen<sup>1</sup>, a Scotch Covenanter, in Scotland, is the first known of the McKeen family.\* After the killing of Archbishop Sharpe he was brought before the barbarous Claverhouse, the persecutor of the Covenanters, and questioned, "Was the killing of Archbishop Sharpe murder?" If he answered No, it was death; if he answered Yes, he was to be released. In answer to this query William McKeen<sup>1</sup> said: "I am nae laayer and could na tell," but he had heard that "it was an unlafoo' deed." The tactful answer saved him. He fled to a Scotch settlement in the north of Ireland and became what is usually called, one of the Scotch-Irish. His son,

William McKeen<sup>2</sup>, was a defender of Londonderry. In 1688-89, when upon a foraging expedition, the foe being in ambush, he was plundered and left for dead. He revived, and found himself bereft of all clothing save a hat. He was called *William ye Soldier*. (In Parker's History of Londonderry, N. H., he is called James.) This William<sup>2</sup> had a son Justice James McKeen<sup>3</sup>, born in 1665; lived in Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland. A man of marked power and influence in the settlement. Was the chief mover in the emigration to Londonderry, N. H., in 1718-19. He was twice married and had 21 children. His 1st wife

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\* Page 3, History of McKeen Family: By Roberdean Buchanan. Pub. 1890.

was Janet Cochran; his 2d wife was Annis Cargil, who died in Londonderry, N. H., Aug. 8, 1782, in her 94th year. He died in Londonderry, N. H., Nov. 9, 1756. He spelled his name as here printed — as shown in autograph.

Among his children were :

Elizabeth McKeen<sup>4</sup>, b. 1696; d. in Londonderry, N. H., April 27, 1763, aged 67 yrs. She married in Ireland, James Nesmith. They were one of the first sixteen families who located in Londonderry, N. H., April 22, 1719, and were the ancestors of most, if not all, the Nesmiths of New Hampshire.

Jennie McKeen<sup>4</sup>, b. 1708; d. April 16, 1790, in Windham, N. H., in her 72d year. She married her cousin, Capt. John Cochran of Windham. Their daughter, Elizabeth Cochran<sup>5</sup>, married about 1755, William Dinsmoor. Among her children were Robert Dinsmoor<sup>6</sup>, the "Rustic Bard," b. Oct. 7, 1757, author of these poems. Margaret Dinsmoor<sup>6</sup>, b. Oct. 14, 1759; married for 2d husband Dea. Samuel Morrison, and they were the parents of Jeremiah Morrison<sup>7</sup>, who married Eleanor Reed Kimball. They were the parents of Leonard Allison Morrison, the editor and compiler of this book. William Dinsmoor<sup>6</sup>, b. Feb. 17, 1772; married Elizabeth Barnett, and was the father of Hon. James Dinsmoor, of Sterling, Ill., the author of the Introduction of these poems.

John McKeen<sup>4</sup>, b. April 13, 1715; married his cousin Mary McKeen<sup>4</sup>. Joseph McKeen<sup>5</sup>, who was a cousin to the mother of the "Rustic Bard." He was born in Londonderry, N. H., Oct. 15, 1757.

Mary McKeen<sup>4</sup>, married Robert Boyd of Londonderry, N. H. Their daughter, Mary Boyd<sup>5</sup>, married Joseph Park<sup>2</sup>, son of Alexander Park<sup>1</sup>, the emigrant of Windham, N. H.

Rev. Joseph McKeen<sup>5</sup>, D. D., prepared for college under Rev. Simon Williams of Windham, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1774. He taught school for several years in Windham. The "Rustic

Bard" says, in my sketch "I made mention of him in a manner hardly suitable to his high and justly esteemed character. He was a young man for whom I had the highest respect. I was just one week older than he. Although he was sometimes tardy, yet he possessed a manly spirit, a strong, persevering and independent mind. Upon particular occasions he would absent himself a whole day from school, without giving any notice. One of those days I attended at the old schoolhouse, and having no master, I wrote the verses and pinned them up at his window with above address. Although the piece was pointed and severe, yet he always acknowledged it had merit. I did not know that he would ever be President of Bowdoin College." (For full biography of President McKeen, see Rev. Edward Parker's History of Londonderry, N. H., p. 224.)

## JOHN SULLIVAN.

Major General John Sullivan of the Continental Army was born in Somersworth, New Hampshire, Feb. 18, 1740.

His father, Owen Sullivan, a native of Ardea, County of Kerry, Ireland, had there received a liberal education, and came to this country and located near Somersworth, and was the instructor of youth in that vicinity for half a century and was known as Master Sullivan. To his careful training the son John, as well as his brother James, who died while holding the office of Governor of Massachusetts, were indebted for that education which enabled them to fill with success the many positions of honor and trust held by each in after life.

John at the age of fifteen years entered the family of Judge Livermore of Portsmouth, as a chore boy, and soon after by easy stages, entered his office at the Judge's request, as law student. And before his majority, was engaged in a lucrative practice in Durham, N. H.; had married a wife and built for himself a house in which he made his home. Early in life he gave his leisure to military history and organized a military company of his associates for the purpose of drill in arms. In the spring of 1774 he was elected a member of the Provincial Assembly of New Hampshire, and in September of that year he was elected the first delegate from that state to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. In that Congress he was made chairman of the committee upon the grievances of the people, and from that committee reported a set of articles which were

drawn, as says John Adams in his diary, by Mr. John Sullivan of New Hampshire and contained two declarations, the one of rights and the other of violations, printed in the Journals of Congress of 1774, and afterwards recapitulated in the Declaration of Independence on the the 4th of July, 1776. On his return home in December of the same year he planned an attack on Fort William and Mary at New Castle in Portsmouth Harbor, and, as Major in command, took a gondola, went down the river in the night of the 15th of that month to Portsmouth, where the company were joined by John Langdon (afterwards Governor of the state) and a few equally bold associates, surprised the garrison, took the Captain and bound him, frightened away the soldiers, took one hundred casks of powder and the small arms of the Fort, made their way back to Durham the same night and stored the powder under the pulpit of the meetinghouse. This was the first armed resistance to the mother country by any of the Colonists. With a part of that powder, on the 17th of June the next year, the New Hampshire men under Stark and Reid gave the world the first object lesson of what volunteer soldiers could do in Rebellion to the British Government, and without that powder there would have been no Bunker Hill monument.

That seizure by Sullivan was a fitting "set off" to the then recent order of the British King and Council, prohibiting military stores being exported to this country. He was one of the eight Brigadier-Generals first elected by the Continental Congress; was placed in command of the Eastern Division by Washington with headquarters at Winter Hill. Subsequently held important commands, including the subjugation of the six nations of Indians in

New York, which state, with civic and military honors, celebrated the one hundredth anniversary with a fitting monument to the memory of the Commander.

At the close of that most successful campaign, with the thanks of Congress, he resigned his commission as Major-General and returned to his home in Durham to recuperate his physical powers worn by five years' service in the Army. But his fellow-citizens sent him back to the Continental Congress. There he was made chairman of the Committee of Finance, then considered the most difficult position in that body.

The state of New Hampshire somewhat tardily, with fitting ceremonies, erected and dedicated a monument to his memory at Durham on that spot where was concealed the powder, taken by his tact and skill from Fort William and Mary. But, better than all monuments to his memory, must have been to him the proofs that his services at the Bar and on the Bench of the Courts of Justice, in the Halls of State and National Legislation, on the hard-fought fields of battle for national existence, and in the Gubernatorial Chair of his native state—were duly appreciated by his beloved fellow-citizens.

JAMES DINSMOOR.

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See Diary of John Adams, Life by T. C. Amory.



## GEN. JOHN STARK.

Gen'l John Stark was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. He was the son of Archibald Stark and Elizabeth Nichols, his wife. The father was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1697, and was educated at the university of that city. His father removed from Scotland to Londonderry, Ireland—with his family—and from thence Archibald, with his wife and children, embarked with a company of adventurers, in 1720, for New Hampshire. After a tedious voyage the vessel reached Boston, Mass., but was not permitted to land because some were ill of small pox, and were obliged to sail for the coast of Maine, and passed the winter at Sheepscot. In the course of the following year, after enduring untold hardships and privations, they reached their Scotch-Irish friends in Londonderry, N. H., for which place they had embarked the year before. There he built himself a house and reared his family. Four of his sons held commissions in the British service during the seven years' French war. He made use of his own education at the university of Glasgow to educate his children, and the army correspondence of Gen'l John Stark, which suffers not a whit when compared with that of the best army officers, from West Point attests the worth of that education both to the father and the son. The early life of General Stark illustrates the condition of the early settlers of New Hampshire.

In March, 1752, in company with his older brother William, David Stinson, and Amos East-

man, he started on a hunting expedition to Baker's river. They built a camp of hemlock boughs and bark, in which they deposited their provisions, ammunition, and traps, and made it their headquarters. The game was abundant, and before the 28th of April they had collected furs of the value of £560 sterling. On that day they were surprised by a party of St. Francis Indians, and John was taken prisoner. On the next day Eastman was taken prisoner and Stinson killed. The former two were taken to St. Francis, and there compelled to run the gauntlet between two files of young warriors, each armed with a club to strike the prisoner as he passed. On that occasion, as Stark relates, he knocked down with his fist the first one that struck him, and never saw him afterwards, and turning his club right and left as he passed, scattered the young warriors to the great amusement of the old Indians. In July following Mr. Wheelright, of Boston, and Capt. Stevens, of Charlestown, N. H., having been sent by Massachusetts to redeem her captives, arrived at Montreal, and learning of the captivity of Stark and Eastman near there, kindly relieved them from captivity by purchase of each, paying one hundred and three dollars for Stark, and sixty for Eastman. On the next season Stark went down to the Androscoggin river to hunt, in order to raise the means to discharge his redemption debt, in which he was successful, and returned with a valuable lot of furs. This fact shows the condition of the settlers at that time. The furs of the wild animals of the forest and flood were their articles of merchandise.

The limits of this article will not permit the writer to follow in detail a narrative of his exploits in the old French war, in the Roger's Ran-

gers, of which he might have said of himself as did Virgil's hero, "*Magna pass fuì.*"

The character of the service rendered by the Rogers' Rangers in the old French war, as it has always been called, as well as the condition of the early settlers of this country, can be best shown by relating a single incident from the large list of the seven years' struggles with the native bands of savages, aided as they were by the military supplies and skilled officers of France that then had the Canadas as a base of supplies. In January 1757 a detachment of rangers went from Fort William Henry, at the head of Lake George, to intercept supplies passing between Crown Point and Ticonderoga, then held by the French. They passed over Lake George and turned the latter fortress without being observed. They captured several sleds and destroyed their loading, but one escaped and was driven back to the fort. Knowing that the garrison would immediately be notified of their presence in that vicinity, the party began their retreat homeward. When at the distance of three miles from Ticonderoga they were, in the afternoon of January 21, suddenly attacked by a force of French and Indians of more than double their own number, and a desperate and bloody encounter ensued. Major Rogers was twice wounded, Capt. Spikeman was killed, and the command devolved on Lieutenant Stark as senior officer, who by his prudence and firmness, secured the wounded and drew off the detachment in such order as to keep the enemy at bay, and by marching all night they reached Lake George by eight o'clock next morning. The wounded who during the night march had kept up their spirits, were by that time so overcome with cold, fatigue, and loss of blood, that they could

march no further. It became necessary to forward notice to the fort that sleighs might be sent for them. Lieutenant Stark volunteered for this purpose, and with snow shoes—the snow being at that time four feet deep on a level—he started for Fort William Henry, forty miles distant, which he reached the next morning. Sleds were dispatched to bring in the wounded, who arrived at the fort on the evening of January 23d. Thus we see they fought a furious battle on the 21st, marched all night through the snow without shelter, in that dense forest, the next day Stark, without rest, walks 40 miles further through the same forest without food or rest, for a force to rescue his comrades from their perilous condition.

It is related that before the sleighs came to the relief of the men they observed a dark object following at a distance on the ice, and supposing it might be one of their wounded comrades, a sleigh was sent out to him.

He was Joshua Martin who had been wounded by a ball passing through his body and shattering his hip, had been left for dead, but after their departure recovered consciousness, followed their tracks to the lake. When the sleigh reached him he fell exhausted, but recovered from his wound, was made a lieutenant, served through the war, and died, at an advanced age, in Goffstown, New Hampshire.

General Stark used to say that he never was conscious of taking the life of any one except in that battle. That while defending themselves he noticed that several balls from a certain direction struck near him. In a moment he discovered an Indian stretched at full length on a rock behind a large tree. His gun was soon ready, and when the Indian rose to fire another shot, he put a bullet

through his head, and the savage rolled off the rock into the snow.

After the conquest of Canada had been completed, Stark, then a Captain in the Rogers Rangers, returned home, gave his attention to the cultivation of his farm, care of his mills, and the settlement of a new township, subsequently called Dunbarton. In the meantime he kept in touch with the rebellious spirit of the most intelligent colonists, was a member of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, and inspired the hearts of his fellow countrymen with the spirit of liberty and armed resistance to tyranny.

The unprovoked slaughter of the citizens of Massachusetts on the nineteenth of April, 1775, at Lexington and Concord, by British troops, was the culminating act that concentrated the minds of the colonists to resist by force of arms the acts of the British government. The committee of safety in Massachusetts, by letter, gave the story of the day to New Hampshire and Connecticut, whose assistance they entreated. "We shall be glad," they wrote, "that our brethren who come to our aid may be supplied with military stores and provisions, as we have none of either more than is absolutely necessary for ourselves." And without stores, or cannon, or powder, or money, or any government organization with power to act, men voluntarily assembled on the 22d of that month called themselves the Massachusetts Congress and *resolved* that a New England army of thirty thousand men should be raised.

That message found Stark at work at his mill a mile from his house. He left his work at once, went to his house, changed his dress, mounted his horse and took the road for Boston. On his way

he called to arms every man he saw and named Medford as a place of rendezvous. Volunteers from New Hampshire thronged the road leading towards Boston, and Stark made Medford his stopping place. Then his New Hampshire friends gathered and elected him Colonel of the first regiment and he proceeded to drill his men as they came. Every man had to bring his own arms and ammunition, and find himself. No commissary department, no quarter-master department, and no government behind them. No man had the right to command and no one was bound to obey. And this condition of things so remained till the time-honored seventeenth of June, by which time there had been three regiments of New Hampshire men organized by volunteers and even waiting in the vicinity of Boston for the opportunity to show their faith by their works. On the 16th of June the Massachusetts Committee of Safety directed Colonel Prescott, with as many volunteers as would go with him, to go on Bunker Hill in Charlestown and construct a redoubt, and he, and about one thousand men from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, went the same night, with picks, spades, and intrenching tools. Colonel Prescott called to his aid, Richard Gridley, an experienced engineer, to select the spot for their earth works, and with the light of the stars he drew the lines of a redoubt nearly eight rods square. The men toiled all night to construct the redoubt without any food except what each man had in his knapsack the evening before, and no food or refreshment was sent to them the next day before the assault on them by the British troops. The reader will call to mind that at that time there were in Boston 5,000 British soldiers, armed and equipped, commanded



by able and experienced officers, and in the harbor lay five vessels of war armed and manned for the purpose of holding the New England colonists in subjection to the British government, and can harmonize the act of the Committee of Safety in sending raw recruits with no cannon, little powder, few or no bayonets, to build and man a redoubt within reach of the shells of the Lively in Charles river and within an hour's march of 5,000 soldiers, only by saying that the result shows that "they builded wiser than they knew." But, as we have to do with the part taken by General Stark we must leave other details.

In the afternoon of the 17th, General Ward, who assumed to act under the direction of the Committee of Safety, after repeated calls from Colonel Prescott for reinforcements ordered Colonel Stark, then at Medford with the first New Hampshire regiment, and Colonel James Reid with the third New Hampshire regiment, then at Charlestown, to go to the assistance of Colonel Prescott. Before they could reach Bunker Hill, the forces of General Howe had crossed over in boats from Boston and landed, under cover of the firing from the shipping at Moulton's Point in Charlestown. When Stark and Reid came upon the ground, they saw between the redoubt and the Mystic river, about one-third of a mile of open ground, over which General Howe could march his troops and cut off Prescott and his men from retreat, and without waiting the order of anyone, assumed to do the *one thing* which the eternal fitness of things demanded should be done. He ordered his men to make a show of breastwork out of a fence that extended down the hill in rear of the redoubt to the bank of the Mystic, by taking the rails off of a parallel fence near it, and placing

them interlocked with those already standing and stuffing the newly mown hay then covering the ground into the interstices, and by hastily throwing up a wall of stones on the shore of the Mystic, behind which they were to conceal themselves from the aim of the assaulting troops under Howe, giving his men orders not to fire their guns till they could see the white of the eye of the man aimed at, and not to fire at random, but to aim at a particular man with intent to kill. Having been born and reared among the surviving soldiers of that regiment, listened often to their accounts of the battle and its incidents, I give those incidents as verities. The men at the rail fence knew and felt that the only shield between them and death was their trusty firelock.

The British assault was made by two divisions simultaneously. The force against the redoubt was commanded by Brig.-General Pigott, that against the New Hampshire men behind the rail fence was commanded by Major-General Howe. The British force consisted of eleven companies of grenadiers, the like number of light infantry, five line battalions, and a proportion of field artillery. Howe chose the grenadiers and light infantry, the *elite* of the several regiments from which they were detached to form a storming party against the American lines between the earthworks and the Mystic, and of them he took command in person. His plan of attack was, while a movement was making against the entire line, for the Light Infantry in column of sections to follow the sandy shore of the Mystic under the high bank and force their way past or through the ranks of the provincials, and for the grenadiers marching on the higher ground of the bank to deploy into line at a suitable



distance and advance upon the provincials in front. Before the combined onset of the two formidable bodies, he did not doubt but that the rustic medley would take instant flight from their extemporized defences and leave the way open for both wings of his army to encircle the earthworks with a wall of steel that must render them an easy conquest. With Stark's men, ammunition was scarce and precious, only a gill of powder and fifteen bullets had been supplied to each man.

The hosts of red coated soldiery moved forward in column, their advance covered by a furious cannonade from the artillery, the shipping and the battery at Copp's hill. The light infantry, in solid column, pursue the allotted march along the sandy shore, the grenadiers spread into line on the higher ground and pour their volleys as they advance, to which the provincials make no reply till the distance is lessened so that every shot will tell, and then a sheet of flame leaped from the whole line of the provincials at the rail fence, and in an instant the front of the assaulting force is changed into a mass of prostrate and struggling humanity. Vainly those gallant soldiers strive to stand before that pitiless storm of death-dealing fire that confronts them. Another and another rank melts before it, and the remnants of those proud columns hurry out of the reach of the death dealing fusilade. Howe reformed his thinned ranks and ordered his troops to the attack the second time. Again the men behind the fence defer all reply to the fire of the British till they come within the like short range, and when reached, the like torrent breaks forth anew and decimates again and again the struggling ranks of the assailants. The carnage inflicted by the defenders of that frail

barrier is so frightful and continuous that a second time the assailants rush out of the terrific slaughter. Stark wisely held his men from pursuit.

These two bloody repulses convinced General Howe that he could not force his way by the shore of the Mystic, and was driven to change his tactics. He determined to bring before the provincials at the rail fence only a sufficient force to hold them in check, and to throw the entire residue of his force against the earthworks. To do that, he ordered his troops to free themselves from their knapsacks and directs Pigott, who had twice been repulsed from the earthworks, to push his men forward in column without firing or an instant's pause till they reached the earthworks. By this time reinforcements had arrived from Boston under General Clinton, who then took command. The new manœuvre is successful. The breastwork being enfiladed by cannon, the redoubt being assaulted on three sides, its garrison thinned in numbers, weakened by hunger and toil, and weaponless by the exhaustion of their ammunition and without bayonets, by order of Colonel Prescott, sullenly retreat, and the entrenchment is thronged with the victorious army. But the defenders of the rail fence and the shore of the Mystic still retain their position, and not till their compatriots in the redoubt make good their retreat do they quit the line they absolutely held, and retire in good order — *unpursued*.

This brief narrative shows the military genius of General Stark. He came upon the ground without any previous knowledge of the purpose of his friends or his enemies. The British government had not declared war on the American colonists, the colonists had not formed a national government nor declared war on Great Britain. He had held a

commission as an officer in the British army for seven long years and had never lifted his hand against that government. He had fought the French and Indians, but always under the British flag. Here was a new unheard-of condition of things. No superior officer giving him command, no flag over his head, the panoply of no civil government over him, —but he instinctively knew that his Massachusetts friends owned the soil on which they had built their redoubt, that as Englishmen they had the common law right to build their own castle on their own land and peaceably occupy it and defend it against any and all intruders. He saw the troops landing at the foot of the hill, and the cannon from the armed vessels dealing out death to friends in the redoubt, and with the keen eye of the born soldier he saw the exposed flank and how to defend it, and with the inspiration of the moment, the rail fence, the wall on the shore, and the new mown hay sprang into life as the panoply not only of his brave New Hampshire neighbors who had put themselves under his command, but would save from slaughter the devoted men in the redoubt and rescue the Committee of Safety from the perilous blunder of sending brave men without provision or adequate means for their own defence into a defenceless position which of itself invited an attack from the well-known hostile force, ready to slaughter them at an hour's notice, which the rising sun of the next day would give. The sublime genius of John Stark, reaching Bunker Hill in the afternoon of June 17, 1775, with the gill of powder and fifteen bullets he was enabled to supply each man by means of the forethought and tact of John Sullivan, the December before, made the military banking capital of New England provincials on

Bunker Hill, screened the Committee of Safety from a blunder that would otherwise have been worse than a crime, and built Bunker Hill monument.

The space assigned for this article will not permit following General Stark through the Revolutionary War. The first victory won by Washington was by the aid of Stark and his brave New Hampshire troops at Trenton. The Battle of Bennington fought by Stark with volunteers, his only commission being from the provincial government of New Hampshire is attested by the somewhat tardy monument in its memory, and enabled Gates to capture the well appointed army of Burgoyne and gave France confidence in the ability of the American colonies to maintain their independence and the right to be recognized among the nations of the world. He was the last General of the Revolutionary War to be called to his heavenly reward. New Hampshire has honored all her citizens by placing a life-sized statue of his body in the Hall of Statuary at Washington.

JAMES DINSMOOR.

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Authorities cited: Bancroft's History, Frothingham's Siege of Boston, Botta's History of American War, Address of Ex-Governor Bell, Life of Gen. John Stark.

# GLOSSARY.

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FOR DIRECTIONS HOW TO PRONOUNCE MANY OF THE SCOTCH WORDS, I WOULD REFER THE READER TO THE DIRECTIONS GIVEN AT THE HEAD OF BURNS' GLOSSARY, AND PARTICULARLY FOR THE PRONUNCIATION OF SOME OF THE VOWELS AND DIPHTHONGS.

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## A.

A', all	Ance, once
Aboon, above, up	Ane, one
Ae, one	Asklent, asquint, aslant
Aff, off	Athort, athwart
Afore, before	Anither, another
Aft, oft, or often	Auldfarran or auldfarrant,
Aiblins, perhaps	sagacious, cunning, prudent
Ain, own	Auld, old
Airn, iron	Ava, at all
Aith, an oath	Awa, away
Aits, oats	Awfu', awful
Alake, alas	Awnie, bearded
Alane, alone	Ayont, beyond
Amaist, or maist, almost	Aye, ever, always
Amang, among	
An', and, if	

## B.

Ba' ball	Blether, to talk idly, non-sense
Bad, did bid	
Bairn, a child	Brunstane, brimstone
Baith, both	Bught, a pen for sheep
Ban, to swear	Burdie, diminutive of bird
Bane, bone	Burnie, diminutive of burn
Bang, beat, to strike	Burn, or burnie, a water,
Bardie, diminutive of Bard	a rivulet
Bauld, bold	Bletherin, talking idly
Ben, into the parlor	Blink, a little while, to
Bethankit, giving thanks	look kindly, to shine
or grace, after meat	by fits.
Beuk, a book	Blude, blood
Bicker, a short race	Bonnie, or bonney, hand-
Biggin, building a house	some, beautiful
Biggit, or big'd, built	Brae, a declivity, preci-
Birk, birch	pice, the slope of a hill
Blastic, a shrivelled	Braid, broad
dwarf, a term of con-	Brak, broke
tempt	Braw, fine, handsome
Blastit, blasted	Brawly, very well, finely
Blate, bashful	Breeks, breeches
Blaw, to blow, to boast	Brig, a bridge
Bleerie, eyes sore with	Brither, a brother
rheum	Brock, a badger

## C.

Ca', to call, to name	Cannily, wildly, dexter-
Ca'd, called	ously, gently
Cairn, a loose heap of	Carlin, a stout old woman
stones	Chap, a fellow, a blow
Caring, gentle, dexterous	Caddie, a person, young
Canna, cannot	fellow

## C

Caff, chaff	Cozie, snug
Callan, a boy	Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny
Canty, cheerful, merry	Cleekit, having caught
Cantraip, a charm, a spell	Claith, cloth
Carl, an old man	Claithing, clothing
Caudron, a caldron, pot, or kettle.	Claivers, nonsense
Cauld, cold	Clash, an idle tale
Chiel, a young fellow	Coost, did cast
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.	Cowpit, tumbled over
Chaw'd it, chew'd it	Craik, to converse
Claise, or claes, clothes	Crowdie, the proper Yan- kee name of it is hasty- pudding
Cood, cud	Creepin', creeping
Cowp, to tumble over	

## D.

Daddie, a father	Drap, a drop, to drop
Daft, merry, giddy, fool- ish	Daffin, merriment, foolish- ness
Daur, to dare	Donsey, unlucky
Dearie, diminutive of dear	Daurk, a day's labor
Deils, devils	Deave, to deafen
Diinna, do not	Ding, to worst, to push
Dool, sorrow, to lament, to mourn	Douce, sober, prudent.
Downa, cannot, am not able	Dowff, pithless, wanting strength
Doylt, stupid	Dowie, worn with grief
	Drappet, dropped

## E.

Ee, the eye	Eerie, frightened, fear of spirits
Een, the eyes	
Eneugh, enough	

## F.

Fa', fall, lot to fall	Fou', full, drunk
Fa's, does fall, water falls	Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough
Fae, a foe	
Faund, or faun', did find	Fu', full
Fash, trouble, care	Fyke, to be in a fuss about trifles
Fause, false	
Faut, fault	Flinders, shreds, broken to pieces
Fearfu', frightful	
Fear na', fear not	Fit, a foot
Feart, or fear'd frightened	Flickering, to meet, to encounter with
Feckfu', large, stout	
Feckless, puny, weak	Forebears, forefathers
Ferly, to wonder, a wonder	Forbye, besides
	Forgather, to meet, to encounter with
Fier, sound, healthy	
Fleech, to suplicate in a flattering manner	Forgie, to forgive
	Frae, from
Fleechin', supplicating	Frien', friend
Fley, to scare, to frighten	Funy, full of merriment

## G.

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly, or pertly	Ghaist, a ghost
Gaet, gait, manner of walking	Gie, to give, gied, gave
Gate, way, road	Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, etc.
Gang, to walk, to go	Gowd, gold
Gar, to force, to make	Gawk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt
Gart, forced to do, com- pelled	Gae, to go
	Gaed, went
Gear, riches, goods of any kind	Gane, gone
	Gain', going
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn	Gin, if, against
	Gif, if



## G.

Girn, to grin, to twist the features	Gude, the Supreme Being, good
Girnin', grinning	Guidman, master of the house
Gawin', going	Guidwife, mistress of the house
Gawky, half witted, foolish	Greetin', crying, weeping
Glaurn'd, aimed, snatched	Grievin, grieving
Glen, dale, deep valley	Guid, good
Gleg, sharp, ready	Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables
Glegger, sharper, or apter	Graith, accoutrements, furniture, etc.
Gley, a squint, to squint	Graith, gear
Gloamin', the twilight	Gully, or gullie, a large knife
Glower, to stare, to look	
Glowred, looked, stared	
Grun', the ground	
Gowl, to howl like a dog	

## H.

Ha', hall	Haffing, nearly half, partly
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head	Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face
Halesome, healthful, wholesome	Hale, whole, tight, healthy
Hame, home	Haly, holy
Han', or haun, hand	Haud, to hold
Hairst, harvest	Hersel', herself
Happit, hoped	Himsel', himself
Hae, to have	Hing, to hang
	Hingin', hanging.

## I.

I', in	Ingle, fire, fire-place
Ilk, or ilka, each, every	Ise, I shall, or will
Ither, other, one another	Jocteleg, a folding-knife

**K.**

Ken, to know	Kye, cows
Kend, or kent, knew	Kith, or kin, kindred

**L.**

Laddie, diminutive of lad	Lan', land
Laigh, low	Lane, lone
Laith, loath	Lede, to leave
Lanely, lonely	Leal, loyal, kind, faithful, true
Lang, long	Libbet, gelded
Lawlan', lowland	Libbin-knife, gelding- knife
Lear, lore, learning	Lift, sky
Leezeme, a phrase of con- gratulation; as, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee	Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
Liltin', singing	Livin', living
Linkin', tripping	Lint, flax
Linn, a waterfall	Loanie, diminutive of loan
Lison, a precipice	Loan, or loanin', the place of milking
Loof, the palm of the hand	Loup, jump, leap
Lowe, a flame	Lug, the ear
Lowse, to loose	Lyart, of a mixed color, grey
Lap, did leap	
Lambie, diminutive of lamb	

**M.**

Maist, most, almost	Men', to mend
Mair, more	Min', mind, remembrance
Mak', to make	Minnie, mother, dam
Mang, among	Mirk, dark
Maun, must	Misca', miscall, to abuse
Mavis, the thrush	Mither, a mother
Meere, a mare	Mony, or monie, many

**M.**

Morn, the next day, to-morrow	Musie, diminutive of muse
Mou', the mouth	Myself, myself
Muckle, or mickle, great, big, much	

**N.**

Na', no, not, nor	Naig, a horse
Nae, no, not any	Nane, none
Naething, or naithing, nothing	Negleckit, neglected
Niffer, an exchange, to barter	Neuk, nook, or corner
	Niest, next
	Nowte, oxen, black cattle

**O.**

O', of	Oursel', or oursel's, ourselves.
Ony, or onie, any	
O't, of it	Ower, over, too
Ourie, shivering, drooping	

**P.**

Paitrick, a partridge	Pine, pain, uneasiness
Pauky, or pewkie, cunning, sly	Pit, to put
Plew, or pleugh, a plough	Pou, to pull
Peisky, a trick	Pout, or poud, did pull
Poortith, poverty	Pow, the head
Powther, powder	Prief, proof
Pownie, a little horse	Prieved, proved
Parritch, oatmeal pudding	Pund, or pun', pound

**Q.**

Quat, to quit	Quak, to quake
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## R.

Reamin', brimful, froth- ing	Reek, smoke
Remead, remedy	Reekin', smoking
Restraked, restricted	Reekit, smoking, smoky
Rew, repent	Rief, plenty, abounding
Rig, a ridge	Roose, to praise, to com- mend
Rin, to run	Roun', round, about
Ruin', running	Runkled, wrinkled
Routhie, plentiful	Row, to roll
Routh, or rowth, enough, plenty	Rowt, rolled, wrapped
Rung, a cudgel	Rowte, to low, to bellow

## S.

Sae, so	Shaw, a small wood in a hollow place
Saft, soft	Shool, a shovel
Sair, to serve, a sore	Shoon, shoes
Sairly, sorely	Shouther, shoulder
Saul, soul	Sib, near, akin, like a brother
Sant, salt	Sic, such
Scar, to scare, a fright	Sicker, sure, steady
Scaith, or skaith, to damage	Siller, silver
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe	Simmer, summer
Screed, to tear, a rent	Sin', since
Serimp, to scant	Sin, son
Scrimpet, scanty	Sklentin', slanting
Sklent, slant	Slaw, slow
Sel', self, alone	Slee, sly
Sen', to send	Sma', small
Shana, shall not	Snowk, to scent, to snuff like a dog
Shaw, to show	
Shaw me, show me	

## S.

Snowkin' roun', smelling round	Snool, to submit tamely, to sneak
Sonsie, lucky, fortunate	Souple, flexible, swift
Sowans, the seeds of oat-meal sown, etc.	Squeel, screech, scream
Steek, to shut	Stane, a stone
Steekit, closely shut up	Stap, stop
Strae, straw	Staw, did steal, to surfeit
Strappan, strapping lad, tall and handsome	Stey, sleep
Swaird, sword	Stirk, a cow or bull a year old
Swap, an exchange	Stown, stolen
Swither, to hesitate in choice	Stumpie, diminutive of stump
Skelp, to strike, to slap	Sugh, the continued sound of wind or water
Smoor, to smother	Swankie, a light strapping young fellow, or girl
Smooored, smothered	Syne, since, ago, then
Snaw, snow	
Sned, to lop off	

## T.

Tae, toe	Thraw, to twist
Tak', take	Thrawin', twisted
Tap, the top	Tocker, marriage portion
Tauld, or tald, told	Toun, town
Tent, heed, caution	Twa, two
Tentfu', or tentie, heedful, cautious	Twathree, a few
Tentweel, take good heed	Twin, to part
Teugh, tough	Thud, to make a loud noise
Thae, these	Tillt, to it
Thegither, together	Timmer, timber
Thir, these	Tine, to loose
Thow, a thaw	

## T.

Thole, to suffer, to endure	Tint, lost
Towzie, rough, shagged	Trowth, truth, a petty oath
Trow, to believe	Twad, it would

## U. and V.

Unco, strange, uncouth,	Unkend, unknown
very great, prodigious	Unskaithed, undamaged,
Urchin, a hedge-hog	unhurt
Unsicker, unsure, un-	Upo', upon
steady	Vera, very

## W.

Wa', wall	Weelfare, welfare
Wad, would	Weet, rain, wetness
Wadna, would not	We'se, we shall
Wae, woe, sorrowful	Wha, who
Waes me, alas! O the	Whare, where
pity!	Whare'er, wherever
Waifu', wailing	Whase, whose
Wair, or ware, to expend	Whunstane, whinstone
Wale, choice	Whyles, whiles, sometimes
Wald, chose	Wow, an exclamation of
Wame, the belly	pleasure, or wonder
Wamefu', a belly-full	Wrang, wrong
Wark, work	Wi', with
Warl, or warld, world	Wifie, endearing term for
Warly, worldly, eager in	wife
amassing wealth	Wimplin', waving, mean-
Warst, worst	dering
Wat, wet	Win', wind
I wat, I wot, I know	Winna, will not
Waught, draught	Winnock, a window
Wattle, a twig, a wand	Withouten, without

**W.**

Wankrife, not apt to sleep	Winsome, hearty, vaunted,
Waur, worst	gay
Wean, a child	Wons, dwells
Wee, little	Won, or win, gain by
Weebit, a small piece	conquest
Weel, well	Woo, wool
Woo, to court, to make	Wordy, worthy
love to	Wyle, beguile
Woody, a rope made of	Wyte, blame
withs.	

**Y.**

Ye, this pronoun is frequently used for thou	Yestreen, yesternight
Year, is used for both singular and plural years	Yett, a gate
Yerk, a jerk	Yird, earth
	Yont, beyond
	Yoursel', yourself
	Yowe, an ewe

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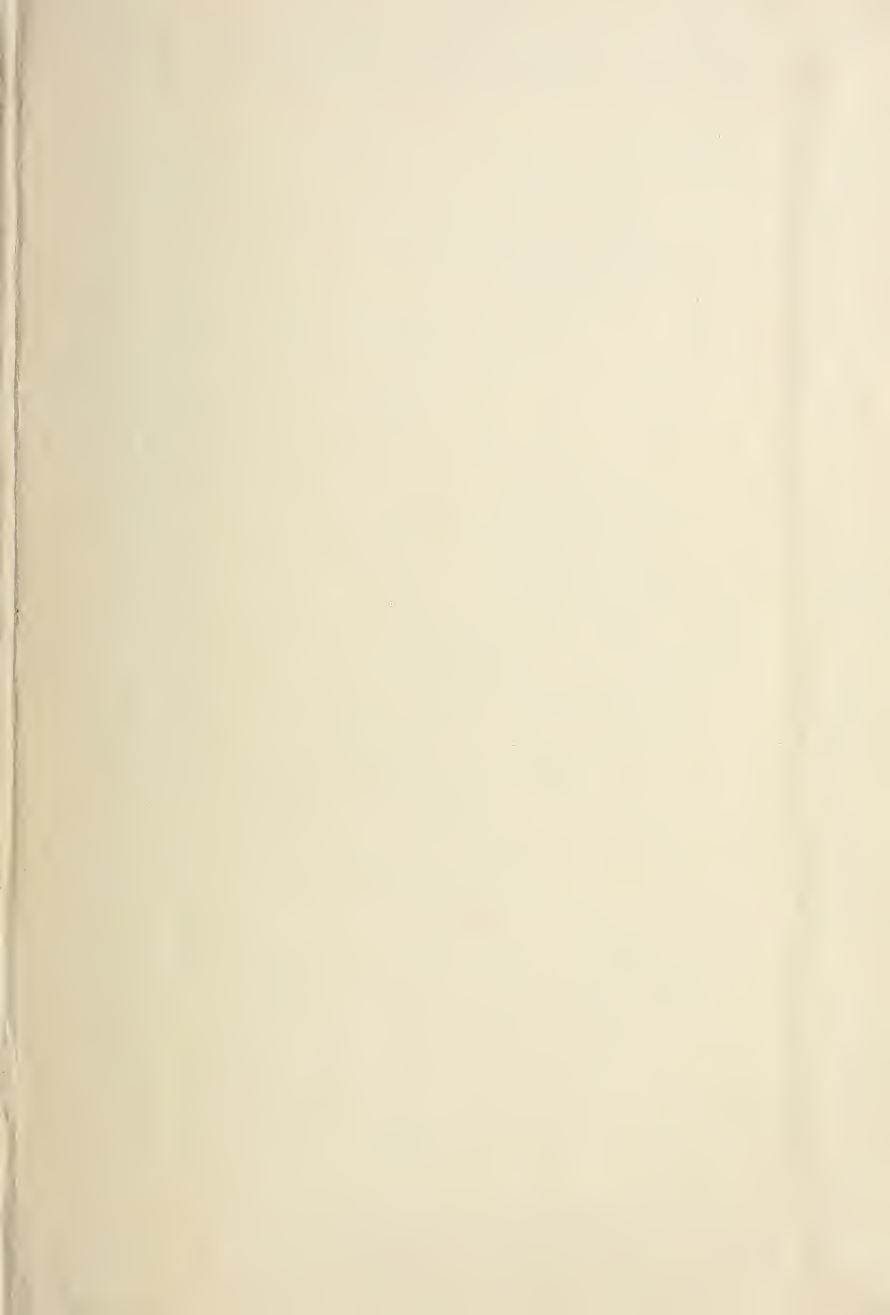
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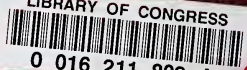








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